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Cottage of Barbara Frietchie, Frederick, Md.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.*

BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

"IS she not a myth?" Did the incident ever occur?" These two queries have been asked thousands of times concerning a woman patriot of the nineteenth century, who lived and died without knowing that she had become famous, and yet whose name, embalmed in the hearts of her kindred, as well as in the immortal amber of Whittier's verse, will ever be hallowed.

The following extract from a letter written to the author of this article by John G. Whittier will, undoubtedly, set at rest all speculations—so far as the poet is concerned—in regard to the origin of his matchless poem.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS (MASS.)
10 Mo., 19, '80

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara, from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty, and a cane made of wood from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate.

Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her or not, she was a brave and true woman.

I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Barbara Hauer was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Dec. 3, 1766, and every drop of ancestral blood in her

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baby body, had been inherited from the founders and preservers of the then youthful Union.

In childhood, she removed to the ante-colonial and beautiful, mountain-girdled town of Frederick, Maryland, where she lived and died. When

Barbara Frietchie.

forty years old, May 6, 1806, she wedded John Caspar Frietchie, and having no children of her own, devoted herself to the training of numerous nieces and nephews; for next to her instinct of love of country in her broad and intensely loyal nature, was that of maternity and love of domestic life. Frederick, situated midway between Baltimore and Washington, D. C., was then and is still, essentially a city of homes. Around it cluster more associations with our colonial life as a nation than about any other town in the old State of Maryland, except Annapolis, its capital.

Here, upon "Old Barrack's Hill," stand, to-day, the stone barracks, which were erected during the reign of the "good Queen Anne" for the reception of French prisoners, and in which, in 1754, George Washington, the youthful aide-de-camp of General Braddock, met in council with his general and Benjamin Franklin, while *en route* for the scene of Braddock's memorable defeat.

Here, Charles Carroll, of Carollton, spent days and weeks during his historic career, the center of a circle of friends, whose minds were as highly cultured and whose manners were as urbane as his own.

Here the venerable General Scott was arraigned, in 1849, to answer charges preferred against him by General Pillow. Here Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, lived during a quarter of a century, and here, in 1779, was born his, in after time, brother-in-law, Francis Scott Key, the author of our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Amid such a class of patriotic citizens, and in such an atmosphere, Barbara Frietchie developed into her womanhood, noteworthy among the most notable dames of that period for her sturdy good sense, incessant industry, and intelligent enjoyment of the limited opportunities then offered women for their intellectual advancement.

She was a gentlewoman, and an aristocrat of the true American type. Her aspect was stern and somewhat cold, but her gray eyes were clear and true, and one could not be with her any length of time without seeing and feeling how an emotion of love or a little fun would soften the lines which, in repose, might seem somewhat harsh.

Her house was a story-and-a-half-high cottage, built of brick and stone, with high gables and dormer windows, and devoid of external decorations. Its location was on a broad thoroughfare known as Patrick street. Not twenty yards from the house the street made a decided curve, which, just at

its bend, was intersected by a deep but narrow creek called Carroll's Creek, over which an ancient looking wooden bridge offered a passageway.

On one side of the bridge was a flight of stone steps which led down to its right bank, and guided by the paved walk of blue flagstones, which ran close to the margin of the creek, led to a large, square spring, through whose ever bubbling water of crystal clearness the pebbled floor shone as though varnished by sunbeams. From time immemorial, two iron dippers, fastened by chains to iron hooks, riveted in one side of the rocky wall, invited the thirsty traveler to partake of its rare quality, and furnished the Freitchie family with all the water they needed for household purposes.

Almost every afternoon, "Lady Barbara" might have been seen, sitting at the front window of her cottage, knitting needles in hand, a silver knitting sheath, shaped like a fish, pinned to her left side, and not a speck of dust or stain, even of a faded flower, visible in her apartment.

She always wore, when dressed for the day, a black satin gown, with a "clear starched" muslin neckerchief crossed over her bosom, and a close white cap tied under her chin, in the style of the traditional New England grandmother.

In 1791, when General Washington spent a night in Frederick at a hostlery known, then, as "Mrs. Kimbal's Tavern," Barbara Frietchie, knowing the condition of the good landlady's delf, brought her own best Liverpool china to grace the occasion, and then reverently put away the coffee-pot, cup and saucer and plates which were used by the distinguished guests, as articles too sacred for other than to adorn a shrine. At the sham funeral of the great President, eight years after, she was one of the pall-bearers. Her married life was not of long duration, and her first serious trouble grew out of her patriotic devotion to the Union. In her husband's time the local politics had seemed unimportant, and in his will, he made one of his nephews his executor.

This nephew turned out later what Dame Barbara called "an arrant rebel." Every time she received her dividends from him they had some sharp words, and as she wished to live in peace, she went to an old friend of her husband, and begged him to take her power of attorney and receive her money from her husband's executor. He did so, and continued to transact her business until his death. Previous to the breaking out of the Civil War, he had a stroke of paralysis which rendered his right arm powerless.

Barbara Frietchie's Relics.

His son, Hon. Lewis Steiner, of the Maryland Senate—referred to in Mr. Whittier's letter—had been for many years abroad at college. At the time of the following incident he had just returned, and knew very little of the elderly town-folk of Frederick. The first time that his father was able to walk out, he said to his son, who was his escort:

Barbara Frietchie's Grave.

"Lewis, I have some money to pay to Frau Frietchie; make out a receipt for her to sign."

Now, the title "Frau Frietchie" suggested to the traveled gentleman one of the old German women whom he had often seen hoeing in their gardens and fields, and whom he knew to be as ignorant of letters almost as the gentle kine under their care.

Asking no questions, he made out the receipt and signed it in such a way as to leave room for the "Frau" to "make her mark."

When his father ushered him into the presence of the black satin gown and smoothly starched neckerchief, he was startled, but his heart did not fail him. He courteously presented the pen. Barbara Frietchie took it, adjusted her spectacles and looked at the signature:

"Bless you, honey, I wrote my name as well as that long before you were born," she exclaimed, bending a humorous glance upon the young gentleman; then, drawing a line through his signature, she wrote her name firmly beneath.

Although one of the most loyal and bravest of women, she did not wave her flag to the Confederate army, nor was the storied threat of the grand hero, Stonewall Jackson:

"Who touches a hair on yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!"

ever made, for the simple reason, that during the rapid march of the Confederate army in leaving the City of Frederick, it did not pass within three squares of her house; but while it remained there, after having taken possession, and every Union flag was ordered by General Lee to be hauled down and replaced by the "Stars and Bars," she persisted in flinging her most precious legacy, her father's old Revolutionary flag, from her dormer window.

"Take it in, Aunt Barbara, take it in. You will assuredly lose it," said her family.

Finally, but most reluctantly, she did so, hiding the creased, torn but sacred symbol between the leaves of her family Bible, remarking as she did so:

"There is the last place a rebel against his country will care to go."

General Lee occupied the city for

three days, during which the thousands of his army swarmed like locusts everywhere. They were a lean, travel-worn, hungry, weary army at that time, as a whole, and excited but little sympathy from the Union-loving Marylanders. As they were so overwhelming in numbers, it was the polity of the good folk of Frederick to treat them with as much deference as possible under the circumstances.

Not so Dame Barbara. With her there was but one way, and that the straightforward route. Finding her porch full of Southern soldiers who were lounging there eating and enjoying their stale crumbs of comfort without regard to its cleanliness, she stepped to her door, raised her gold-headed cane, and flourishing it said, more forcibly than elegantly:

"Begone, you lazy pack!"

To the credit of the innate chivalry of those misguided sons of the South be it said, they instantly scattered without an insulting word.

When, after two days, General McClellan, at the head of *his* army, entered the city, she was overjoyed and stood at the door, waving her dear old flag. From her extreme age and venerable appearance, she attracted much attention. Officers and men left the ranks to ask her name and to take her hand. One General, with his son, was invited into her house (she would have taken the whole Union army there had it been possible). During the pleasant conversation which ensued, she regaled each with some "home-made currant wine," served in the blue delf out of which General Washington had drunk so many years previous, when *he* was the honored guest of the city, and she in her womanhood's prime.

Her religious nature was deep and earnest, permeating every thought and act of her life, and the denomination of the church to which she belonged was that known as "The Dutch Reformed."

Her favorite hymn, and one which she never wearied repeating, began thus:

"Almighty Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing."

She died tranquilly, in Frederick, in 1862, aged ninety-six years and fifteen days, ignorant that the simple annals of her quiet but earnest life would, one day, be sought for with avidity by generations then unborn.

To two photographers of her own

Barbara Frietchie's Flag.

town, Messrs. Markens & Bielfeld, the world of Mr. Whittier's admiring friends are indebted for the photographs from which these illustrations are prepared.

The principal relics now preserved by certain of her family in Frederick, and visited by hundreds of travelers

yearly, are her clock more than two hundred years old, her fly-brush of peacock feathers, her riding whip, two toilet boxes, cane, armchair, the "General Washington plates, cup, saucer and coffee-pot, and the old flag which she loved so well."

On the left of a hill overlooking the city, and almost opposite the "Old Barracks," is the iron gateway of a beautiful cemetery in which rest, not far apart, among other most noble Marylanders, the ashes of Barbara Frietchie and Francis Scott Key.

Hundreds of the dead bodies of both the Union and Confederate armies there lie, also—

> "Under the sod and the dew
> Waiting the Judgment day;
> Love and tears for the Blue,
> Tears and love for the Gray,—"

While South Mountain, which enfolds that portion of Frederick County like a curved arm, and upon whose battle-field many of them entered into their rest, casts its shadow over the green turf upon their quiet graves,

> "And ever the stars above looked down
> On thy stars below in Frederick town."

MISSION SANTA CRUZ.

BY S. E. ANDERSON.

How swiftly here oblivion set her seal!
What has the vanished century left of each—
The Spanish rooftree and the Spanish speech—
The music and the roses of Castile?
A newer generation comes to kneel
Where crumbling walls and broken tiles of red
Became the dust above forgotten dead—
The unregarded dust beneath the wheel.
The call to vespers hath a different tone;
Even the mission bells were cast anew,
And alien echoes mingle with their own
From crowded streets, where once the wild flowers grew.
New speech, new shrines, new hopes and cares and fears,
To usher in another hundred years.

Mrs. B. Sturtevant, President California W. C. T. U.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

BY DORCAS J. SPENCER.

PERHAPS no organization has ever been at once so well known and so imperfectly comprehended by the general public as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

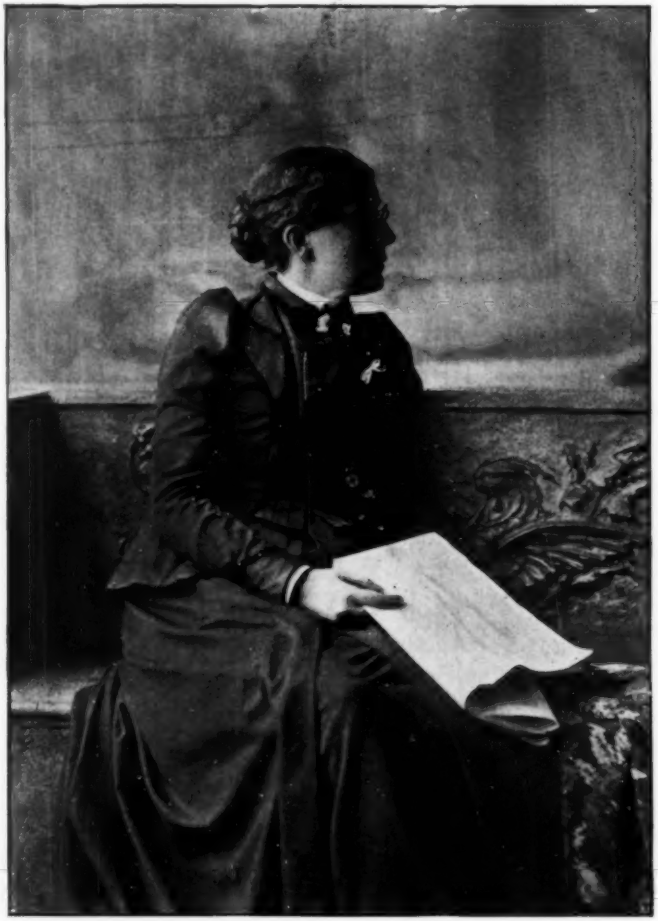
The beautiful story of its origin is hardly less remarkable than the phenomenal growth and development shown by its subsequent history. Its precursor, the temperance crusade, that swept its course like a moral cyclone, in the winter of 1873 and 1874, was but the breaking forth of the long pent-up agony of despairing womanhood, a wild heavenward cry that seemed to rend the very vaults above, and brought to sorrowing souls the joy of Divine response and immediate deliverance. Brief though it was, it wrought wonders. It taught the lesson, once for all, that the religious element cannot be ignored in works of personal reformation or in the uplifting of a people.

Since the time when Lyman Beecher, in trumpet tones, first called the attention of the American people to the growing dangers of intemperance, total abstinence societies of various kinds and many degrees had made successive appeals to slow growing intelligence, but their efforts were spasmodic, often short-lived, and the results, though valuable, were unsatisfactory. The workers too often felt the disheartening sense of groping uncertainly for the unattainable, unconscious what the insuperable defect in their organism might be, and unaware that the finer element that must impart strength and cohesion was lacking. These organizations were of the earth, earthy. The crusade, which has been aptly called a whirlwind of the Lord, infused into the temperance cause the breath of life, and it became a living being. Since then the cause has had both body and soul. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the sober second thought of the crusade movement, its crystallization in organic form.

All over the land, simultaneously and spontaneously, from Atlantic to Pacific, praying bands of women were formed, and there came a desire in some way to preserve the fruits of the

crusade. This found expression at Chatauqua, in the summer of 1874, when a number of participants in the work of that ever memorable winter chanced to meet, and means were dis-

perance Union was duly and formally organized, henceforth a living entity, sentient and potent, in all its multiplying branches. An animated debate is recorded on the name of the new



Frances E. Willard, President of the National and World's W. C. T. U

cussed to make their work permanent. It was resolved to call a National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in the coming November. This was done; six States were represented, and the National Woman's Christian Tem-

society. Some argued that it would broaden and benefit the platform to leave out the word Christian, but the conclusion was, "We are not here to seek a large following, but to do what we think right;" and from that day

onward "to do what we think right," has been the supreme purpose of the organization. Its constant and systematic study has been to devise the best methods. It was at once recognized that haphazard efforts would be but wasted energy; so to do good according to a plan has ever been the policy of the Union.

The machinery of organization approaches perfection in the systematic arrangement of local, county, State and national Unions, but the grand culmination is reached in the World's Union—a federation of the national unions of many countries. A trifling annual fee and the endorsement of the following pledge constitute all that is requisite for membership:

"I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use and traffic in the same."

Its motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," becomes in the World's Union, "For God and Home and Every Land." Its badge is a small bow of white ribbon. Just as a magnet attracts fragments of iron, this movement has drawn from all sources the women having the greatest affinity with it; and side by side are found women of the most diverse antecedents, and of every possible shade of Christian culture and experience. One has said, "I accept the Apostles' Creed and the Total Annihilation of the liquor Traffic as all that are necessary to Salvation." The whole body has practically said the same, for while its work is done "In His Name, and for His sake," with ardent devotion and unequaled zeal, the utmost toleration of religious differences prevails. Its work is classified in six general departments: Organization, Preventive, Educational, Evangelistic, Social and Legal; these again are subdivided into some forty-five others, each having a national superintendent. These are duplicated in the State, county and local unions, according to the needs or opportunities of each, no union being obliged to take up any line of work but such as its own conditions make expedient. The Department of Organization speaks for itself in the fact that all the States and Territories, except Alaska and Utah, are organized, hold their State and Territorial Conventions, and send representatives to the Annual National Convention. This department covers a great amount of work for foreigners, having special workers in the Scandinavian, German, Hollandish, Spanish and Chinese languages, sustaining a missionary at Castle Garden, New York, for work among immigrants, and circulates an immense amount of literature in many languages

Juvenile work also comes under this head, and 300,000 children in the Loyal Temperance Legions are now in training for the aggressive and intelligent duties of experts in the next generation; while the Temperance Kindergarten holds out its guiding hands to the children of the poor in great cities.

The Preventive Department embraces the lines of Health: Heredity, and Sanitary and Economic Cooking; but the most brilliant achievements have been made in the Educational division. More and more it is felt that the promulgation of absolute truth is the one essential to the final triumph of right over wrong, and that the thorough dissemination of scientific knowledge is the most powerful agency for accomplishing that result. Every verdict of science has the authority of "Thus saith the Lord." "The stars in their courses fight against Sisera," and all the forces of nature are engaged in this conflict against alcohol. Not a revelation of science has ever told against the most radical theory of temperance, but all investigation tends to sustain the incontrovertible principle of total abstinence. A great belt from the moving machinery of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was thrown on to another magnificent

machine — the American Common School System—and *presto!* twelve and a half millions of children in the public schools are being taught the effects of narcotics and stimulants upon the human system, compulsory laws to that effect having been passed in all but nine States, and a similar congressional law for the Territories. California and North Carolina alone have the honor of passing the temperance education law without a dissenting vote.

Mrs. Caroline B. Buel, Corresponding Secretary National W. C. T. U.

The limits of this article would not permit an attempt to tell of the vast and heroic efforts by which this beneficent legislation has been obtained, but the consequences will be felt as long as this nation survives. This work is not for our country only, but for the world. A point gained for America is gained for all lands. The women of this society in Great Britain are about to ask for similar laws. Several of the British-American provinces, South Australia, and Sweden have secured them already. The text-books on physiology approved by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are used by the schools of most of the English-speaking missions in all countries. Norway, China, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands have their own translations; the Siamese Government has sanctioned them for its schools, and the preliminary correspondence is going on by which it is expected that temperance instruction will be given a place in the schools of Mexico, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Germany, Finland, Denmark, France, the West Indies, Brazil and other countries.

The study of science has brought out a Department of Physical Culture, Temperance Instruction in Sunday schools, Savings Banks in Public schools, and the special study of Narcotics with four lectures on that subject are all a part of the Educational Department. So are Literature, Schools of Methods for workers, Parliamentary Usage and the Press; and all have national superintendents. The department of "The Relation of Temperance to Capital

and Labor" is left to the care of the general officers. The labor question is woman's problem, and underneath it lies the temperance issue; and the belief that this underlies every great question of the day justifies this society in adopting so many varying interests; for each and every one is underlaid and overshadowed by the temperance question.

The Evangelistic is the leading department, the one without which no union ever exists. Under this head distinct lines of work for Miners, Lumbermen, Railroad Employees, Soldiers and Sailors, charitable and reformatory work, Sabbath Observance, Mercy and Purity are carried on.

Under the Social, come Parlor Meetings, Flower Missions and Fairs—Madam Demorest, of New York, being commissioner for the Columbian Exposition. The Legal Department is always active. In the matter of petitions, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is proverbial. Not having a ballot in all its membership, its voice can only reach the powers of Government through supplication. If importunity can secure a hearing, it must surely be granted; for, instant in season and out of season are their petitions. All the powers that be, from local boards of supervisors to the legislatures of States and nations, governors, presidents and sovereigns upon their thrones will continue to be besieged until the liquor traffic is abolished. In 1878, the W. C. T. U. of Illinois, in nine weeks, collected over 200,000 names on a petition, asking the legislation to enact a law permitting women to vote on the temperance question. That importunate document, nearly a quarter of a mile long, pasted on white cloth patriotically bound with red and blue, reposes now in the security of the Chicago Historical Society's rooms, not to reappear until women vote in Illinois. Though its request was not granted, a local option law, under which the saloon was routed from 625 towns the following year, was but a part of its results; the greater part was a lesson on the relative value of petitions and ballots, which will go far to hasten the day when that precious document shall be brought again to light. The petitions for the Temperance Education law in the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States, which flooded Congress in 1885 and 1886, would have probably far outnumbered this, had they been collated, but the climax of united effort is the "Great Petition" now in circulation, addressed to all Civil Governments, and asking no less than the suppression of the traffic in liquor and opium. It has now more than a million names, and is signed in forty-two languages. It is now, so far as completed, in custody of a bank, in whose vaults it will remain until 1894, by which time it is expected to have doubled its length, since names are continually being added to it; and an expedition will be sent out, headed by the World's President, making the grand tour, and presenting it in turn to the principal Powers addressed. Whatever may be thought of its direct effectiveness, there is something inspiriting in this extensive coöperation of women. The spectacle is suggestive and edifying—no other interest has unified Christian effort like this. It has demonstrated beyond a quibble that this desire of woman's heart is a common object to be accomplished, if needs must by patient toil, persistent struggle and unlimited sacrifice. The subject of Franchise also comes in the Legal Department and had to force its way in, at first, so conservative were the early leaders in regard to it, but it is now conceded the full right of way, and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union stands committed to universal suffrage with the qualification of intelligence. As our laws now read, any number of foreign vagabonds may leave their native home in the spring, and participate in our elections the same autumn, in at least one State; they require but a few

months longer, in eighteen States. * * * It needs no prophet to predict that by the end of this 19th century, the best statesmanship of this nation will beseech women to accept the ballot and help other Americans to govern America. The varied work of this Union is qualifying women for the exercise of all the duties of citizenship, as nothing else can. They are studying law to assist in enforcing it. In their numerous conventions and other public gatherings they have become expert parliamentarians, and in whatever they have undertaken, apart and beyond the success for which they have labored, has come a development of powers before unknown.

In twenty-four States women now vote on school matters; in Kansas they have school and municipal suffrage; and in Wyoming they enjoy the full franchise.

Pundita Ramabai, Lecturer W. C. T. U. for India.

The press is acknowledged as one of the great forces of philanthropy, and everywhere these women are taking hold of it, while, by no means confined to the use of its own publications, the National Union turns out from its own presses 130,000,000 pages a year of temperance literature. This enormous business is under the management of a woman, who, at

eighteen was an expert type-setter and proof-reader. She is now conducting a business of $225,000 a year, employing from 125 to 150 women and men, and paying annual dividends of six to seven per cent to its stockholders, who must all be members of the W. C. T. U. The *Union Signal*, the official organ of the World's and National Unions, with a circulation of nearly 60,000, is but one of a number of periodicals published, besides leaflets without end, and books not a few. A mouthpiece has been found so requisite to the work of every State that no less than twenty-six State unions are now, each for itself, publishing a State organ. Not the least important of these is *The Pacific Ensign*, the California paper. Following the example of the National Union, a joint-stock company of women was incorporated, and so well have their constituency stood by them that the paper has been self-supporting from the beginning. Some of the older papers of the East, established on the same plan as the national organ, are already paying dividends to the stockholders.

Another object-lesson of this society is the National Temperance Hospital, also at Chicago, for there the work centralizes. Believing that alcohol is always destructive and never remedial, it was found necessary to establish a hospital, purely on that basis, to demonstrate the theory. The result has been all that could be desired, and its success, with all the varied practice of a city hospital, has been phenomenal; no alcohol has been used.

The most conspicuous for daring enterprise, of any scheme undertaken by these women, is the Temperance Temple; and there it stands in solid brick and stone, a monument to woman's faith as well as the cause it is to serve. It is said to be the most beautiful building ever erected for business purposes, thirteen stories in height and costing over $1,000,000. It was not until the Union was denied the use of other buildings for its growing work, that the inspiration came to a gifted, great-hearted and far-seeing woman, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, to "arise and build." Her fertile brain devised plans of raising money, and by the contagion of her persistent and unfailing courage, the elegant structure has been erected. Gifts from individuals and Unions all over the world have paid the first $100,000; bonds were sold to meet the next payment, and as the building is now occupied by business firms, the income derived from rent will help to meet other obligations as they become due. Large contracts for rent have been made, the annual rental being estimated at $200,000. When it is finally clear from debt, the revenue derived from it will go to the National and State Unions, each State receiving in proportion to its contribution to the building fund. A magnificent marble hall, lighted with memorial windows and lined with memorial tablets, will make this beautiful audience-room to the temperance cause what Westminster Abbey is to English history. It will be called Willard Hall; will be easily accessible from the street, and daily Gospel meetings, as well as other meetings will be held in it. The eleventh and twelfth floors will accommodate the offices and work of the Union.

The *Interior*, of Chicago, says: "The Woman's Temperance Temple is the handsomest building in Chicago; nor have we seen anything elsewhere so unique in architectural beauty and stateliness. No such monument of the capacity of woman for business, as well as charity, exists in the world."

The *Inter Ocean* calls it the Columbian metropolis' stateliest structure, and adds, "In a double sense this magnificent structure will itself be a World's Fair building, inasmuch, first, as it was the best design, and almost the last of the great Columbian architect, John W. Root; and secondly, because in its spacious hall of audience the ladies of the organization will hold open court throughout the Fair."

This necessity for headquarters is felt alike in the State and local unions; indeed, a State union without its own habitation is now felt to be but half equipped for usefulness, as expansion of methods and accumulation of forces everywhere come with increased facilities. The *personnel* of the W. C. T. U. presents a bright array of the moral, spiritual and intellectual elements of womanhood highly developed and incessantly active. The highest culture and the rarest gifts of nature are freely brought to this service, while the discipline of educational and literary life has filled its ranks with instructors and writers, and the names of such as Mary A. Livermore, Clara Barton or almost any distinguished in philanthropy, will appear on this roster.

Mrs. Sasaki, Corresponding Secretary for W. C. T. U. in Japan.

Peerless among women is the president of the world's W. C. T. U., also for thirteen years president of the National W. C. T. U., Frances E. Willard. It is not too much to say that no other woman has impressed her individuality upon the world in an equal degree. Some have been born to greatness and some have had greatness thrust upon them, but she has risen by the irresistible power of her own pure and strong personality to a height whereon never woman stood before. Not even England's gracious and revered sovereign reigns such a veritable queen of hearts as this daughter of the prairies. She brought to this work a mind rarely gifted by nature, trained by the highest intellectual culture, enriched by travel and intercourse with wise and thoughtful men and women, and disciplined by care and experience.

At the organization of the society, in 1874, she was nominated for president, declined in favor of an older candidate, and was elected corresponding secretary. Her jurisprudence is apparent from the first, in the plans adopted and developed later.

*Lady Henry Somerset, president of Great Britain, is an equally remarkable character, though younger in years and identity with this work. She brings to it unusual gifts and graces, an ardent zeal, the highest consecration of purpose, her own charming personality and all the prestige of a historic ancestry, great wealth, and the social position of an earl's daughter and mother of a prospective duke.

When Tremont Temple at Boston was engaged a year in advance for the National Convention of last year, provision was not made for the World's Convention. By this oversight, this memorable meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. Could any scene have

*A portrait of Lady Henry Somerset appeared in the December number of the CALIFORNIAN.

been more dramatic than this fair Englishwoman, standing in that place before the assembled delegates of other nations? A Boston editor writes:

"That historic structure has in its time been the scene of many notable and epoch-making assemblies of earnest men and women. In view of the unprecedented interest manifested in the recent meeting of the W. C. T. U., and the many influential factors now contributing additional strength to the movement against intemperance, we are not out of bounds when we say that that meeting will take its place in history as one of the most important ever held in the Cradle of Liberty. Lady Somerset addressing the assembly — England come back to Boston under such happy auspices — is an 'incident' that adds a decided charm to this latest protest in Faneuil Hall."

In the subsequent three days of the National Convention in Tremont Temple, the street cars were more than once stopped by the blockade of people in the street. Overflow meetings had to be arranged in neighboring churches every day, and on Sunday, when Lady Somerset preached the annual sermon to the convention, twenty-six of Boston's pulpits were filled by as many women of the W. C. T. U.

At the more recent Convention in Denver, to attend which Lady Somerset journeyed from England, delegates from all the states, and many distinguished persons from more or less remote places, made an occasion whose interest, in the week preceding a presidential election, was indicative of a deep and extended sympathy with its objects.

Perhaps enough has been said of the body. Only the cause it represents, being its living animus, justifies such an introduction of its outward form. The temperance cause occupies the plane of the loftiest patriotism. It exists for God and home and our country. It demands the allegiance of all who acknowledge the sovereignty of the Supreme Ruler. It calls for the loving service of all who would protect our homes from a fell destroyer, and sounds its *reveille* for the defense of the most sacred rights of citizenship; for the honor of the nation, and the protection of our beloved land, from the encroachments of an oligarchy daily usurping more of the people's rights, and inflicting untold wrongs. The good of the individual is embodied in the good of the State, and this cause holds within itself the solution of many of the vexed problems of social and political life. For this the W. C. T. U. undertakes so many lines and departments. It is like the pure white light made up of all the prismatic colors; it would be imperfect without any of its component parts, and these embrace all the great interests of the people.

The temperance cause, from this point of view, is something vastly more comprehensive than the narrow outlook scanned by earlier organizations. It is the cause of humanity and right. It cannot be satisfied with a little reform here and there, but holds that the whole body-politic needs regeneration; the masses must be uplifted and the work must begin at the foundations. Society must be built up. Let all, who can, work for reformation; but education is far more to the purpose. The dead may well be left to bury its dead, in the conviction that prevention is preferable to remedy, and time is too precious to be spent in vain efforts to undo the past, or in expiation of its errors. The atonement for these must be the better and more intelligent rendition of the demands of the present; the imperative moral obligation of compliance with them, and the consequent amelioration of the general condition of life and a mitigation of its evils.

The W. C. T. U. knows no religion that does not embody the cause of temperance, and the Golden Rule itself involves the deadliest abhorrence of the entire liquor traffic as the arch enemy of the race.

The preponderance of the maternal element in the composition of this society, whose sweetest name has been "The Organized Motherhood of America," naturally makes the home and fireside its first thought. The hearthstone is the accepted altar of the Republic, and it is but a step from private to public interest; in pursuance of one, the other follows. It has been curious to note the modes of expression of different workers, as evincing their own evolution. At a recent convention in California, several representative men made addresses of welcome; they talked largely of intemperance; a number of women followed, but not a word said they about it; they aimed straight at the liquor traffic as the *cause* of it all, and demanded its utter destruction for the protection of their homes.

Their evolution has been marked by changes from negative to positive forms of speech; for instance, where once they labored to prevent Sabbath desecration and the social evil, they now work to promote Sabbath observance and social purity; and prohibition of the liquor traffic itself, though it be their greatest object, commends itself most in the attitude of home protection. The temperance cause is not now on the defensive; it proclaims itself in positive terms and needs no apology. It leads its followers to assault mountains of prejudice, ignorance and cupidity, and if they find it uphill work, they also find that marching uphill is the finest exercise in all the world, and will be worth most to develop their powers.

Superfluous baggage and useless accoutrements may have to be dropped and better weapons adopted, but all this is to their advantage. The W. C. T. U. has had this experience. Eminently conservative, at first it fought shy of the question of woman suffrage; but by 1881 it was realized that the ballot in woman's hand was the needful implement, and a resolution to that effect was passed by the National Convention at Washington. A dozen grieved and horror-stricken women seceded and organized the Woman's Evangelical Temperance Union; the women of the South were expected to join this, but they had had enough of secession, and the new body died, after having served the cause by securing some good advertising. The newspapers for the first time gave ample space to what they called the disintegration of the W. C. T. U. The cause demands the ballot for woman; now woman wants the ballot. The Woman Suffrage Society had been pleading for years with women, who, like the proverbial horse, that might be led to water, but could not be induced to drink, were altogether indifferent; but the temperance cause has created a thirst for franchise that will not be appeased without it. In like manner the political aspect of prohibition was forced. It was distasteful to the women; though Neal Dow himself, the father of prohibition, was in the field as a Presidential candidate, the sympathy of the Union was unhesitatingly given to the Republican nominee, and not a newspaper criticized the action or questioned its expediency. But four years later, when, with clearer vision, the famous St. Louis resolution was passed, pledging the sympathy and prayers of the W. C. T. U. to *any* political party which should make the prohibition of the liquor traffic an issue in its platform, the public press was not sparing in censure and declared, over and over, that the temperance cause was set back twenty years by that act. However a setback, like the uphill walk is invigorating, and the W. C. T. U. increased its membership by sixty-nine per cent the following year.

While the temperance cause to them means nothing less than the total annihilation of the liquor traffic, it also stands for much more than that. It means the defense of *home* from all the powers that can assail its purity or threaten its security. It acknowledges but one standard of

morality for all, requiring the record of man's life to be as stainless as woman's. It promises that the men and women citizens of this Republic shall answer alike for their responsibilities and be alike equipped for their discharge; it demands that weakness shall not be oppressed or brute forces dignified; that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall include *all* the people; that not only the poor man's child, but that child's mother, shall be protected in all inalienable rights, and their every wrong redressed. It heralds the day when swords shall be beaten to plough-shares; wine-vats turned into kneading troughs, and the still shall have no deadlier use than to please the senses with soft odors distilled from sweetest flowers.

SONG.

BY G. L. BROWNE.

Seest thou not the soft shades of the twilight
Fade into ambient, amorous seas—
Hearest thou evening's breeze's soft sigh plight
Its soul to the sorrowing, whispering trees?

Seest thou not that the shadows are stealing
Slowly o'er mountains and meadow and sea—
Hearest thou not silver vespers are pealing,
Floating afar into sweet melody?

Let us forget all the cares that have bound us
Fast to the fettering sorrows of day,
Yield to the breeze's caressing around us,
Yield to the spirit's empassioning play.

Let us float down the soft stream of thy singing,
Minstrel of melody, singer divine,
Into the region of ecstasy flinging
Silvery flights of the dreaming of thine.

Why should we linger o'er doubt or delaying
When the deep strain of your rapturous song,
Over our quickening pulses is playing,
Gathering shadows of even' among?

Let us float down the soft stream of thy singing,
Minstrel of melody, singer divine,
Till the caress of my soul's silent clinging
Maketh the throb of thine ecstasy mine.

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE.

BY GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

THERE are many people living now who will recall with a shudder the frightful epidemic which raged in the city of San Francisco a score of years ago. This epidemic was a malignant typhoid fever, which made its appearance first in the hospital of the county jail; more than fifty-eight convicts died in one summer of that mysterious disease, which manifested always the same symptoms and always ended with a fatal result. The people in the city knew at first very little of this dreadful calamity; moreover, they were quite unconcerned whether more or fewer convicts lived or died behind the massive walls of the county's penal institute. However, the newspapers soon spread the matter abroad; people became cognizant of the danger that threatened the community. Nor was this all; the medical societies here and abroad took up and discussed the mysterious disease; eminent physicians from all countries came to study the symptoms of a disorder which laid low so many people and of which pathological science had had no demonstration. Thus far, the people of San Francisco had been mercifully spared; but while some spoke in whispers about the epidemic which was raging among the outcasts of society, others spoke with pride of Dr. Clinton, the penitentiary physician, who had discovered the disease and was the first to give a minute description of it. He had not been able to cure any of the convicts, but his fame had reached the remotest corners of the civilized world, and medical books spoke of the "Typhus Clintoni" as an important discovery for which no remedy could be found.

Dr. Clinton lived in a gloomy house at the outer end of Broadway, which stood alone in a block of land. He was not very sociable, but that did not prevent the wealthiest people from calling him to their houses.

He never spoke one word except what was absolutely necessary in a professional way, and the grateful people therefore racked their brains to find out something about the doctor's history.

The doctor was a remarkable personage. Men turned their heads on the streets as they passed him. His female patients were delighted with his reserve and the dark shadow that seemed to hover about him before the epidemic broke out; after that the doctor seemed to be in a brighter mood. He was even gracious to reporters, whom he had been in the habit of treating with silent contempt. The women made observations about the doctor's changed temper; but the men, while not particularly jealous of him, looked upon this modified enthusiasm with some degree of satisfaction. Others, better acquainted with the natures, moods and temper of scholars, gave a plausible reason for this change.

"He is a physician and scientist with heart and soul. He is as interested in the discovery of a new disease as a botanist in a rare plant. We must not be envious of his joy; thank God we have such a great man in our city!"

Dr. Clinton was born in the city of New York, had graduated from the medical college at quite an early age, had gone to Europe, and after years and years of hard study at the great universities, had at last gone with a scientific expedition to study the fever epidemic and other noxious diseases among the natives of the West Indies, and finally settled in San Francisco. Some of the younger physicians were enthusiastic about the new discovery

(the older practitioners were less demonstrative), and adored the fine scholarship of the discoverer. It was a pity, they said, that he was so exclusive, and buried himself in the old house on Broadway when society was eager to lionize him. The doctor paid no attention to gossip either favorable or otherwise. The prison and his gloomy house on Broadway were his world; he was satisfied.

With Dr. Clinton lived his sister, Alvira, who kept house for him, and a dismal looking servant by the name of Mort, who had accompanied the doctor on his travels.

Alvira Clinton was wealthy in her own right; her parents, at their death, had left her and her brother enough means to live in luxury all their lives, but the doctor's love of science had made him careless of ease.

One thing was certain, so the men thought, the ladies differed in this respect, that no wife could have so assisted Dr. Clinton in his labors, could have so cared for his comfort, watched for his slightest wish as did his sister.

Alvira Clinton, without being very beautiful, lacked by no means a certain attractiveness. She had big black eyes which were expressive of intelligence; about her mouth there was that peculiar expression said to be expressive of an indomitable will. But when Alvira talked she was positively handsome. There was a bubbling over of spirit, a sparkling of wit that charmed all men. She talked but seldom now; her devotion to her brother, her tireless help in his scientific labors occupied her time. She did not care for society, its gossip and its parties. She was seen frequently, however, in the houses of the poor, her neighbors and well-wishers. She went to see them because, curiously enough, the miserable Mexicans in the neighborhood were afraid to enter the gloomy house, which was surrounded by a high fence and tall eucalyptus trees.

Dr. Clinton was indifferent to all diseases that did not show the symptoms of typhoid fever. He would have neglected the most prominent citizens were it not that his office was an appointive office, and that he desired to be in the good graces of those who held positions of influence. And he would sooner have given up his fortune than his position at the county jail.

At a short distance from the house was a large stable which contained the animals on which the doctor experimented, and which the servant called the "Clinic."

Alvira shuddered when she heard her brother give the details for the dog clinic; the whinings of the tortured animals filled her with unspeakable horror. She could not rid herself of this feeling. This annoyed her brother, and he made her enter the gruesome hospital. He desired her to satisfy herself that the animals were not being tortured, and that the noise came from the dogs playing in the garden. Alvira was compelled to acknowledge that the mice, rabbits and dogs were quite as lively as those in the garden; there was no sign of cruelty nor even of harshness visible; everything was kept scrupulously clean, making quite a pleasing impression. Of course, there were several of the sick animals stretched out in their cages; the light had gone from their eyes and they seemed to wait for the end which was sure to come. But this had to be; it was in perfect harmony with a hospital. Alvira was calm; her brother had told her the truth.

"Are you satisfied now?" Dr. Clinton asked his sister.

"Yes," said Alvira, "still I think I had better keep away from your clinic."

"Suit yourself," said he, calmly. It was just as well if she stayed away; he had no need of her there, and she might be in Mort's way. The latter attended to all the business in that domain.

Mort had formerly been a servant at the anatomical department of a

German university, and had somehow come into unpleasant relations with the local police. Dr. Clinton had picked him up at Berlin and had taken him along on his expedition.

Mort was Clinton's right-hand man. He was absolutely indispensable. He contrived to keep the "clinic" supplied with the animals necessary for anatomical purposes and to dispose of them after that. Alvira hated him because he seemed too familiar with her brother. She shuddered when he came near her; he was so repulsive looking. From the back of his head to his forehead there was not a hair. His head looked like a huge ball of polished ivory. He had neither brows, nor eyelashes, and his nose was flattened down to a wide mouth with colorless lips and immense teeth. His body was lank and his clothes too wide. The skin of his face and hands looked like yellow parchment drawn taut; and one invariably imagined that under his clothes there was the horrible skeleton. And this individual, at the sight of whom dogs drew in their tails and ran away, had the fullest confidence of her brother.

"No one outside of the doctor and myself shall see what we are about in our hospital," he once said to a presumptuous reporter. And thus they lived secluded from the world, with nothing to disturb them. The many famous physicians and the lesser lights who came to study the peculiar disease, and who had expected to be treated hospitably by Dr. Clinton, were somewhat disappointed. Not that he did not treat them with the necessary civility, but while he took them to the prison hospital, he coldly refused to admit them to his private study or to Mort's "clinic." They should neither see his notes nor the means he employed to check the disease.

His persistent refusal to show his private "work shop" caused the learned doctors to shake their heads. Clinton saw their suspicion and when they had gone his rage was uncontrollable. "The idiots!" he cried, and ran into the garden, racing up and down. Mort, who knew the cause of the doctor's rage, roundly abused the "Eastern quacks." This invariably had the desired effect upon Clinton. He smiled and a defiant look came into his face. Let them shake their heads. Mort and himself and not a living, human soul besides should enter his sanctorum until the work is done. Any person who ventured into the garden or into the house was treated most ungraciously by Mort. "What do you want? We don't receive visitors," was the stereotyped remark with which he sent away men and women.

However, one man, George Dalton, was an exception. He alone dared to enter the lonely house without being sent away. George Dalton was a lawyer who had known the Clinton family in New York, and had transacted their business there. He had asked Mr. Alfred Clinton, Sr., for permission to pay his respects to the only daughter, but was met with such harshness by the old gentleman that he did not make a second attempt. Of course, George Dalton was an impecunious young lawyer, but he was young, well educated, of a jovial disposition and quite hopeful. When the old Mr. Clinton told Dalton that he could aspire to transact the legal business of the family and to nothing else, George said nothing. But he had no sooner left the Clinton mansion than he proceeded to the nearest barber, had his blonde locks and beard cut and shaved, went home, packed his portmanteau and went West. In less than five years George Dalton had made a reputation and a fortune, but his early timidity never left him. He recalled the words of Clinton Sr., and he stayed in the city of San Francisco.

Ten years more had gone by and one day George saw Alvira on the street. The hot wave that suffused his face when he saw her clearly told that years and space had no effect upon his affections. Alvira, too, was

happy to see him. She told him of the death of her parents, of her brother's great learning and fame, and their intention to locate in the city. They were indeed a handsome pair as they walked up Broadway. Dr. Clinton was favorable to Dalton as far as he was capable of showing his regard. He spoke a word or two with the friend of his sister and then left them alone. Dr. Clinton had no interest in anything or anybody that did not betray the symptoms of typhoid fever. But when George Dalton succeeded in getting him the position in the prison hospital, he condescended to express his appreciation, not to Dalton but to Alvira. She was happy that he thought well of George, for, be it understood, she loved the lawyer and would have followed him, were it not that she loved and pitied her brother, who would have been helpless without her. Nor could she think of leaving him alone with his "evil genius," as she called Mort.

Dr. Clinton was sure of his sister. He knew that she would not leave him for any man, and he did not object to Dalton's visits, which, however, were not so frequent as to cause him any uneasiness. Every Sunday evening the gloomy house, or to be more precise, the family sitting-room was enlivened by George Dalton's pleasant conversation; and because Alvira seemed to enjoy the lively chit-chat, her brother rather encouraged the visitor. Without it, the doctor thought she might tire of the loneliness and gloom, and who knows, might leave him alone—the very thought caused him to shudder—with his factotum, Mort. The latter knew that this thought upset the doctor and he never failed to allude to it. These allusions enraged Clinton, and he would have chastised his servant or dismissed him —if he could. But as he could not do either, he raved in impotent rage and then consoled himself with the thought that Alvira was too sensible to entertain any such ideas. How could she!

One bright sunny morning, it was on a Sunday, a scene was enacted in Dr. Clinton's garden that caused Alvira to weep, the doctor to rave, and Mort to grin, and when Mort grinned the birds in the trees ceased their chirping and flew away; everything seemed to wither when Mort's eyes glistened and Mort's mouth grinned. The scene was as follows: In an altana in the garden sat George Dalton, Alvira and the doctor. Dalton seemed depressed; strange for a man of his temper, the doctor was smoking and Alvira was speaking rather hastily and incoherently. At some distance, but near enough for him to hear, was Mort with his dogs. Clinton had just thrown away the stump of a cigar, and Alvira, glad at the pretext, went into the house to fetch some fresh cigars.

Dalton took advantage of Alvira's absence and said: "I might as well say it now as at any other time. Dr. Clinton, I love Alvira; have loved her for years, and have reason to believe that she is not indifferent to me. In a word: I desire to marry your sister. She shall never have any cause to regret it. Give us your consent, doctor."

Dr. Clinton seemed to think of a proper expression to couch his refusal. Dalton's speech had evidently displeased him, but it did not come unexpected. He had grown tired of the lawyer's visits. He wanted absolute seclusion. If the lawyer suffered a second rebuff, he was sure to stay away for good. He stroked his beard, and a smile of satisfaction flitted across his pale face.

"You are speaking of an impossibility, Dalton," he said. "My sister has concluded once for all to devote her life to such an unworthy old bachelor as I am."

"But you cannot, you dare not accept such a sacrifice, Dr. Clinton," said Dalton. "Alvira is not the girl to spend her life in the society of that fellow Mort and his dogs. You ought to be more reasonable, doctor."

Dr. Clinton rose from his seat. He was a shade paler than usual. His dark eyes shot flashes of malignant hatred and contempt. Dalton involuntarily stepped back as the doctor hissed the answer into his face: "Whether I have the right to accept this sacrifice of my sister—it to resign the drudgery of a commonplace marriage can be called a sacrifice—this I judge is no business of a stranger."

"But I am—"

"A stranger for us," said the doctor. "You could have spared yourself this explanation if your feelings had been less youthful than your age would lead one to believe."

George Dalton was astounded, but he gradually gained his balance. "We two are done, Dr. Clinton," he said. "Miss Alvira is of age and mistress of her own action. I will ask her to decide."

"There she is," said Clinton. "I will leave you two alone, so that you do not accuse me of influencing her decision."

When Alvira returned she was astonished to find her brother and Dalton facing each other in evident excitement. Clinton cut the matter short by saying: "Alvira, Mr. Dalton desires to speak to you. I will in the meantime look after Mort's boarders."

Alvira took a seat and motioned Dalton to do likewise. But when Dalton was about to speak she said: "Do not speak." Her voice was soft and sad. "Whatever changes you desire to bring about, do not count upon my consent. Years ago, yes; but now it is different. I feel it is my sacred duty to care for Alfred, who would be lost without me. Besides, I do not feel at all lonely," she added with all the feminine tenderness she was capable of, "since you come to the house. Leave matters as they are. We have peace; do not disturb the mutual harmony."

"My dear Alvira, what you have said," replied Dalton, "demonstrates to me one fact, namely, that you appreciate my visits, and because of that I tell you, if you do love me a little, you will not refuse me. You will not cast aside the true devotion of a man tried and found loyal. I say again, Alvira, be my wife."

The girl looked at Dalton with eyes that mirrored the gratitude of her soul. She knew that she loved him, and had he taken her to his breast in youthful passion, she would have followed him. She would have forsaken her brother if Dalton had kissed the confession from her lips. But as he appeared in a matter-of-fact manner, speaking friendly and sensibly, it was her duty to be sensible, too, and this demanded that she tell him where her duty lay, namely, with her brother. The reason why she would not leave him was that he was sacrificing his health and his life to science. She said it with a sigh that clearly told of her sufferings.

"Then you stay with him out of sheer pity?" Dalton asked.

Alvira took hold of Dalton's hand, and with every evidence of anxiety she said: "Forgive me, George, but I cannot act otherwise. My brother believes in my faithful love and devotion and he shall not be disappointed. On the day that he needs my life it shall be fettered by no other bonds. I must be at his side."

Alvira sank back into her seat and covered her face with her hands. Dalton saw the tears trickle through her fingers. His heart ached to see the woman he loved suffer so much.

"Your brother is ill. He ought to give up his work. Let him travel—anything that will keep him away from his labors," said he.

"You are right," said Alvira. "His work will be his death; but he cannot live without it. You ought to have seen him when he discovered the first case at the prison hospital. He had evidently been baffled by something in his investigations, and the epidemic at the hospital had come at the most opportune moment. He suffered, nevertheless, because he be-

lieved himself responsible for every person that died—as if he and not God had brought on the epidemic. The first evening when the dread disease made its appearance was the most horrible. I shall never forget it. He came into the house without saying a word, and ran out into the garden again, running up and down, as if possessed, trampling upon flowers and the shrubbery and laughing loudly. It terrified me, but I did not dare to speak to him. He is quiet now, and with nothing to excite him, we live quite happily. And now I see the dark clouds again. This time, dear friend, you are the disturber. For my sake, George, be friends with Alfred, and when you come again do not broach that other subject."

"My dear Miss Alvira, I am grieved to tell you that after the hard words that have passed between your brother and me it would be quite impossible for me to call at his house again; but granted I did come it would be equally impossible for me to subdue my feelings, now more than ever, since I know how unhappy you are."

He rose and stretched out his hand, which she grasped saying: "I know that you will forever remain my dearest, my best friend, and because of that I ask you to promise me when I call you that you will come to me. Promise me, George!" He knew what she suffered, and without a word, he pressed her hand in token of a promise and left. Dr. Clinton saw Dalton, the only friend of the family, leave the house, but he seemed to be engrossed in some subject which Mort had shown him and did not turn.

Added to gossip that Dalton's withdrawal occasioned was the fact that the doctor's star was on the wane. The people became disappointed in Dr. Clinton. It is true, he had made a great discovery, and the medical journals all over the world were still discussing the subject; but suffering and death are old evils, and the discovery of one more disease was interesting, but not quite agreeable to contemplate, considering that one might become a victim to the new discovery. Dr. Clinton had not found a remedy against the epidemic, and, therefore, had achieved nothing. But this was not all. He had managed to make more enemies than any man in his profession. When he had become the fashion in the city, and everyone consulted the eminent "fever" doctor, he was found deficient in that one quality—a *sine qua non* to the success of a physician—to flatter the rich, to humor their ills, especially the female patients, and be interested in the babies of fond mothers. He had often expressed his abhorrence of marriage, and he but rarely wrote a prescription. The agonies of a patient left him absolutely cold; but he was often interested in the contagion or in the heredity of the diseases he treated. To make matters worse it so happened that he had some differences with one of the prison directors who told him that he (Dr. Clinton) was merely an official at the hospital, but not the master. And last, but not least, for Dr. Clinton, was the fact that the epidemic had disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

People began to lose their dread of the disease and their respect for the discoverer. Added to this was the opinion of a prominent college professor of New York, who had spent months in the city to investigate the "Typhus Clintoni." "This disease is not a new discovery," the professor said, "and it is due to the boundless conceit of Dr. Clinton that it was given so much prominence. If Dr. Clinton had discovered a mode by which the organic disease germs can be developed and scientifically explained—if he have found the bacillus and learned to conquer its poisonous and deadly effect, let him proclaim it, and the world would hail him a Messiah. If he had not done this he had not merited any recognition, outside of the fact that he had opened one more of the many problems which science is working hard to solve. But the

problem was not put by Dr. Clinton, but by his suffering patients. Dr. Clinton, "the professor concluded, "has done nothing; he has not even attempted to save the lives of those who fell victims to the fever."

The opinion of this eminent man being published, had the effect that not one person could be found in the city of San Francisco who would consent to be treated by Dr. Clinton. Even the poorest people were afraid to consult him, and only those who could not get the services of any other physician free of charge called him to their bedsides.

But that peculiarly malignant smile never left Dr. Clinton's lips. In the fever ward of the prison hospital he was still master; there no one interfered with him.

But one day the whole matter came to a sudden end. Dr. Clinton came home and told Alvira that he had been dismissed. Alvira desired to know what cause the directors had for such an action.

"They at first made all sorts of charges," said Clinton. "I was too independent. I told them I would consult them in the future on all matters. Then they trumped up a charge of infidelity. One of the directors, who is a deacon in a church, objected to an atheistic physician, and that cur pretends to be an American. I laughed in their faces at first, but ultimately promised that for the sake of peace I would go to church and partake of communion; or that I would embrace any faith they pleased."

"You would not have done that," said Alvira. "I don't believe it! You would never have sacrificed your honor; because to dissemble is dishonorable."

Clinton looked at his sister with a contemptuous smile upon his lips.

"I have laid so many sacrifices upon the altar of science and investigation," said he, grimly, "that a lie more or less could not possibly make much difference. But they would not consider my proposition. The next charge was that I was too extravagant, at the cost of the institution, by giving chickens and wine to the prisoners. Poor devils, I should have deprived them of the necessary nutriment, while I am experimenting on their carcasses. To hamper my work on account of such trifles! I mastered myself, and promised to let the sick starve as much as possible. But it came out at last. They told me that I do not prescribe any medicine for the sick. Not prescribe enough medicine. Ha! Ha! Ha!

"After this I was of course forced to leave. The professional honor demanded that I should leave! The professional honor! Ha! ha! ha! Do these fools think I am like those quacks who believe and make their patients believe that they can and will cure them? We are not here for the sake of hospitals, but hospitals are here for our sakes, for the sake of science. But there was no use fighting; they had made up their minds to get rid of me and I went."

His restless eyes gazed upon the instruments in the cabinet, then upon the big volumes in his library. There upon long shelves, stood a fine selection of all the classical and standard medical works from Aristotle down to Pasteur and Koch. Alvira understood his looks. Among these princes of science, among the greatest of the great, should be Dr. Clinton's work on the origin and cause of typhoid fever and the conquest thereof. Otherwise he had nothing to live for. Alvira with the instinct of a tender woman, found the right words to encourage her brother. "You are on the road to fame already; in fact you are near the goal, and in spite of the petty jealousy of small men, you will yet be glorious, brother. You have made all the observations at the hospital that you needed, and as the epidemic is on the wane, it would be the proper time to bring your work to a close."

Clinton seemed absent-minded. But at Alvira's last words, he shook his

head, and said as if speaking to himself: "But three months more and I would have been done. I could have offered to the world the very greatest work of science—a collection of deadly and of protecting bacilli."

But Alvira stayed by her argument. "Of course, I am not competent to judge," she said, "but from the information which I gleaned from your remarks made at odd moments, I am inclined to think that new cases of the dread disease could hardly make much difference, and should the epidemic break out again at the hospital, I am sure they will have to call you. Who else could fill your place?"

"The epidemic is gone. I was mistaken. It does not make its appearance where bunglers are at work," Clinton said with a hoarse laugh. And while the finger of his right hand mechanically played with his golden injector, he took up with his left a book and began to read.

Dr. Clinton was soon engrossed in his reading; his sister took it as a good omen, and with a smile upon her lips she left him. "He may yet succeed," she said, going to her own room, 'and be counted among the foremost men of all times."

But Alvira's hopes were not fulfilled. He grew darker and moodier every day. He lost all interest in his dog clinic, and when Mort approached to make some report regarding one of the animals he drove him away.

"Go to the devil with your dog stories," Alvira heard her brother scream at the top of his voice. "I do not need dogs. I need human beings, and these were taken from me—stolen. Not even a condemned murderer would they give me."

Alvira could not hear Mort's answer, but she heard his tuneless laughter and a cry of rage from her brother who threatened to knock him down.

Not like a young physician anxious for practice, but like a panting deer crying for water did Dr. Clinton look for a patient. A patient! Only one sick person whom he could study, but he looked in vain. Not a soul came to the house. Alvira went from room to room and sighed. She never left the house, and Mort who attended to all affairs on the outside, came and went like a shadow. No one in the vicinity or in any part of the city thought of calling Dr. Clinton.

Unable to bear it any longer, the doctor left the house, incognito, to find a patient, if possible. He entered the huts of the poorest people and bribed them with wine and food. He gave the parents money and the children candy, until he had gained the confidence of those miserable people. Then he told them that he was a physician, and when anyone complained he volunteered his services. His life received a fresh impetus; he was happy. His science had found new material for investigation and Dr. Clinton was himself once more.

The best reason for his good humor was not so much the new and varied practice which he had found as the fact that the "Typhus Clintoni" had made its appearance among the Mexicans in lower Broadway. It was as yet in its mildest form, but it was there evidently and unmistakably. That no cases were reported from the prison hospital was probably due to the ignorance of the physicians, Dr. Clinton said. Those bunglers would not know the disease if they were laid low with it themselves. There was but one Dr. Clinton!

As the months passed, it was noticed that the epidemic had reached a very dangerous degree. None had died as yet; the doctor's art had conquered death thus far, but the epidemic raged with frightful violence.

It was in the spring of the year that the poor people whom Dr. Clinton had assisted with food, medicine and money, grew to suspect a compact between Dr. Clinton and the devil. This suspicion was fostered by the relentless hatred of an old Mexican fisherman whom the doctor had the misfortune to displease. As the old

Mexican was the oracle among his kind, his words carried weight. "He is in league with the devil," he was heard to say. "Look out for yourselves; he brings you the sickness." But there were some who laughed at the padre and told him to consult the doctor for the affection of the eyes. After much persuasion the old Mexican so far mastered his antagonism as to send for Dr. Clinton. The doctor performed an operation with so much skill and success that the populace danced with joy, and told the old padre that he was mistaken about the good doctor. Nothing could now have shaken their faith in Dr. Clinton, were it not that the old Mexican caught the fever. In his delirium he uttered frightful imprecations against the doctor and these were repeated by the people. When Clinton made his visit the next morning, he was met by a mob who warned him to keep away from their houses, else he would get hurt. He tried to reason with them. He begged; he pleaded; all in vain. "You are the devil," they said. "You gave us food and money and you bought us body and soul; but you shall not come here again. Wherever you go there is death." And he was forced to retreat.

"The dogs! the curs!" he cried, running up and down in his study. "They are afraid of their miserable lives, as if their lives were worth anything, if they did not serve to enrich science. They want to live. Well, let them live and starve."

As it was, these wretches had added their mite toward assisting his studies. The raging fever had revealed to him many new points of interest. If he could have brought one of those cases under the microscope, and if he could also have succeeded in curing a most violent case, his ambition would have been satisfied, his work done, and he would have laughed at their ingratitude. He was so excited that he discussed the subjects of his research with his sister and Mort. The latter taunted the doctor with cowardice to retreat before a mob of dirty Mexicans. Alvira suffered unspeakably. Why was her learned brother so haughty to everybody and so submissive to the taunts and insults of his servant? Did Mort know the modus operandi of the new method, and did her brother fear that his servant might reveal it to one of the many jealous physicians, who would benefit by the labors of her brother? Probably.

A few days later Alvira and her brother were walking in the garden, arm in arm. Mort was busy tending to some plants, but his sharp ears never lost one word of the conversation between brother and sister.

"Ah! if I could only get to work again, to work among people and not among rabbits and dogs in that clinic over there," said Clinton.

"Are you sure, Alfred," said Alvira, "that mankind will be benefited by your discovery?"

A contemptuous smile played about Mort's lips. Alvira caught that smile and shivered.

"Mankind is but a drop in the ocean of nature," said Dr. Clinton, "and nature refuses to be helped. She laughs and jeers at us when we are presumptuous enough to attempt to conquer her. Nature is without consideration. She is the most powerful murderess in existence, and science, in order to know nature, must be in sympathy with her."

"But where is the benefit to mankind?" said Alvira, sick at heart.

"Our science, my dear Alvira," said Clinton with a smile, "knows of cases where enthusiastic pupils took poison to assist their perplexed masters in demonstrating its effects. You have heard of the painter's daughter who permitted herself to be crucified so that her father might catch the proper expression for a picture of the Savior? Natural science knows of such models who have sacrificed their lives mundane, to live eternally in the sacred history of science. We live for science, not for mankind. Mort," the doctor cried, "what do you say to

the idea of advertising for such volunteers for scientific research?"

Clinton's eyes sparkled with a brilliancy and wildness that frightened his poor sister. Mort, however, seemed to have considered the doctor's proposition. "We might try it," he said. "But I don't believe it would be a success. You cannot rely upon volunteers. One must take his subjects wherever he can find them."

Alvira was horrified to hear Mort speak so to her brother. In the mouth of the latter those words seemed but the exaggeration of an exuberant fancy, but in the mouth of Mort they sounded like the words of a scoundrel. She was so overcome that she could hardly stand. She ran into the house that her brother might not notice her weakness.

For days after this conversation, Alvira shivered at the recollection, and remained in her room so as to avoid meeting her brother's evil genius.

Dr. Clinton's endeavors to visit the poor were met with determined opposition. He could not show himself but a shower of stones and other missiles met his advance; once he was even shot at. Had he incurred the displeasure of the Americans in the same degree as that of the superstitious Mexicans, he would have been tarred and feathered, if not shot. But when the Americans heard one of those absurd stories about the luckless Dr. Clinton, they merely laughed at the horror that was expressed in the faces of the "Greasers" at the mention of his name. They had wisely or providentially been spared an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Clinton's philanthropy.

But the repeated rebuffs that he suffered from the Mexicans doubled his energy and his desire for investigation. He experimented on the animals, and very soon all the dogs and rabbits in Mort's clinic lay either sick or dead. Mort pleaded in vain against the total extermination of his animals, and refused to bring new specimens in spite of his master's commands and threats. A gruesome stillness had now fallen upon the lonely house and in the garden. Bruno, the big St. Bernard dog, was the sole animal left; he was Alvira's pet, and sacred. He greeted his master with mighty jumps, and gave a joyous howl whenever his mistress showed herself in the garden.

One bright morning in the middle of May, as Mort entered the library he found the dog lying on the floor, with red eyes, and its swollen tongue protruding from its mouth—the dog had caught the fever. Mort uttered a hoarse laugh as he dragged the splendid animal into his "clinic." Alvira was very sad when she heard of Bruno's illness, but she did not give up the hope of his recovery. The dog had been her brother's pet, and he would surely cure him.

As often as Dr. Clinton came from the "clinic," she asked him after the dog's health. On the third day after Bruno's illness, Alvira concluded to see the poor animal herself, and, mastering her dislike for Mort and his establishment, the girl crossed the garden toward the clinic. But she halted at the door because of the angry words which her brother spoke to Mort. The two were evidently engaged in a violent quarrel. The door was partly open, and Alvira could look into the experimental room without being seen. Dr. Clinton walked up and down gesticulating wildly and uttering curses at his factotum, while the latter busied himself with cleansing the microscope, but kept a vigilant eye on his master.

"Your spite and obstinacy be damned," cried the doctor. "You miserable wretch, you would prevent me from completing my work by refusing to bring me the necessary subjects, eh? I have asked you again and again to bring some, but you have not brought me a mouse even. I would like to experiment day and night, but am hampered by your obstinacy."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mort; this laugh caused Alvira's heart to stop. How dared the wretch be so insolent to her brother. She listened again.

"You are experimenting. Ha! ha! ha! Well I don't propose to go to the penitentiary for stealing dogs. If I am to hang I want to be as great as you are, doctor. I shall then have done my share of work by the million."

"Shut up!" cried Dr. Clinton, his voice hoarse with passion. "You miserable cur, you know very well why I desire to complete my work just now. It is the last moment. I am maddened by the thought that while I am longing for subjects to finish my work someone else might publish a book on the subject and spoil the work of a lifetime."

"No one in America or Europe can do that," replied Mort, with a grin. "To do what we have done one must have a steady hand like you, and be without prejudice. I can rely upon you! No one else could possibly accomplish your work. After Bruno's death there is nothing left but to experiment on yourself; who else would—"

"Shut up, or —" Alvira was unable to listen any longer; the knowledge that her brother had sacrificed his pet dog was too much for her. She understood that science could not have benefited by Bruno's death, that her brother must certainly have acted under mental stress. In that case, however, he was not bad; he was only unfortunate; his work and anxiety were too much; they had undermined his health. But what could she do? Her brother, she knew, would sooner die than give up his work. She was miserable beyond expression. There was no one to help her; she was alone in the world, without a friend or relative. But no, she was not without a friend. There was her friend Dalton, of whom she had so often thought with love and longing; she would call him. Alvira was about to return to the house when the noise of falling furniture and a wild cry from her brother attracted her to the spot. Suddenly she saw Mort come from the clinic, a long knife in his hand, and walking backwards, followed by Dr. Clinton, whom he sought to keep at a distance. Alvira being concealed behind the door, held on to it to support herself. The sight had made her faint.

"Keep away from me, Dr. Clinton, or I'll run this knife into you. Not one step, I say. Don't commit any foolishness. You could not kill me quick enough to prevent me from giving you away. I tell you, have a care!"

Alvira could stand it no longer. Satisfied that her brother did not follow his servant, she slipped behind a bush and ran into the house. Quickly she wrote a few lines to George Dalton, asking him to come to her house either that very evening or the following morning. She was so excited and nervous that she frequently paused in writing. The note being written and sealed, she hastened into the street, and luckily finding a boy, gave him half a dollar to carry the note to George Dalton's office.

But all this had completely exhausted her strength. She barely managed to reach the library when she fell upon the lounge, shaken by cold and fever. She had not been in there more than half an hour when the door was opened and Dr. Clinton came in. It was already dark and he did not see his sister. He ran up and down, gesticulating and fighting imaginary foes, and as he was striking at one of those phantoms, he suddenly heard a sigh. He was so scared that he stood as if rooted to the spot.

"Is it you, Alvira?" he asked, quite unnerved. But being answered by another sigh, he lighted a candle and stepped up to the lounge.

"For God's sake, you have the fever," he cried in terrible excitement. But he soon mastered himself. Covering her with a heavy blanket, he hastened into the kitchen and made her a hot drink. When Alvira's fever

had quieted down, he sat by her side, her hand in his. Once in awhile his eyes became restless and his hand moved toward the vest pocket where his "injector" was. Alvira, who felt much better, smiled at her brother gratefully.

"You have the fever," said her brother.

"Whose fever — yours?" Alvira asked frightened.

Dr. Clinton made no answer, but he gazed at her absently.

"This would be a fine affair for you and science if you were to find the very case you were after in your own house. You could be proud of your sister, Alfred."

Clinton stared at her with eyes wide open. "Is it possible, Alvira, that your thoughts could take such sublime flights? You, of all people, could comprehend me and my work? Alvira, I am your brother! Do you suppose I would sacrifice my own sister?"

"Keep quiet, dear," said Alvira, I shall be all right to-morrow morning. Keep quiet, that you don't get sick yourself. I have not your fever, have I?"

Dr. Clinton had the thumb and first finger of his right hand in his vest pocket, where he toyed with his instrument, as was his habit.

"This would have been one of those tragic conflicts," said Dr. Clinton, still toying with his hypodermic needle, "if a loving brother could reach the highest aim of his life by the death of his own sister. Don't be frightened, Alvira, it is but one of those crazy questions which doctors are apt to ask. But why should it not be reality? Why should a girl not be permitted to sacrifice her life in the same manner as we? We sacrifice our lives to science, and with our lives our pleasures, our youth and all our desires. Every drop of blood, every fiber of our brain labors for science, and thus our whole life is one chain of denials, abnegations and sacrifices. Why should not a girl take that one brave step for the sake of science, which alone would place her on a level with the greatest of men?"

"You look quite tired, dear," said Alvira. "Follow my advice and take a dose of morphine and go to bed. I feel sick. I would like to sleep a little, if possible."

"You are right," said Clinton, gathering his energy. "A morphine injection will do me good, and, come to think of it, you, too, would sleep better if you had one. You would, in fact, not be able to sleep at all without it," and drawing himself up to his full height, he continued resolutely: "I will fetch the necessary articles from my room."

He left the room with a heavy tread.

"Did you hear the latest?" said a physician to George Dalton as the two were walking towards the latter's office.

"No," said Dalton, "what is it?"

The physician handed Dalton a medical journal, which contained a full description of the peculiar disease —the so-called "Typhus Clintoni." The writer stated that he had succeeded in discovering the germ as entirely independent of the person ill with the fever. He had brought this independent fever germ to its highest strength in virulence, and then weakened it so that it became absolutely harmless. All this he had tested by experiment on animals and demonstrated publicly, and while Dr. Clinton had certainly given an impetus to investigation, he had achieved nothing new.

"This will bring Dr. Clinton down a peg or two," said the disciple of Esculapius, not without malice.

Dalton's heart was heavy as he stepped into his private office, and he experienced something of a shock when his office boy handed him Alvira's note. He lost no time, but hastened to the call of the woman he had loved these many years.

"I am so glad you have come,"

said Alvira, after telling him of all that had transpired within the last few hours.

And where is your brother now?" Dalton inquired.

"He has just gone down to get me a morphine injection. I think he is right. I shall not be able to sleep without it."

Dalton, who appeared resolute awhile ago, was almost unnerved when he heard Alvira's answer. He turned ghastly pale and the cold beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"And did he give you nothing else against the fever? Did he give you any medicine?" asked Dalton.

"No; he don't believe much in medicines," said Alvira. "I will be all right soon. Are you going to leave me now?" she asked, seeing Dalton rise.

"I am going to see your brother," the latter replied resolutely.

"That is right," said Alvira. "But be patient with him, for my sake, and above all things, try and excuse your presence in the house."

Dalton left the room. He stepped down hastily and as he turned to the doctor's room he noticed the light coming through the open door. Dalton halted and looked into the room. At the table sat Dr. Clinton staring into the light. Before him lay an open book in which he had evidently been writing, as his right hand held a pen, and his left toyed with the golden injector. Dalton entered, and as Dr. Clinton recognized his visitor, he jumped from his chair and said: "My sister has a slight attack of fever. I was afraid she might grow worse and concluded to give her an injection of morphine which I had just now chemically tested. Remedies like those require the greatest care."

He had evidently forgotten how he had dismissed his sister's suitor. Clinton's words, at first full of embarrassment, grew rather mocking in tone at the end. Dalton lost all control of himself. His eyes involuntarily fell upon the book and there, in the doctor's large, bold handwriting stood the date of the day, the month, and the year, and beneath it in red ink, the words *8:30 P. M. last trial.* Clinton turned toward the door and was about to leave but Dalton barred his way.

"Can you give me your word of honor, Dr. Clinton, that this injection will do your sister no harm?"

Dalton said this in a hoarse voice. Clinton was stunned at Dalton's words but he soon regained his composure and his mocking tone: "This remedy is reliable, I assure you."

But suddenly changing his tone, he said: "May I ask the reason of your visit at such a late hour, Mr. Dalton? I had an idea that we had done with each other for life."

Dalton kept an eye on Clinton. Taking the medical journal containing the article against the "Typhus Clintoni" from his pocket, Dalton spoke in measured tones. "In this journal Dr. Clinton, you will find an article which is of the greatest importance to you, as it effects your life-long labors. Read it!"

Under the pressure of Dalton's gaze Clinton looked at the journal. He had hardly read the heading of the article when he turned deathly pale. The hand that held the hypodermic syringe, trembled, and, totally unnerved, he sank into a chair. Clinton read the article and after he had finished, he heaved a deep sigh, like one who has received a deathblow. He looked at Dalton as if he desired to read the latter's thoughts. Dalton could barely stand this look, for he felt as if he had spoken Dr. Clinton's death sentence. Suddenly Clinton rose from his seat, stepped to the other side of the big table, so that the table was between him and Dalton. His eyes shone with radiance that beautified his face.

"You have asked me awhile ago whether I would pledge my honor upon the reliability of this remedy. I will pledge my life." Dr. Clinton had taken hold of the loose skin on his

neck and before Dalton could move, injected the contents of the syringe. At first Dalton was paralyzed, but he soon ran up to Dr. Clinton and tore the injector from the latter's hand. It was too late. Clinton tried to make light of the matter, saying that he only meant to scare Dalton; but when he saw the latter's despair, his bravado gave way to a like feeling. With a cry of horror he threw himself on Dalton's breast and said: "For God's sake, George, save Alvira. I am lost, but you will spare me for her sake."

"I will," said Dalton, "and now lie down and rest. I think you will need to. I will look after Alvira."

Slowly Dalton went upstairs again, so as to collect himself and not to frighten Alvira by his looks. He told the girl not to despair about her brother, that he was all right, and except the interruption caused by some physical disarrangement, will continue his work. However, he thought it advisable that Alvira should look after her brother once in a while, and for that purpose she must try to get well soon. He also told her that he had made up with her brother, and that he would now call more frequently, after which he left her in a blissful deception, but himself heartsore and troubled.

Two days passed. Dalton came twice a day, and Alvira's reports were quite encouraging. "Her brother felt tired," she said. "He writes everything in his book of scientific notes—his pulse, his temperature. To me he is quite tender, and he is full of praise about your manliness and worth;" and the girl smiled as a woman only can smile when proud of the man she loves.

On the third day a frightful fever attacked Dr. Clinton. His sister watched by his side during the day, and at night Dalton changed with Mort. Upon a little table near the bed was the day journal in which Clinton wrote notes as often as he was clear-headed. During the day, while his sister was by his side, he seldom uttered a word; his power of will seemed strong enough even in the heat of fever. He would not shock the poor girl. But it was different before the men. Now he seemed to be among the Mexicans whom he gave snakes. "They are good; they don't bite; eat them, eat them!" he cried. Then again he seemed to be in the West Indies, where he was hunting his last patient. "I have buried nine hundred and ninety-nine convicts. I am looking for the last one to complete the thousand," he screamed. But he could not find the last one he was looking for, and if he could not find him within a specified time, he would be hanged. The library seemed full of laughing and grinning doctors, howling dogs and gnawing rats. He was looking for his great book upon the "Typhus Clintoni," which he could not find. Some one of the grinning doctors had stolen it, trying to rob him of his fame.

When Dalton heard these ravings, he shuddered and disliked to stay. But when Mort came into the room and Dalton saw that moving skeleton grin and leer at the poor doctor, he was loath to leave him alone with that abominable wretch.

Five days had gone by. Clinton was still raving about the last subject which he was vainly hunting. Dalton sat by his side contemplating the sad end of a brilliant career, when Clinton suddenly sat up in his bed. "George, promise me," he said, and his words came hard and slow. "It will be too late to-morrow. Send this book to the fellow who wrote that article. Let him use it."

"If this book is so valuable, why not publish it for Alvira's benefit?" asked Dalton.

"No, no!" cried Clinton. "I have worked for science only. Everything for science; for humanity, nothing. If you don't send it, destroy it. Another thing, George: In Mort's clinic over there—in the glass tubes-

all the diseases in the world are in those tubes. There is the *Typhus Clintoni*. I want rest in the grave. They will come from those tubes and destroy mankind to the last. Swear, Dalton, that you will destroy them—"

"How are the poisons to be destroyed?" Dalton faltered.

"By fire; by fire; by fire!" screamed Clinton. "Otherwise that fellow Mort is sure to come and carry the diseases and death among the people. He was always so hard against my dog Bruno—I have no time now. I am looking for my last subject. I want to make my last injection. Ha, ha, ha! I am the creator of the *Typhus Clintoni!* The fools did not know it—one more," and Clinton became again delirious.

About 2 o'clock in the morning Mort entered and desired to take Dalton's place, but the latter remained until daybreak. When he left he heard Clinton cry: "Burn them, Dalton, and Mort, too."

Dalton was gone about two hours, and was about to lie down to rest for a little while when the fire alarm was sounded. Looking out of the window, he saw the flames rising from the direction of Dr. Clinton's house. He dressed hastily and went thither. Dalton found Alvira wringing her hands in front of Mort's "clinic," which was being consumed in spite of all efforts of the firemen. The house being quite a distance from the "clinic" was not in danger.

"Where is your brother?" cried Dalton.

"I don't know," answered the weeping girl. "I went to his room sometime ago and found him and Mort gone."

In the afternoon the firemen found the charred remains of two bodies lying upon the stone floor of the clinic.

Dalton examined them and identified his poor friend Dr. Clinton, as well as his evil genius, Mort. In the breast of the latter was found a long Persian dagger.

MESSAGE.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

So, friend, we twain have parted, but with peace
Between us twain forever. All my soul
Calls thwart the swift life-waves that rise and roll
Betwixt our paths—so fixing our release—
My soul calls, God be with you! give increase
Of insight, draw your heart as to its goal
The steadfast star, the sweet star of the Pole,
Draws the weak needle, for its strife's surcease.
I love to think how sometime we shall meet
Splendid with spirit strength, grown pure to face
The unimagined radiance of Heaven,
And to my cry, "You've conquered!" will be given
In your brave answering glance assurance fleet,
While your glad voice shall follow, "By God's grace!"

Rochester, N. Y.

THEIR WINTER.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE winter life of many of the animals of the Pacific Coast presents a singular and interesting contrast to those of the same latitude in the East. In the latter region winter comes as a suggestion that cannot be disregarded. Before the leaves begin to take on their autumnal tints the question of moving on is being considered by myriads of forms. The birds, even before the slightest touch of winter, become uneasy. Instinctively they feel that it is time to go south; and their peculiar actions are noticed by all their human friends who are familiar with their ways. The swallows gather in groups and appear to discuss the situation. Some apple-tree, or perhaps a telegraph wire, is the center of interest; and finally, after a number of meetings the flock rises and flies away, and by the first frost nearly all the feathered forms that have made joyous the summer days have disappeared. Where have they gone? In olden times the farmer would tell you that the swallows had dived down into the mud, where they proposed spending the winter; but, far from this, they have gone south in obedience to a wondrous instinct of self-preservation. This movement among birds is almost universal. Untold thousands follow the coast-line; others the great mountain ridges, stopping during the day to feed, flying by night, so reaching the land of the South where food and warm days await them.

In Europe the lines of bird-migration are well known. The island of Heligoland lies in the tract of a favorite route; and hundreds of the voyagers rest here or dash against the light and are killed. Every lighthouse on the United States Coast is a death-trap to the migrating birds. Attracted and lured on by the gleaming light, they dash into it as if fascinated, and drop dead and bleeding at the base. Some idea of the magnitude of this night-flight can be obtained by referring to the records kept by the various lighthouse keepers for the members of the Ornithological Union. Sombrero light on the Florida coast is 140 feet above the sea, and during a storm it is often literally bombarded by birds. A list kept by the keeper shows that between April 29th and September 25th, 1884, about seven hundred birds struck the light, this being in reality a small fraction of the actual casualities, as many were blown away. Mr. William Dutcher received the following reports from Long Island lights. One reads: "I send you thirteen birds that struck the light last night. October 1st, I sent you seventy-five birds that struck the light last night." And so on these reports go telling of many tragedies.

Many of the birds are blown off shore, reaching Bermuda. After a gale I have noticed hundreds of song-birds on the small island of Tortugas, at the extreme end of the Florida reef, the little creatures having been caught by the gale while flying across the Gulf of Mexico. After resting, they would disappear to the south, probably soon reaching the shores of South America, where they proposed to winter. At the approach of spring these little creatures turn again to the north, some among them—the robins—finding their way almost to the shores of the Arctic Sea. The reason for this remarkable bird-movement twice a year is caused by the lack of

food and by approaching winter. The cold weather kills insect life, and the food supply becomes at once limited. This is to a certain extent, true of all animal life; and the problem presented to our four-footed friends is, how are we to live through the winter? Nature has answered the question. The cats, from the panther to the smaller forms, continue their depredations, as their food—the deer—still roams the forest; but the black bear, who subsists, in a great measure, upon berries, is presented with a serious problem. Berries there are none; while, even if bruin was disposed to dine upon a fat buck or fawn, he is too bulky and heavy to successfully attack so fleet an animal. So, like a philosopher, he faces the inevitable. In the autumn months he lives high, literally on the fat of the land; and as the cold weather comes on, his ribs are lined with a layer of fat, which, to all intents and purposes, constitutes his winter food. If we could follow the movements of bruin about this time, we should find him nosing about in every old tree-trunk or some cavern beneath a projecting rock; and finally one is selected, and our well-conditioned friend crawls in, betakes himself to a couch of branches and leaves which he has scraped in, and here he goes to sleep. The first snow covers him up; and there, in a state of what is termed hibernation,* the bear passes the winter days, coming out in the spring a lean and hungry plantigrade Cassius, ugly and with an appetite that brooks no delay. During this time the bear has been in what is termed a state of coma. The breathing is barely perceptible, the flow of blood through the veins slow, the beating of the heart faint. All the functions of life are, to all intents and purposes, at a standstill, and to the hand the flesh feels cold; a thermometer applied to the bear's tongue would show a remarkably low temperature. In brief, nearly all the functions of the bear are at a standstill; she is sleeping away the winter days, nature thus enabling her to bridge over the time until the food period comes again. Many of the squirrels go through a partial hibernation, while many others are seen frisking about upon the snow. The snakes and other reptiles all hibernate during the Eastern winter, entering a long sleep, only awakening with the coming spring.

If we cross the continent to the same latitude on the Pacific Coast we find many similar animals, and it will probably be of interest to note how their habits are affected by the difference in climate. The entire Pacific Coast is influenced by the warm Japan current that sweeps around the coast, tempering the climate, which would otherwise be colder. An Eastern winter on the lowlands of California is unknown. True, the mountain peaks of the Coast Range and the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre are tipped with snow, and you may stand on the lowlands, crushing wild-flowers beneath your feet, with the air filled with the melody of birds, yet see the snow blow into the air from these upland peaks. Winter is there with all its terrors, but it does not encroach upon the lowlands. The winter, then, in California, so far as the latter is concerned, is one heralded by the flowers, where occasional rainstorms take the place of the snow. To the stranger, our winters are like cool summers, but they are more. There is a certain chill that comes on at night or begins at four or five o'clock, that gives this winter night a significance of its own; the winter days are warm and balmy, the nights cool and crisp; not cold enough to kill tender vegetation and the flowers, yet cold enough to have a certain effect upon animal life—the feature upon which I wish to dwell in this paper. As summer, the long, warm, dry period merges into fall, the birds begin to show signs of unrest. The *honk, honk*, of the wild goose comes to us

*The hibernation of the male black bear is only partial, that of the female being almost complete.

from the upper air ; and the wild cries of the sandhill crane, a bable of sounds, tells the story of coming winter. The geese and the sandhill cranes are going south ; they winter all along shore, some on the marshes and bays of the coast, but probably the larger number go down to the Gulf of California and Old Mexico. The cranes which I have observed evidently follow the Coast Range down to where the Sierra Madre Mountains branch off, then skirt them. By counting one flock and watching others, I have estimated that twenty-five thousand passed overhead in a day, which was but one point of observation ; a wonderful sight it was. The sound of voices came on the air when they were two miles away. Then a small, black, irregular spot became visible, rapidly changing into an irregular sinuous line. On they come, a phalanx of birds, each in its position as if on dress parade. Suddenly they halt, and amid vociferous cries appear to be broken up and confused ; but it is only for a moment. They rapidly sweep into form again, and then begins a magnificent spectacle—the spiral flight—the climb of the birds into the upper vaults of the heavens.

They are in twos, sixes, eights, and wheel around with the greatest regularity, now black against the blue sky, then a flash of glory as their white surfaces are against the sun ; and for a single second it seems as though, from space, gleaming silver dollars were being sprinkled by some lavish hand. Another second, and the silver is black. Upward they move alternately flashing until they rise above the snow peaks of the Sierras. Then the leader appears to give the signal, and with heads to the south they bear away with many a joyous trumpet for, mayhaps, the land of the Incas. They are not always moving their wings ; the latter are for long distances held rigid, the birds literally sliding down the aerial hill ; and so alternately soaring, flying, they dash on for, perhaps, five miles, when they again reach a dangerous proximity to the ground, when the spiral flight is again resorted to and repeated indefinitely until the long aerial voyage is ended.

The smaller birds from the far North winter all along shore. The Southern California winter groves are made melodious by their song ; and many live here the year around, not feeling the necessity of a tour farther south. Up in the Sierras, from the foothill region to the snow-line, we find our old Eastern friend, the black bear. If he has ever heard of the long nap taken by his Eastern cousin he probably esteems it an Eastern story, as, while he may take a desultory nap or a series of naps, a long winter sleep is a rarity and not necessary, as our Pacific Coast bear is by no means a vegetarian, as many of the pioneers will remember, whose stock was often missing in the morning, with only a long footprint to tell the story.

In California, the snakes hibernate, entering the ground when the cool nights come on, but venturing out often during the day from their subterranean retreats, if the sun is especially warm, possibly thinking that summer has come again, but finding their mistake as the day wanes. The lizards that in the East disappear in the fall and sleep out the long winter, in California enter a state of coma every twenty-four hours. When the morning sun rises over the mountains and chases the shadows out of glen and cañon, many of the lizards awake, and every pile of stones has its gay cavalier. Especially common is a black-visaged fellow, often black all over with a blaze of metallic hue on his breast. As he sees you he has a way of quickly lifting his head and body as if to make the bronze breastplate flash in the sunlight and dazzle you. Withal he is a companionable fellow, and I confess to have spent many an hour in his company.

This lizard enters what might be termed a state of hibernation every night, being warmed into life as the sun rises again. In midwinter, if the

day is cloudy and cold, or clear and cool, the lizards do not awaken; and I have found them, in turning over the pile of stones which constituted their castle, lying numb and to all intents and purposes lifeless. Soon the heat from my hands brought them out of the sleep; and the little bead-like eyes would slyingly peep at me, and then with a spring this "sleeper awakened" would dash away. One very beautiful lizard with a light blue tail sleeps away nearly the entire cold season, though the warm days tempt it out into the sunshine. In the winter the horned toad, properly a lizard, lies very low. You are likely to find him several inches below the surface, or deep in some deserted burrow, from which he comes very stupid, and very cold and clammy. He is occasionally seen running around, but prefers to sleep away the chilly days and nights, holding in fondest remembrance the hot and burning days of summer, when numerous infantile horned toads break their shells and appear upon the scene. The lizards have no excuse for this semi-hibernation except the chill; as the food supply, the insects, are on hand, though not in such great numbers.

The winter poppy field in February —that resembles a field of the cloth of gold—is the vantage ground of unnumbered insect forms. The yellow butterfly *colias* is a familiar form, a brilliant fellow, a living neutral tint to the poppy. The bees are out in force; and gaily marked beetles and others make merry in the sunshine. When I first waded through this winter wealth of flowers, I wondered how the insects bridged over the cold nights, and finally discovered the ruse of some, at least. The golden poppies are what the children call sleeping flowers; and as night comes on they close up, winding their petals around about one another in a warm embrace. At midday this expanse of golden yellow can be seen for a long distance; but at four o'clock, to the observer from several miles, it seems mysteriously to disappear, owing to the closing of the flowers. In mere curiosity I unwound the petals of a poppy to see if it would close again or withstand the treatment, when, to my amusement, I found snugly ensconced in the flower a bee fast asleep,—its legs tucked up, and its shiny body well powdered with pollen. Here, then, was the bedroom of at least one insect, that thus slept away the cold nights. Search in other poppies demonstrated the fact that almost every one was used in this way. The majority of the tenants were bees, sometimes a delicate moth, a wasp, or a coterie of brilliant beetles, that were in this way protected from the rigors of the night wind. What more æsthetic surroundings could be imagined? The glories of such a bedroom can hardly be realized until the delicate petal of the poppy is submitted to the glass, when the gloss and velvet-like surface comes out in all its splendor. Even if the bee was not lulled to sleep by the chill, we may imagine that the perfume of the flower is a sleeping draught that soothes the senses of the sleeper and leads it into the insect dreamland of endless floral and honeyed delights. So the winter passes, to many forms a relapse into the state of partial hibernation, a reawakening at the summons of the sun, oft repeated.

The bats, that in the East are housed for the winter in the eaves, clefts of chimneys and trees, are in California night rovers, and can be seen whirling about, sweeping around the electric lights that lure to their death so many insect forms. About the base of an electric-light mast we may study many night forms whose cousins in the East are at this time hibernators in all the term implies—fast asleep for a term of months. This light is the center of an insect swarm. Big-bodied and armored beetles are bombarding the glass, plunging down into it and falling helpless to the ground. Big moths as broad as one's hand dash and flutter about half bewildered, while all about

are myriads of smaller forms dancing in the air about this winter-night Maypole. Beyond them in line are the bats whirling and dashing like hawks at the smaller fry, while here and there, if the night is yet young, is the soft-winged caprimulgus, or night hawk, joining in the onslaught. The shadows of the bats, hawks and big moths are magnified to gigantic proportions in a fantastic shadow-dance in the light, and attract our attention to the ground, where lumbering along are various toads that, if in the East, would be hibernators, but here are alert, showing their sagacity by gathering at the foot of the light to revel among the insects that, dazed and injured, have fallen at its base. The lowland squirrels of California do not waste their time in any season in laying up winter stores. No hibernating for them. So with the mole, that in the East is coiled up in its winter home, frozen in, perhaps. Here it has an open season, coming out at times and uplifting the sod in field and garden, in defiance of the fact that it is February, when its cousins of the East are fast asleep.

ON THE WILD HILLS.

BY ANNA M. REED

The gray mists trail, wind-tossed and torn,
The rain beats on, while torrents sweep,
And roar, through cañons dark and deep.
The herds fly trembling and forlorn,
Looking with wild, beseeching eyes,
From the drear earth to colder skies.
O Power! that tempers the merciless storm,
Unto the lamb which is helpless and shorn,
Heed, and their agony pitying see,
While these dumb faces turn blindly to thee.
On the wild hills of adverse fate,
Beats the fierce storm of life for me,
But He can safely guard and keep,
Who says: "Be still!" to the mighty deep.

The Birthplace, Somersby.

"The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door."

TENNYSON.

BY ARTHUR K. WOODBURY.

I—THE SONGS OF PROMISE.

THE year 1809 is forever memorable as having given to the Victorian era its three greatest minds, in science, in politics and in literature, respectively. In that year the grandson of Erasmus Darwin first saw light at Shrewsbury; the advent of a younger son was chronicled in the family of Sir John Gladstone, the rich old Tory merchant of Liverpool, and Alfred Tennyson was born in the quiet little parsonage at Somersby, Lincolnshire.

Some day, it is to be hoped, a gifted lover of Tennyson will give us the same minute and sympathetic account of early formative influences in the poet's character that Ruskin has given us of the childhood of Scott. Meantime our information is very meager. The father is described by Howitt as "a man of various talents—something of a painter, an architect and a musician, also a considerable linguist and mathematician." Music, a great sweetener of home life, was a gift and an enthusiasm with the entire family.

Somersby is described by a Lincolnshire writer as "a quiet, wooded village at the foot of the South Wold; the country about it soft and pastoral with small villages lying close together. To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its deep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a deep-channeled brook, which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden."

In the "Ode to Memory," Tennyson calls the goddess thus:

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside—
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves."

This brook, the subject of one of the most finished and popular of the

poet's lyrics, flows "to join the brimming river" across the eastern part of Lincolnshire, until it finally reaches the long stretch of sandhills, "with the flat shore on one side and the fertile marsh on the other," where Tennyson got his first sight of the sea. Hither the shy, dreamy lad used to come during his holidays. Here he used to watch

"Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray."

Or, walking along the beach, he dabbled in many a

"Still salt pool lock'd in with bars of sand."

Or saw, perhaps, the first mental image of

"Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy flats
And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

The strong impression made upon the youthful Tennyson by the Lincolnshire coast, as well as his finely accurate habits of observation and scientifically reliable memory, are illustrated in the local color of many of the poet's immortal seascapes. The Lincolnshire writer above referred to, alluding to Sir Henry Holland's statement that "no writer in prose or verse has noticed the phenomenon of sun and moon at full above the horizon at the same time," calls Sir Henry's attention to these lines from "The Lotus-Eaters:"

"The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red west. * * *
They sat them down upon the yellow sand
Between the sun and moon upon the shore."

"Where Tennyson saw it," he adds, "admits hardly of a doubt—on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, where at one time the red sun may be seen setting over the wide marsh and the full moon rising out of the eastern sea."

And of the line from "Elaine,"

"And white sails flying on the yellow sea,"

Swinburne tells us that "one of the greatest painters now living pointed it out to me with a brief word of rapturous admiration for its wonderful breadth of beauty and perfect force of truth," and himself adds: "Though cradled and reared beside the sea, I had never seen anything like that, but on the first bright day I ever spent upon the eastern coast of England, I saw the truth of this touch at once. * * * There, on the dull, yellow, foamless floor of dense, discolored sea, so thick with clotted sand that the water looked massive and solid as the shore, the white sails flashed whiter against it and along it as they fled, and I knew once more the truth of what I had never doubted—that the eye and hand of Tennyson may always be trusted at once and alike to see and to express the truth."

In 1828, Alfred went up to Cambridge and entered Trinity—brave old Trinity, the mother of poets, Milton's college and Byron's. Here he walked under the lime trees with Hallam, where Milton had walked with King.

"How oft with him we paced that walk of limes—
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times."

Here Tennyson and Hallam were members of a famous *coterie* of undergraduates, among them Richard Monckton Milnes, whose son is now lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Brookefield, of whom Tennyson afterward sang:

"Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes.
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest."

There, too, were Henry Alford, genial and abundant, and Richard Chenevix Trench, keen and supple as Damascus steel, and John Mitchell Kemble, whom Alfred prophesied in an early sonnet as

"A latter Luther and a soldier priest
To scare church harpies from the master's feast."

Tennyson was probably the least responsive member of the group, as

we find Hallam writing to Trench excusing Alfred's "nervous temperament and habits of solitude," which "give an appearance of affectation that is no true interpreter of the man." Yet the poet seems to have cherished with peculiar tenderness the memory of his university. Whewell was his tutor, and I cannot but think that it is to the patient and thorough training of that incomparable master that we largely owe the delicately accurate delineations of ancient life in "Œnone," "Ulysses," and "Lucretius," as well as the genuine Homericism (where they seek to be Homeric) of the Arthurian "Idyls."

The broadening influence of university associations is seen in Tennyson's verse. The year before he went up to Cambridge he and his brother Charles published "Poems by Two Brothers," in which it is painfully difficult to detect a line of Alfred's here and there denoting originality or promise. During the first year, however, he won the chancellor's medal by his very creditable "Timbuctoo" of 250 lines, and in the following year (1830) published his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," sixty-two pages of which (though largely altered) Tennyson thought worthy of incorporation in his later volumes. As yet, however, he had done less than most great poets have done at his age to indicate the achievements of later years.

II—THE LAUREL CROWN.

For convenience Tennyson's literary life may be divided into three periods: First, from 1832 to 1859, the lyric period; second, from 1859 to 1875, the epic period—that of the Arthurian legends; third, from 1875 to the poet's death, the dramatic period. These divisions are not absolute, for Tennyson was essentially a lyric poet, and many of his noblest and loveliest songs were sung in old age. Our chronology, however, marks broadly three distinct periods of continued effort, each in one of the three great divisions of poetic form.

The volume of 1832–33 gave the first distinct indications of genius of the highest order. In "The Palace of Art" the young poet laid down, once for all, his doctrine of the province and true service of art and its relation to the conduct of life—a doctrine which he received from the masters, and gloriously taught through sixty years of continuous literary effort. In "Œnone" he gave us a poem of which so eminent an authority as Gladstone has said: "What may be

"Old Court," Trinity College, Cambridge.

"I pass'd beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown."

termed at large the classical idea (though it is not that of Troas nor of the Homeric period) has, perhaps, never been grasped with greater force and justice, nor exhibited in a form of more consummate polish." In "Mariana" and "The Lady of Shalott" he gave us the first examples of Pre-Raphaelite work, "written," as Bayard Taylor observes, "more than a dozen years before Pre-Raphaelitism was heard of in art." In "The Miller's Daughter," we have Tennyson's first domestic idyl, and in "A Dream of Fair Women," and "The Lotus-Eaters," two splendid products of his far-reaching imagination.

None of these, it should be understood, were published in 1832 in their present form. Tennyson was always a great reviser of his own work. "The Lady of Shalott," for instance, has been largely re-written except Part III, the introduction to "Œnone"

re-written, and "The Palace of Art" verbally altered in many places.

Some of this merciless editing was not altogether wise; for instance, the following exquisite lines cut out of "The Miller's Daughter" as we have it now:

"I heard you whisper from above,
A lute-toned whisper, 'I am here;'
I murmur'd, 'Speak again, my love—
The stream is loud, I cannot hear.'"

Or this one verse, found only in the first edition of "Amphion," unsurpassed even by Tennyson himself, for artistic fidelity and perfection of outline:

"The birch tree swang her fragrant hair."

Of course their majesties, the critics, received this volume with derision and abuse. The poet, no doubt, felt this keenly. Then came the death of Hallam, at Vienna, in 1833, and for nine long years Tennyson remained silent. Mr. Conway speaks of these years of solitude "when as an unknown poet he roamed Epping Forest" or "tramped the streets of London in his great country shoes, and was remarked only as a brown, rustic individual, who had evidently not been long in town." During this period "In Memoriam" was composed, though not perfected.

In 1842, Tennyson published a volume of revised selections from his previous books, and a number of new poems, among them "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," "Love and Duty," "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of Sin." The reception of the volume was all the poet could desire. Already Landor had written of the unpublished manuscript of "Morte d'Arthur:" "It is more Homeric than any poem of our time, and rivals some of the noblest parts of the Odyssa." From across the water Edgar Allan Poe sent the first words of loving, loyal greeting to the new king of song; Emerson and Carlyle gave their voices, and finally, most important of all possible testimony, came the word of the grand old lion, Wordsworth, that "Tennyson is decidedly the first of our living poets."

One poem only we shall consider here. As in "The Palace of Art," Tennyson sets forth the fate of a soul that loves beauty for its own sake and denies the rule of duty, so in "The Vision of Sin" he sets forth the fate of a soul that lives only in the senses. Nowhere outside of the pages of Dante, I think, has the inevitableness of moral law been laid bare so fearlessly and truthfully:

"At last heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

The next sixteen years were very fruitful. "In Memoriam" (1850) at once took rank as the greatest elegiac poem in the language. "Its measure," says Stoddard, "is at once noble and graceful beyond any other quatrain in the language, and capable of infinite inflections, winding out from and returning in upon itself like a strain of exquisite music." The message of "In Memoriam" will always, perhaps, be variously interpreted, but to most of Tennyson's lovers its subtle changes of grief, despair, faith and consolation simply tell the story of the poet's bereft and lonely heart.

Before the publication of "In Memoriam," Tennyson had become a famous man. These were the days of his visits to the little back garden at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he and Carlyle "smoked infinite tobacco" together. This also the period of his friendships with Landor, Lushington, Macready, Thackeray and Stirling, and of his quarrel with Bulwer, whom he apostrophized in "Punch" as "Thou Bandbox." In 1850, the poet married and received the laurel the same year (it having been first offered to Rogers!); in 1853, he went

to live at Farringford, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight.

"The Princess" (1847) was the first fruit of Tennyson's contact with the social world. It is of slighter value, perhaps, than any other of his long poems, but it is clever enough, and its chain of lyrics most exquisite. The splendid and sonorous Wellington ode (1852) won the nation's heart. "Maud" (1855) was not so successful, the purpose of the poem having been generally misconstrued. To identify the author with the hero is wholly unfair. The poem deals with a not uncommon phase of modern feeling, justly and picturesquely, and its true value, I think, is yet to be recognized.

But it was his shorter narrative poems, and particularly his glorious songs, that had made Tennyson the poet laureate, not only of England, but of the entire Anglo-Saxon race. For brief and familiar instance, take the names of six of his lyrics—the brook song, the garden song in "Maud," "Tears, Idle Tears," "Break, Break, Break," "The Third of February," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Scope of feeling, wealth of sentiment, delicacy and nobility of treatment almost unparalleled. Had Tennyson died at the close of the year 1858, he would still have left the greatest name in literature, it seems to me, of the Victorian era.

On the Beach, Freshwater Bay.

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea."

III—THE ARTHURIAN EPIC.

The next sixteen years were chiefly occupied with a new form of poetic expression. Without entering upon the dispute as to whether "The Idyls of the King" constitute "a true epic" or "the matter of an epic without the form," it is sufficient to regard them as the cantos of an epic poem, not originally conceived as such, but having steadily grown under the master's patient and loving hand into unity of design.

Since the thorough investigation of the Arthurian legends and the masterly analysis of Tennyson's moral design in Mr. Richard H. Hutton's refutation of Swinburne's grotesque criticism, there is little left to say of the "Idyls." They are a work of the purest modern idealism infused through a most ingeniously constructed and fascinating reproduction of mediæval romance. "The conquests and the yearnings, and the sad resolves of a spirit far too kingly to rule men who only half recognize the kingly voice," says Mr. Hutton, "have never before been delineated by a poet who can use all the wealth of color at once of the visible and the invisible life with the reticent hand and sure eye of Tennyson's rich and patient and spiritual genius."

Seventeen years before the earliest of the "Idyls" had been published, "Morte d' Arthur" exhibited the first specimen of a style of blank verse that may now be fairly called Tennysonian, as distinguished from the long, sonorous periods of Milton, and the swift, broken measures in which Shakespeare carries the movement of dramatic dialogue. Gladstone pronounces Tennyson's blank verse "more idiomatic than Milton's," and Mr. Stedman adds: "Milton's Latinism is so pronounced as to be un-English; on the other hand, there is such affinity between the simple strength of Homeric Greek and that of the English in which Saxon words prevail, that the former can be rendered into the latter with great effect." Can be and is so rendered by Tennyson, that I, for one, must forever regret that, instead of his dramas, he did not give us during his last years a translation of Homer—such a translation as would have stood for all time, as who shall give us now?

The chief Homeric characteristics of Tennyson's blank verse are its simplicity and directness, its close joining of short sentences, and in longer sentences its frequent use of connectives and disjunctives, stringing together distinct images or actions. Take two examples quite at random. This from "The Coming of Arthur:"

"And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came: and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass."

This from "Guinevere":

"He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again."

Another Homeric note is the occasional repetition of a phrase expressing a dominant idea or image. Thus Sir Bedivere's response to the King in "The Passing of Arthur:"

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

Or this verse from "Godiva:"

"Then she rode back clothed on with chastity."

Or, in lighter vein, the gentle raillery of Eustice in "The Gardener's Daughter:"

"The Master, Love,
A more ideal artist he than all."

Of course no one will confuse the Homeric structure of Tennyson's blank verse with anything like Homericism of *expression*, which would be unsuited to his romantic, pastoral and domestic narratives. Yet he can give us the blind bard's manner straight enough, as in some parts of the "Idyls," and in "Tithonus" and "Ulysses."

What truer touch than this from the last named?

"Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows."

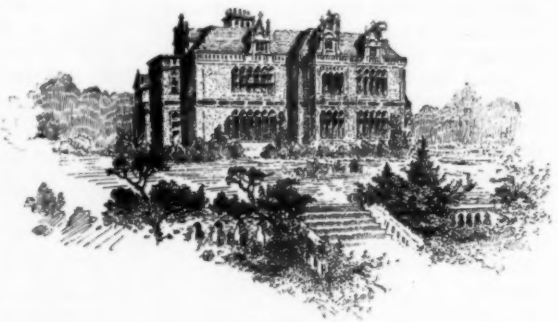
During the epic period, Tennyson stood at the height of his popularity and influence. "The very names of the people who have stood upon the lawn at Farringford," writes Miss Thackeray, "would be an interesting study for some future biographer: Longfellow, Maurice, Kingsley, the Duke of Argyll, Locker, Dean Stanley, the Prince Consort, Garibaldi. Here came Clough, in the last year of his life, Darwin, Sir Henry Taylor, Watts, Aubrey de Vere, Lecky, Jowett, and a score of others." Here the poet used to sit and work "at the great oriel window, looking across the fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils toward the sea where the waves wash against the rock." And Conway gives us the picture of him on a pedestrian excursion to Devonshire "stopping at the wayside inns, and was now and then the life of the common tap-room, talking with the farmers about their crops," etc. So this many-sided poet touched all sides of practical life, and might truthfully say of himself, as does his own Ulysses:

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Nor was his influence confined to the world of letters. "To Tennyson more than to any other man of to-day," says Mr. John Vance Cheney, "we owe the atmosphere in which song and music and painting and sculpture may live; an air congenial enough to the best interests of man to preserve among its treasures the steadily imperiled and always assaulted sense of beauty." Other English poets have given fresher inspiration in special directions, but none has maintained during his own time such a steady level of uplifting influence.

IV—THE DRAMAS—LAST LYRICS.

The third period of Tennyson's work began with the publication of "Queen Mary" in 1875, and ended with "The Foresters" in 1892. Considering the possibilities of these last years, the dramatic period, seems to have been one of mistaken effort. Not that these poems do not contain many passages of singular strength and surpassing beauty, but they are set in a literary form not suited to Tennyson's genius. The pathetic romance of "Enoch Arden," written away back in 1864 when he was working hard on the "Idyls," will be read when the elaborate efforts of his later years are dipped into as we now dip into "Paradise Regained."



Aldworth.

"'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls."

"Tennyson," says Mr. Stedman, writing of the "Idyls," "forces his characters to adapt themselves to preconceived statuesque ideals of his own." That method is suitable to such characters as Arthur and Lancelot, but it is not suitable to such as are meant to be real, and especially not to such as are real and stand

upon clear historic evidence. I know what may be said of Shakespeare and "Richard III," but Shakespeare's historic material was very defective. Tennyson's, on the other hand, was abundant and adequate, and his use of it faithful and correct in local color and the painting of manners; it would not be Tennyson's if it were not that. But in "Harold" (1877) he transforms the simple, loyal, valiant and pious patriot king of the Saxons into an enlightened modern hero of skeptical tendencies, who derides the superstitions of his time, refuses to credit even the holy Confessor's inspired prophecy, and utters such eminently nineteenth century reflections as the following:

"They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient."

And in "Becket" (1884) Tennyson's desire for a heroic protagonist leads him to idealize the primate's character out of all recognition. Nor is there any trace of the great Plantagenet of history—the far-sighted and sagacious statesman who founded trial by jury and the entire judicial system under which the common law has been developed, who transformed the old feudal war service into the modern system of taxation, who first laid down those principles of church and state which kept England free of priestly control and made the reformation possible—in the brutal, swaggering imbecile created by Tennyson's fancy. Nor is there even the faintest historic probability in the relation between Becket and Rosamond which the poet makes the cause of the Canterbury tragedy.

The "Ballads and Other Poems" of 1880, declared by Theodore Watts "the most richly varied volume of English verse that has appeared in our own century," contains the flower of Tennyson's age. "The Revenge" is, I think, the very noblest song of a sea fight in the language. "The Defense of Lucknow" is fully equal to the great Balaklava ballad. "The First Quarrel" is among the tenderest of his domestic studies. And "Rizpah," of which Swinburne has said that "thousands of readers for centuries to come will be moved by it to trembling and to tears," is, perhaps, all in all, the greatest of Tennyson's shorter poems. The two succeeding volumes of verse (1885 and 1889), illustrate the poet's "singular and splendid persistence of genius and prolongation of working power" in a marked degree.

In 1869 Tennyson purchased Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey, and thereafter gradually withdrew from all social activities, living his last years as quietly as those of his modest and hard-working youth half a century ago. In 1884 he was gazetted for the peerage, Mr. Gladstone evincing marked respect for the upper house in conferring upon it so unusual an honor.

* * * * * *

The first note of Tennyson's greatness is his breadth of sympathy and knowledge. His verse mirrors the social and political order of his day, its faith, aspirations, love and heroism, as Milton's did that of Puritan England. Nothing is left out. He has not the dramatic quality of self-effacement and impersonal art, the power to interpret the life of past ages, that belongs to Shakespeare and Scott, but within its limits his genius covers everything, is absolutely secure of results.

Secondly, his moral standard is sound and high—not of the "goody-goody" or "sensational religious" sort—but clean, manly, wholesome, robust, English. Some critics may declare this quite by the way, but the time has not yet come (nor ever will, I trust, where Shakespeare's tongue is spoken) for profane and unclean art to rank with the reverent and pure.

In the third place, Tennyson's artistic faculty is certainly of the highest order. "He was an artist before he was a poet," says Mr. Hut-

ton; "in other words, the eye for beauty, grace and harmony of effect was even more emphatically one of his original gifts than the voice for poetic utterance itself." This we have seen to be true in Tennyson's early years, when poetic expression was so eagerly striven for and so long coming, and in the patient, severe, almost finical revision of his own work throughout his life. For instance, he was troubled by this couplet from "Mariana" as not true in local color:

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall."

So he changed it in later editions to read:

"That held the *pear* to the *gable* wall."

The "botanical accuracy" which Ruskin has so justly noted of Scott belongs pre-eminently to Tennyson in dealing with nature. He has the freshness and delicacy of Herrick and the perfect finish of Keats. As Emerson has said: "When Nature wants an artist she makes a Tennyson."

Lastly, Tennyson has produced his best work in larger quantity than any English poet since Milton. Wordsworth wrote much, but we have the authority of Matthew Arnold (himself an ardent and avowed Wordsworthian) that "between 1798 and 1808 almost all his really first-class work was produced." Certainly all of Tennyson's first-class work could not be compressed into anything like the space of Mr. Arnold's editions of Wordsworth and Byron.

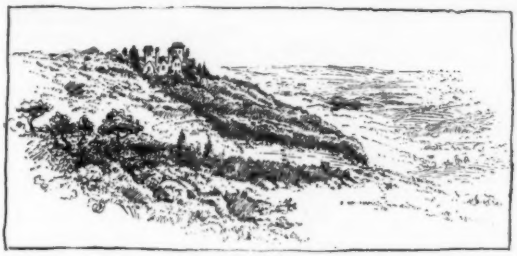
"Tennyson's Pool," near Haslemere.

"When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat grass and the sword grass and the bulrush of the pool."

Considering these four points—his breadth of knowledge and sympathy, his moral elevation, his artistic fidelity and the quantity of his work—it would seem that Tennyson will rank third in the order of the English poets. In these things we are apt to be led astray by some special personal enthusiasm, such as Swinburne has for Shelley, or Matthew Arnold for Wordsworth, or many excellent people for Browning. The poets of our love are not always those who live to wear the laurel, and for me the name of John Keats stirs the heart as Tennyson's can never stir it. But the laws of art are fixed apart from personal feeling, and the artist must be judged,

not by greatness of soul or glory of promise, but by the body of his work as it stands before the world.

"We know nothing of this gentleman," wrote Her Majesty's prime minister to Mr. Samuel Rogers in 1850; "are his writings such as befit a laureate to the Queen?" Father Time is an ironical genius. Who cares for Lord Palmerston now? A hundred years hence who will easily remember his name, even? Yet Tennyson's memory is forever young, and from Great Britain, across the American continent to Australia and India, the voices of a hundred million Englishmen repeat with loving praise the words of the unknown poet.



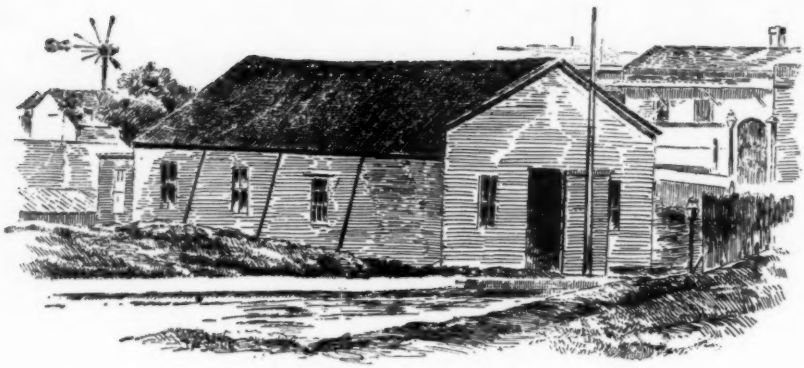
Aldworth in Landscape.

"Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers."

WITH WINTER DESOLATION DREAR.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

A chilling waste of barren sand;
A spectral cactus, far away;
A chain of hills which seem to stand
Between the desert and the day.
A soulless arch of steely blue;
A noisless rush of sweeping blast;
A lonely hare; a bush or two;
A vulture driving swiftly past.
A gleaming skull beside a rock;
A bruised and battered tin canteen;
A weather-beaten alpenstock;
Some scattered bones strewn in between.
A tattered, rotten, buckskin sack;
A fleshless hand; a gleam of gold;
A shrivelled shoe; a miner's pack;
Enough! 'Tis all the heart can hold!



Central Church, the First Building Erected on Mission Street.

METHODISM IN CALIFORNIA.

No. II.

BY REV. A. C. HIRST, D. D., LL. D.

HOWARD STREET CHURCH.

THE present Howard street church, with its increasing prosperity and commanding influence, is the fruitage of those days of struggle and self-sacrifice. Its auditorium and parlors that have recently been made so beautiful and attractive, at a cost of $10,000, through the influence and under the personal supervision of J. W. Whiting, are in strong contrast with the school-house where the faithful few once worshipped and planned for the future church. The electric lights that now illuminate that auditorium and the parlors are far more cheerful and healthful and conducive to devout worsnip than the whale-oil lamps that Mr. Whiting used to prepare for the infant church when, in his undying zeal for the prosperity of Zion, he was willing to perform such service.

A new era of usefulness opens for this church under the enthusiastic leadership of Rev. W. W. Case, D. D. This historic church is so situated in reference to the present population of San Francisco that it will be one of the most potent factors to solve the problem of reaching the masses with the Gospel and purifying the streams of social and municipal life. The vigorous hammer-strokes of the present pastor during the recent white-heated contest for municipal reform have proved his eminent fitness for the great work now before him.

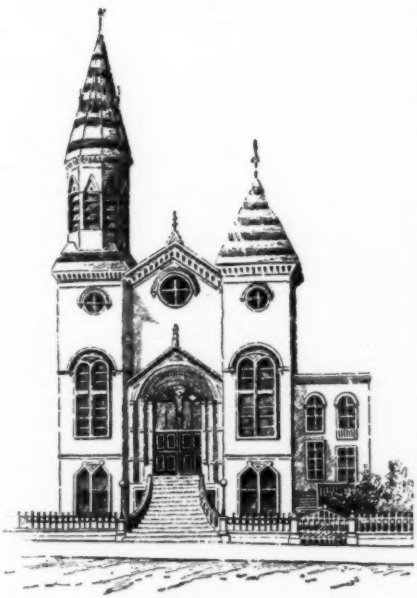
At a jubilee service held there August 12th, 1883, the Rev. D. A. Dryden, who was appointed pastor of the Folsom street church in 1855, gave a vividly pathetic picture of those days of crucial trial and severe testing of faith and loyalty.

"The inner heart-history of this church during that time will never be written. It was anything but a time of jubilee. It was a struggle for life rather than a time of triumph. There was more of Gethsemane than of the Mount of Transfiguration. Like individuals, churches have their birth, childhood and maturer growth. Like individuals, some are born healthy and strong, with all the potencies of a rapid, vigorous growth and sturdy maturity, and favored with all the conditions for such growth. Such, Folsom street church was not. It was born feeble—some thought prema-

turely—had a sickly childhood, environed by adverse conditions which often threatened to cut short its career.

"During the year 1855 was perhaps the severest struggle for life. Congregations were very small, membership few, rather poor. Income from every available source sadly below even the most economical expenses; crushed under a burden of heavy debt with constantly accumulating interest, the heart-struggles of pastor and a few noble souls are known only to the Good Master. Surely there were no visible signs then of the powerful manhood into which the feeble child has grown.

"And who knoweth to what extent,



Central Church, Present Building.

under the brooding Providence of God, the baptism of those days of trial may have contributed to this growth? Not always in prosperity does life strike its deepest roots either in the church or the individual."

These words sound like the leaping bugle notes of some brave leader at the head of the column that rushes fearlessly into battle.

CENTRAL CHURCH.

Everywhere difficulty, opposition, friction are the essential condition of strength, vigorous growth and life. Only the soul that is taxed yields revenue. No enemy, no glory. The stronger the foe the grander the victory. The typical Christian is the man around whose soul have been kindled the fires of the furnace.

Thus virtue is evoked and fortified; character is rounded into symmetry and proportion, and asserts itself with majestic force. The history of exalting ideas is developed through antagonistic powers.

The grand movement of civilization describes the spiral of the calculus—progressive, but revolutionary. This antithesis of things is as wide as the domain of existence. Against the season of blooming, fragrant flowers is the withering blight of frost. Against the radiant glories of the future are the darkest hues of care and the cold shadows of a disenchanting experience. Against the Tabor of promise are the ashes of Golgotha. No great truths can be born or live in a dead calm of thought.

The embarrassments that challenged the expectations of the trustees of Howard street church served only as an inspiration for aggressive work. Upon the south side of Mission street, between Sixth and Seventh, they built a small chapel. Here a Sunday school was organized, which soon assumed a progressive life and enriching influence. Around this a strong organization crystallized. At the session of the California Conference, in 1864, it took its place as the Central Methodist church. Before the expiration of the lease, the trustees, wisely planning for the future, purchased a most desirable lot on the corner of Sixth and Mission streets, and transferred the little chapel to

that place. Financial inability to meet the payments compelled the sale of that lot and the purchase of the one on which the present edifice stands. The little chapel was rapidly making history as an itinerant. Lifted again on wheels, it was taken to that resting place. Precious memories clustered at its altars, and hallowed associations were there formed, which will last through the eternal ages. Who can measure the mighty sweep of all that was crystallized into action and deed there?

Human potentialities thus trained and equipped give to the world that pure civilization whose very atmosphere is conquering power.

Thus, every true man adds his ray to the on-marching glory that shall at last robe this old world in milennial splendor.

It was most auspicious that the first pastor of this new organization was the Rev. J. D. Blain, D. D. He was transferred to California from the New Jersey Conference, in 1852, and was first stationed at Grass Valley. Afterwards he was presiding elder of Sacramento District, and from 1854 to 1857 he was on the San Francisco District.

In 1861 he became pastor of the Folsom street church. His pastorate was crowned with a phenomenal success. A most worthy tribute to his memory is paid by R. McElroy, who, in writing of his pastorate at that church, says: "His appointment was an exceedingly fortunate one for the society, for he came to us determined to give us the full benefit of his great ability. This ability did not consist of wonderful pyrotechnic displays of pulpit eloquence, and yet he was eloquent; nor did it consist in massive demonstrations of logic, and yet he was logical; but it did consist in the wonderful symmetry of his character, wherein all the forces of his nature were so adjusted as to be worked to the highest degree of usefulness. He had untiring industry; time was too precious for him to squander a single moment. He had intense devotion to his work—all his thoughts centered on this. He had common practical sense to the highest degree; there was nothing visionary or unfeasible about his plans, but they were laid in the highest wisdom, and when brought to their practical working, developed into the most vital efficiency. He had the most perfect knowledge of human nature, and knew just how to touch the secret springs of every person with whom he came in contact. He was, therefore, a born leader of men. His will was indomitable, his energy unflagging. He knew no discouragement, and could brook no failure. When once his plans were settled, his impetuous nature took them up and worked them out with the resistless energy of a Niagara."

Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., is serving Central church for the second time as pastor. His first pastorate was from 1881–4. He came by transfer to California, in 1873, from the Northwest Indiana Conference, and was stationed at Bush street, San Francisco, and has served with marked ability the leading charges of the California Conference.

His past successful career as a preacher, lecturer and leader, warrant the strong prophecy for a larger future as he wields the present possibilities for aggressive work.

Full details of the onward movement of Methodism through the years are impossible. These articles are not formulated as a year-book or a census record. Of necessity many items of interest must be omitted. Special mention of all the pastors who have served the churches since the beginning of Methodism here, and of the heroic men and women whose achievements signalize the present, is impossible.

Only a glimpse can be given of that past history, enshrining the perplexing problems of a new country, controlling the purposes of the adventurous pioneer, evangelizing the thou-

Grace Church

sands rushing to these shores in search of gold, pre-empting the State for God, and laying the foundation stones of a Christian civilization, which is the only pledge for State or nation to secure permanence or prosperity.

Rev. Eli McClish, D. D., Pastor Grace Church.

GRACE CHURCH.

In 1852, Rev. H. B. Sheldon, aided by I. Lockwood and William Thomas, held religious services regularly in a schoolhouse on Dolores street.

As a result of that, in due time Rev. R. B. Stratton secured a lot, on what is now Julian avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, and built a plain chapel thereon. But it was the same sad experience of other church enterprises. Financial difficulties challenged the worker, and loss of the property was the result. But the demand for a church in that part of the city grew more and more imperative. Two Sabbath-schools were organized in 1863. The one by Charles Lelong on the corner of Howard and Twenty-third streets; the other by H. Thomas, E. J. Hargrave and N. B. Cook on Howard between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. These schools were the nucleus of a church which Dr. Blain organized in 1864. It was named the Mission Street M. E. Church, with Henry Thomas, J. Mysell, N. B. Cook, T. H. Downing, Joseph Garratt and E. J. Hargrave, as Trustees. A lot on the east side of Mission street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, was generously donated by John Center. Here was built a lecture-room 50 by 52 feet, at a cost of about $2,500. In May, 1865, it was dedicated for regular preaching and Sunday school services. The name was changed from "Mission street" to "Grace" in 1876. With some valuable improvements this building served the purposes and needs of this society until increasing prosperity made it necessary to plan for a more suitable church home.

In September, 1883, Rev. H. B. Heacock, D.D., was appointed pastor of this church for the second time. With his characteristic zeal and wisdom he planned and worked with surprising results. In July, 1886, the trustees purchased the tract of land having Mission, Capp and Twenty-first streets as boundary lines. For this they paid $30,000 cash. They were successful in selling several lots, reserving at a cost of $7,000 the present lot on the corner of Capp and

Twenty-first streets. For the church and lot on Mission street $8,000 were realized. The organization of a building committee was the index of the certain success of this new enterprise. That committee was constituted as follows: Rev. H. B. Heacock, D.D., President; J. W. Butler, Secretary; C. S. Holmes, Robert Husband, I. G. Truman, G. W. Lemont, J. L. Culin, W. H. Coddington, C. L. Todd, G. W. Wittman.

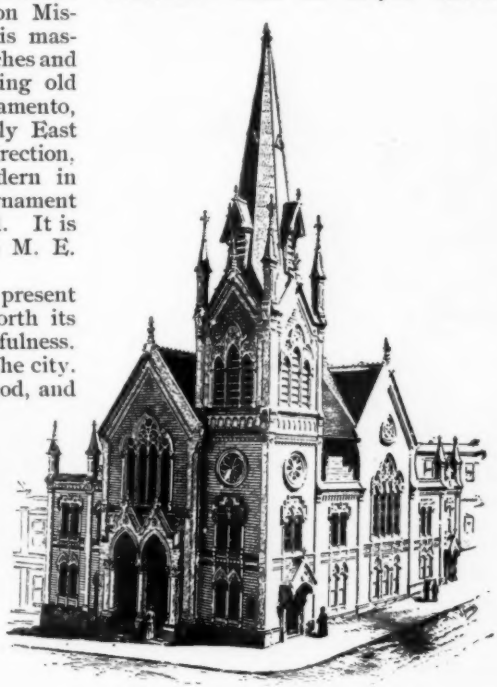
A special subscription of $10,000 gave an irresistible stimulus to these workers, and their efforts and plans were crowned with a splendid success. The present spacious, beautiful and well-arranged church was dedicated Nov. 5, 1886. It is a monument to the indefatigable efforts and unyielding courage of Dr. Heacock. He came from the Des Moines Conference, Iowa, in 1868, and was first stationed at this church, situated then on Mission street. He has proved his master skill in building new churches and in re-modeling and beautifying old ones, in his pastorates at Sacramento, Stockton, Alameda and notably East Oakland, where, under his direction, a most attractive church, modern in all its appointments and an ornament to the city, has been erected. It is known as the Eighth avenue M. E. church.

Rev. Eli McClish, D.D., as present pastor of Grace, is leading forth its membership to increasing usefulness. Its surge of power is felt in the city. His special training in boyhood, and as a soldier, student, pastor, teacher, has equipped him for the peculiar conditions that environ Christian work on this coast. His qualifications are masterful and his distinctive force is capable of winning reward in whatever field he labors.

SIMPSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

"The vision of a perfect church has always allured, rebuked and fascinated men. It is an ideal which has stirred men into energy and ambition in shaping the real."

A distinguishing characteristic of a church eager to actualize such an ideal is its aggressive activities. It is not the quiescent but the militant church that fulfills its mission in society. Each Methodist society organized in San Francisco seemed to cherish this spirit, made emphatic and actual in establishing Sunday-schools in other parts of the city, and thus laying the foundations of a new church. The Hayes Valley Methodist Episcopal Sunday school was organized in the old Wigwam on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Grove street, May 7, 1876, by the Rev. George Newton, city missionary. The following July, the school, numbering twenty-five scholars and teachers, was removed to Centennial Hall on Hayes street.



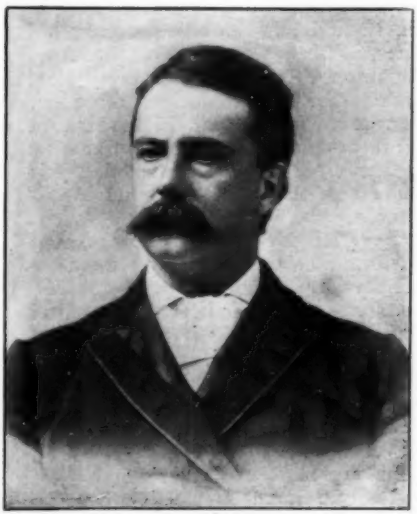
Simpson Memorial Church.

Under the direction of the official board of Central church, the young people's society of that church took charge of the school, October 10, 1877,

Rev. E. R. Willis, A. M., Pastor Trinity Church.

with Job Stevenson, superintendent; W. S. Craw, assistant; Rolla V. Watt, secretary; Sarah Hillman, treasurer. This church in embryo sustained its life under the pressure of difficulty and discouragement. The challenge of peculiar vicissitudes evoked a persistent spirit that was rewarded with success. At the request of James H. Humphreys, the Rev. B. F. Crary, D.D., editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, preached the first sermon to the school, November 3, 1880. His wise and helpful ministrations centralized in the organization of the Hayes Valley M. E. church, February 10, 1881. At the annual session of the California Conference, in 1884, the name was changed to Simpson Memorial, in honor of Bishop Matthew Simpson, D.D., and the Rev. F. F. Jewell, D.D. was appointed pastor. He had been pastor at Howard street of the charter members of this new organization, and his energy and well-balanced zeal were an inspiration to their plans for the future. The trustees, elected on the threshold of his administration, that achieved so grandly were: Charles Goodall, Robert McElroy, Samuel Hancock, James H. Humphreys, W. E. Fifield, Samuel Mosgrove, A. W. Bogart and Charles E. Edwards.

The discomforts of worshipping in Mowry Hall, on Laguna street, were a potent incentive to secure a permanent home. The present valuable property, and the stately edifice with its auditorium of artistic beauty, with its large and well arranged lecture room and parlors, is the crowning result of their labors. It was dedicated in November, 1885. No debt challenges the increasing prosperity of the church. Its systematic organizations, of the Epworth League, the Junior League, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Lyceum, the large and flourishing Sunday school under the enthusiastic leadership of C. B. Per-



Frederic J. Masters, D. D., Supt. Methodist Chinese Missions.

kins, the Chautauqua Circle, the Woman's Missionary Society, the well-disciplined Boys' Brigade, emphasize its strong vitality, and its

force as an ennobling and evangelizing agency in San Francisco. It was providential that Dr. Jewell was appointed pastor when this great enterprise began. He was transferred from the Central New York Conference, in September, 1872, and stationed at Howard street church. Uninterrupted success has distinguished all of his pastorates. His patient and unyielding labors at Simpson Memorial were not equaled elsewhere. They are a part of imperishable history.

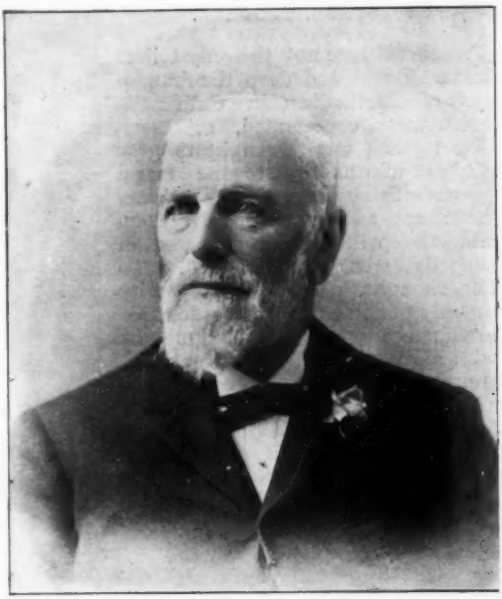
With his characteristic and undiminished energy, he is bravely meeting the heavy duties of Presiding Elder of Oakland District. His worthy successor was Rev. G.W. Izer, D. D.; and stimulated by his energetic efforts the whole church aroused to new activities.

CALIFORNIA ST. AND VAN NESS AVE. CHURCHES.

The Bush street church was organized in 1869, as the outgrowth of the Seamen's Bethel where in the early days William Taylor had labored so heroically. During recent years the environments of the church aroused the purpose to secure property and build elsewhere. It was a bold project for a small though loyal membership. Through the wisely directed assistance of the City Church Extension Society, a large and valuable lot was secured on the corner of California and Broderick streets, by an outlay of $14,000. The church, when finished and furnished, will cost, including the lot, about $70,000, and will be the most complete and beautiful edifice of the denomination in the city. Rev. Thos. Filben, A. M., the pastor, has been the master spirit to achieve such astonishing results.

By his indomitable energy, brave perseverance, wisdom that masters details, and enthusiasm that leaps from the challenging environments, he emphasizes the transition from the meeting-house and chapel, rude and cheap, to the magnificent churches wherein assemble for worship Christians as devout and eager for loyal service as any of the forefathers who bore the honored name of Methodist.

Samuel Hancock, a layman, an active member of Howard street church, with a commendable ambition for Methodism, conceived the idea of building a magnificent and representative church in that section of the city where it would wield a commanding influence. Van Ness avenue was selected as the center desired. He has consecrated much of his wealth to realize his ideal. A temporary chapel has been erected for church and Sunday school services. Some peculiar and unexpected hindrances have retarded the progress of this enterprise,



Capt. Chas. Goodall.

but the slumbering forces again aroused will transform this seeming defeat into positive victory.

Methodism has placed no undue emphasis on the work of the laity. Very much of her apostolic history is the resultant of her persistent theory to make every member a worker. This has aroused quiescent faculties, awakened dormant energies, and mobilized all powers for service.

CAPT. CHAS. GOODALL.

Preachers were not the only toilers who laid broad and deep the foundations of Methodism in California. There were consecrated, self-sacrificing laymen who wrought to give quality and quantity to the moral currents of the future of the State. The sheet anchor that held them amid the wild, rushing waves of secularity, was faith in God. To their thought, permanent prosperity was only possible through a quickened individual conscience, elevated morals, and sending the tides of pure life through all the social, commercial and political avenues of the people. Men thus equipped and ennobled must exert a purifying influence on the world-incrusted hearts of their fellows, and as artists chisel into unfading beauty the moral features of mankind.

Brilliant genius and superior intellectual endowments do not alone win the highest prizes possible in the arena of life; but highest purpose, firm will, true manhood, unwavering courage, all presided over by common sense and intelligence, although that intelligence may have no such potential sweep as that of an Aristotle or a Bacon. These were the elements ensphered in the character of Capt. Chas. Goodall, a man self-trained, self-taught. He reached the State in 1850, and became identified at once with Methodism by membership with Powell street church in those days of poverty and struggle. Since then every enterprise denominational or educational has felt the impulse of his wise and loving counsel, and secured vigor for successful aggressiveness through his large contributions. Greatly prospered in

Robert McElroy.

business, he has made large investments in churches, schools and philanthropic enterprises.

This is notably true in reference to Howard street church, Simpson Memorial church, Van Ness avenue and California street churches and the University of the Pacific. As an honored and useful member of the Simpson Memorial Church the elements of his positive and symmetrical character are a crown to his mature manhood, purity of motive, sincerity of conviction, elevation of sentiment, brave loyalty to his friends, a chivalrous sense of honor in business, and an all-controlling desire for the triumph of Christianity. His noble wife has been harmoniously identified with him in all his philanthropic and Christian work. Beautifully their lives have blended in holy ministries.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each, without the other."

R. McELROY.

Not every one who in the early days sought California was actuated by the greed for gold. Some came in search of health, a far richer blessing than wealth. The State was already famed for its delicious, health-restoring climate, as well as its latent industrial and commercial activities. A young man twenty-six years of age arrived in San Francisco, June 1st 1853, from New York. That young man was Robert McElroy. His journey by way of the Isthmus was an eventful and romantic one, as the elect lady whom he married three years afterwards was in that company of travelers. His zeal, fervor, and irrepressible enthusiasm as a preacher and pastor in the East, had overtaxed his physical powers. His unwilling but permanent retirement from the ministry was a necessity. California was the chosen sanitarium. He has been through the years a worthy colleague of Capt. Goodall. He has likewise been successful in his business enterprises, by honesty, integrity and a keen insight into practical affairs. The large demands made upon his generosity by the various denominational and charitable enterprises have not been disregarded.

He wields a trenchant pen, and has written much for the public, and thus has aided in an eminent degree to shape and elevate individual thought and life. His poetical nature gives ofttimes a beauty, pathos and rhythm to the vigorous sentences that flow from his pen. Simpson Memorial enjoys his wise counsel and faithful work.

JAMES W. WHITING.

The aggregate force of Methodism as a religious and influential power is not complete unless it combines the concentrated spiritual life and consecrated energies of the laity. These perilous times demand that Christian men of business should carry the glow of a spiritual life to the marts of trade and put a sacred claim on their gains for the advance of Christianity. Such men wield the sinews of war. Such men recognize that culture, wealth, highest social elevation, personal ambition should all be in subordination to the higher purpose of building up a stalwart, symmetrical character, and realizing the possibilities of a true manhood emancipated from sordid motives and selfish secularities.

James W. Whiting is a layman of manly qualities, commendable generosity, warm human sympathies and unfailing loyalty and fidelity to the church. He is the only surviving male member of the faithful twenty-three that organized the Second

James W. Whiting.

Church of San Francisco. As a Christian citizen he has the courage of his convictions, makes no compromise with wrong, and zealously plans and works for the church. Scores of laymen in the present city churches strike as nobly for the right and truth as

these pioneers. Such are the human potentialities that give pledge for a pure civilization.

Bishop C. H. Fowler, who resided in San Francisco for eight years, and under whose wise and aggressive administration the church made such splendid advances, thoroughly understood the conditions in this State. The inspiring and penetrating sentences he delivered at the Second Ecumenical Conference in Washington October, 1891, have an emphatic significance as applied here.

"Her highest want is the maintenance of a firm hold upon the supernatural. Unless Methodism is supernatural, she is nothing. She was called into being to bear testimony to the great fact of a supernatural world. Like Christianity in every age, she has gained all her victories by her league with supernatural forces. Our greatest want is to maintain a firm hold upon a supernatural religion that accepts science as a re-want, and laughs her out of camp as a commander, contented to go up or down with Almighty God. Our next need is ideas. We must reach out in all directions with the appliances necessary for varied successes. We ought to capture and utilize every secret that brings success to any other church. Romanism, with no pretense to converting grace, does a large business by the power of her organization and of her architecture. The Protestant-Episcopal church achieves commendable success by her social forces. Congregationalism makes itself useful by her emphasis upon education. Presbyterianism holds a front line by her family following and family training. The great Baptist church pushes forward by her immense energy and definite ceremony, and by counting as good fish everything that comes into her deep-sea net. The Salvation Army is rolling up a host of good workers by abandoning her pride and respectability to start with, and by providing no ambulances and making no provision for drones. It is work or die. Methodism needs the courage to seize and utilize all these ideas from the Cathedral to the Rescue Mission, from the University to the family, from the organ to the tambourine, from the great preacher to the weeping tramp. There must be no power too great for us to master and no instrument too humble for us to utilize. In the past we have legislated from the standpoint of the circuit. For the future we must legislate from the standpoint of the cities. The cities are the forts. Whoever holds them holds the future. The problem given us by Providence, which we must solve or perish, is how to save the cities. At all costs we must reach all classes and unite them in a common faith and in a common brotherhood."

The splendid results already achieved in this State by Methodism as an evangelizing and educating agency, is but the harbinger of a resplendent day.

(*To be Continued.*)

A HOME IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY EMILY S. LOUD

ORE than twenty years ago, my husband and I were living at Tahiti, Society Islands. My husband's business rendered it necessary for him to make frequent trips among the islands of the South Pacific and upon one of his voyages to the Pomotu * Islands adverse winds drove his vessel far to the northwest of his course. Sighting a small group of islands in this unfrequented part of the ocean, he landed there and found that although covered with vegetation the islands appeared to be uninhabited. Upon his return to Tahiti he made inquiries about them, but as they were out of the track of vessels visiting the larger groups of islands, no one seemed to know anything of them. It occurred to him, however, that could he get a lease of the largest island which seemed to be well covered with cocoanut trees and manufacture copra [dried cocoanut] for the European and American markets, and also raise pigs and poultry for the Tahiti market, the result would be a pecuniary success with but little risk, as the expense of living there would be very small. The first step was to get a lease of the island from Queen Pomare to whose realm it undoubtedly belonged; and very proud we felt when the important document, giving exclusive control of the Isle of Moemotu, [isle of rest], as we afterwards named it, with all its products of ten years came into our possession. My husband then bought fifty pigs and a hundred chickens and commenced loading his vessel with stores, tools and building material, while I tried to think of and collect everything that might be needful in a place where there was no store or neighbor, as we did not intend leaving the island, until the time came to take our products to market. At last we were ready to sail and took our departure for our promised land accompanied by two young native boys who had been in my husband's employ for some time. For four days our little vessel danced over the blue waters, and then early in the morning of the fifth day my husband called me for we were nearing our destined port. The sun had just risen, and in the distance the mirrored surface of the water was broken by sheets of spray, outlining the reef that encircled our island, while as we came nearer, fitful glimpses of green foliage and stately cocoanut palms grew visible, and vast flocks of noisy sea birds came hovering around our vessel as if to welcome us to our new home.

We sailed around the island until we found a good landing place, and then while the captain and the natives were occupied with the ship, I scrambled up the reef, as it was low tide, and walked over to the shore. The jagged edges of the coral that composed the reef made walking rather a difficult matter, and the innumerable hollows in the reef, which the receding tide had left filled with water demanded constant watchfulness, as a misstep would have involved wet feet, if nothing more serious.

But those natural aquariums were wonderfully pretty. Looking into their clear depths I saw seaweeds of fantastic shapes and brilliant hues,

* For the sake of geographical accuracy it should be stated that the correct name of this island is Caroline Island, and by that name it is known on the maps. It is one of the Manihiki Group and lies to the west of and between the Pomotu and Marquesas Islands.

Caroline Island was brought prominently before the scientific world a few years ago as being about the only place on the earth from which the total eclipse of the sun was visible on May 6th, 1883, and was visited at that time by noted European and American astronomers and scientific investigators.

star-fish, sea urchins of varied tints, bright-colored fish, and, as if perfectly at home, gorgeously-striped water snakes wriggling among the branching coral.

When I finally reached the shore, the loveliness and fertility of the scene filled me with wonder and admiration accustomed though I was to the beauties of tropical landscape. Perhaps the sense of personal possession heightened the charm, but the air certainly was remarkably pure and exhilarating and the bright sunshine instead of oppressing me seemed to stimulate every faculty to unwonted energy.

Even the native boys seemed to throw off their natural indolence, and came forward with alacrity to help remove the cargo, and assist the captain in constructing a temporary shelter until he should find time to put together the frame building which we had brought with us in sections from Tahiti. We agreed upon a site for our future residence, and then, wishing to explore our new domain, I left the others and strolled away to a gentle rise of ground covered with *pandanus* trees. The undergrowth was so luxuriant and there were so many beautiful ferns and vines to admire, that I did not look up until I had passed quite over the elevation and walked some distance beyond. A slight noise attracted my attention and glancing ahead of me, I discovered several natives, who having seen us land were on their way to interview us. Although like the Tahitians, they had straight black hair, large dark eyes, well-shaped features and erect forms, their complexions were considerably darker and the expression of their faces more stern and savage. They were naked, with the exception of waist cloths of *tappa* (native cloth of pounded bark) and the oldest ones were elaborately tattooed. They all carried huge spears

Papeeti Tahiti

and their sudden appearance caused me great alarm, for instances of cannibalism were known to have taken place on these distant islands within recent times.

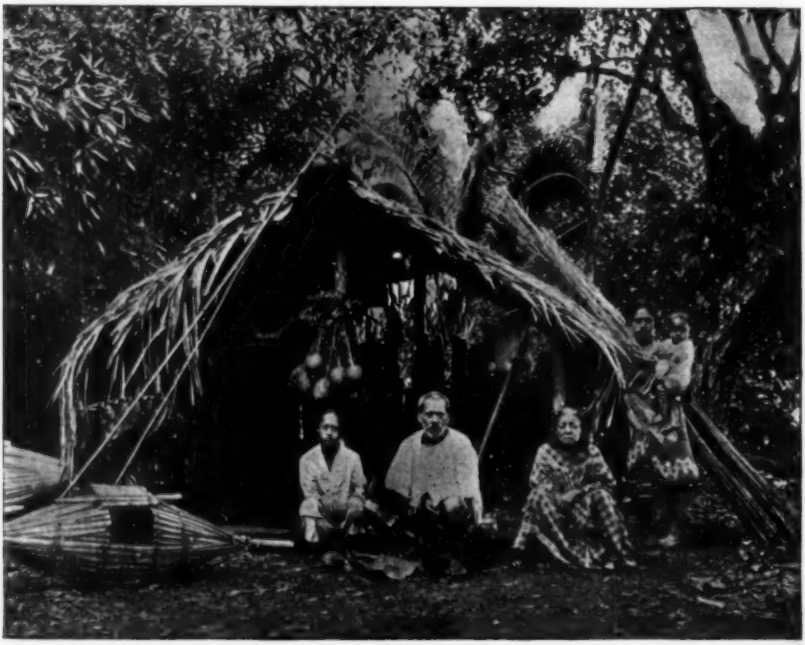
With the knowledge of this fact flashing through my mind, mingled with the realizing sense of our remoteness from aid, I hastened back to tell my husband that, contrary to our suppositions, we had leased an inhabited island, and that the consequences of our invasion might be most disastrous. The savages, who had followed on closely after me, were now within speaking distance. My husband's intercourse with natives of different islands had made him familiar with their language, and our native boys supplied any deficiency he had in making himself understood. In spite of their warlike appearance, however, they proved to be most friendly, and said that their home was on a neighboring island. They had come to Moemotu several days before, with the intention of gathering cocoanuts for copra. But when the Captain showed them his lease of the island, they conferred together aside for a few moments, and then returning, proposed that they should remain and work for him. There were seven of them, and three had brought their wives, and one a daughter also, the women being then at their houses on the other side of the island. The Captain believing that he could make their services useful, acceded to their proposition; and thus, instead of being alone, we found ourselves at the head of a colony from the start.

Tahiti Belles

That afternoon, he had the men tie cocoanut leaves around the trunks of some of the trees nearest the ocean, about six feet from the ground, to show that they were tabooed; that is, set apart as private property, the nuts to

be gathered only by the owners, so that any other islanders coming in their canoes would know that the fruit was claimed, and as natives very rarely violate the *taboo*, we were not likely to be disturbed further in taking possession of our kingdom.

Although my expedition about the island was thus cut short by the unlooked-for appearance of the natives, subsequent explorations showed us that Moemotu was a low coral island, about seven and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide, lying north and south. The land was about twelve feet above the sea level, and well wooded, many of the trees being from eighty to one hundred feet high. Beside the large plantation of cocoanut trees, the *tamana*, *toa*, *burau*, and *pandanus* trees grew abundantly, the latter perfuming the air for miles, when in blossom. The fragrance of these pale yellow *pandanus* flowers is so sweet and strong that sailors, when many miles away, know, even on the darkest night, that they are approaching the Pomotu Islands by the odor-laden breeze. There is also another species of *pandanus*, called the mat tree, the leaves of which are used by the natives for making mats, and which differs from the other by having neither flowers nor fruit. It is propagated by means of shoots from the root or stem. The natives use the leaves of the flowering *pandanus*, ten and twelve feet long, for thatching their houses. They cut away the prickly edges and midriff, soak the leaves in water until they are pliable, and then doubling them over a long reed, sew them with the stiff midriff of the cocoanut leaf, or pin them with little sticks. Carefully made, the thatch will last for ten or twelve years. The *pandanus* is the first tree to make its appearance on these



A Native House and Family

low islands. Pushing itself up among the rocks and sands, it covers them with verdure and grows and multiplies very rapidly, although it is impossible to see whence it derives its nourishment. But from the time it has covered the island with its thick foliage and fruit, which falling, enriches the ground mixed with the broken coral, other vegetation follows. The interior lands near the lagoon are generally most fertile.

At the landing place, the reef came close up to the shore, but on the western side of the island, it ran out into the sea half a mile from the shore, and extended for a distance of two or three miles. On this side, the rich green banks of the island sloped down to a beach of dazzling whiteness, whose surface was strewn with shells of most delicate hues. Only a gentle ripple from the sea fell on these snowy sands, for the reef formed a natural breakwater against the violence of the waves.

The island was in reality an *atoll*, composed of forty small islets encircling a lagoon. At high tide, the smallest and lowest islets were surrounded by water and looked like patches of verdure resting on the bosom of the ocean; but at low tide, we could easily walk from one islet to another all around the island, on the reef that served as the setting for these emerald gems.

Immense flocks of sea birds, terns, gannets, frigate birds, boobies and tropic birds, that fed on the fish with which the waters of the lagoon and ocean were teeming, were continually flying around the island, and at the incubating season covered the ground in unfrequented places. Their social habits were very curious. The gannets and boobies crowded together in one place, the frigate birds, terns and tropic birds kept by themselves on their separate portions of ground, and all dwelt together in peace and harmony during the periods of the year in which they were breeding. When this season was over, their numbers diminished, although they never deserted the island. There were but few land birds, and of these the plover was the most valuable, on account of its eggs, which, besides being useful for food, were beautiful to look at with their mottled brown and white, delicate blue, gray and green shells. Turtles were numerous, especially at breeding season, liking to deposit their eggs in the dry hot sands, unshadowed by any high mountain.

A Native Type Tahiti

Then the hosts of robber crabs (deriving their name from their depredations on cocoanut trees) were something marvellous. When I saw the large numbers of them sleeping in the branches and hollow stumps of the trees, on the day we landed, I feared for the success of the poultry part of our venture; for the pluckiest hen would stand no chance with one of these crabs, which frequently measure nearly three feet in length, and have claws four or five inches

wide that are powerful enough to break a man's arm. The robber crab always sleeps through the day, and at night starts out for its food. It prefers cocoanuts, and climbs the highest tree with great swiftness. Throwing down the ripe nuts, it descends, and inserting one claw into the single eye of the cocoanut, it breaks off pieces of the hard shell until it gets at the kernel. Sometimes after getting the claw inside the nut, the crab pounds it on a stone and breaks the shell. These crabs make excellent eating and are easily caught at night when feeding, for at that time they pay but little attention to anything but their food. The tail is particularly nice, being one mass of pale-green fat, which tastes like the most delicious marrow.

From the first of July until the end of October, the robber crab hibernates in holes which it bores in the ground, only a single crab occupying a hole, which is lined with cocoanut husks, so as to make it comfortable, the holes of the largest crabs being of the size of the top of a flour barrel. It closes the slanting passageway leading to the hole very carefully, after it has entered, and while hibernating, sheds its old shell for a new and larger one. Fortunately for us, there were so many cocoanuts on the island that our chickens were unmolested by these fierce creatures.

With so many hands to help us, we were soon settled. The natives had already built their houses on the shores of the lagoon; the thatched roofs of *pandanus* resting on rows of *burau* stakes set in the ground about two inches apart, and arranged in oval form, with an opening for the door. At night a mat was hung before this opening. The ground floor of the houses was leveled off smooth, and some dry grass scattered over one end where they placed their sleeping mats.

One of the men, *Orometua*, a preacher, desiring privacy and a more extensive outlook, had brought bamboos to the island and erected his house in the branches of a tree, where it looked like a huge bird cage that had been set to ensnare any angel visitant that might pass over the island.

The only furniture they had were articles of necessity and use. One or two stools cut out of a solid piece of *tamana* wood, fishing nets, mats, pillows, bowls for sauces, drinking purposes, handwashing and for lamps, were about all. For plates they used *burau* leaves, which were gathered fresh for every meal, and as I saw them collect and throw out the wilted leaves after the meal was over, I wished I could solve my dishwashing problem as easily. But the drinking bowls were well taken care of, and some of them were very handsome, being made from shells of cocoanuts not fully ripe, scraped with a piece of coral in running water, until transparent. The most valued ones were made from shells of old nuts and were very dark and beautifully carved.

Two of the three native wives were gay, light-hearted women, and were always ready to assist me in the house and garden, or to accompany me in my rambles around the island. The other woman, the wife of one of the tattooed men, was quite old, and the mother of the young girl. The smouldering fire in her large, dark eyes, joined to the long fits of abstraction of mind in which she indulged, often made me feel most uncomfortable. Although nominally a Christian, I soon discovered that her mind was filled with the old superstitions and omens, and that she feared the Christian's God only because the white man had proved himself superior to the native in power, and therefore his God must be more powerful.

The women wore fringed mats for skirts, and a *tiputa*, the latter being a long piece of native cloth with a hole cut in the center through which to pass the head, the garment falling over the back and chest and reaching to the knees. Their long, wavy hair hung below their waists, and the younger women wore scarlet or white flowers in

their ears, the stems being thrust through the holes pierced in them.

As soon as we were settled, the Captain and the men attended to the collection of the sources of revenue, while I, assisted by the women, looked after the affairs of the household and planted a vegetable and flower garden. The results in the garden line were most wonderful. Everything seemed to grow as if by magic, and the old fairy tale of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" often came to my mind as I witnessed the rapid development of everything we planted. Sweet potatoes, Indian corn, *taro*, and melons were ready for our table in an incredibly short time. But I was disappointed at the deterioration of these products of the ground, when we replanted with seeds raised on the island. The vegetables were coarse and without flavor, and I found that it would be necessary to procure fresh seed from abroad at every sowing time.

We obtained fresh water by digging holes in the sand, but it was rather brackish, and although the Captain set up the water casks from the vessel to catch rain water, we used the water thus procured mostly for cooking, bathing and washing purposes; and for a beverage, drank the water of young cocoanuts, a most delicious substitute.

When the cocoanut is young, the hollow kernel is of the consistence of a soft custard, and filled with a cool refreshing liquid that tastes like mild lemonade. When a little older, the water is absorbed in part by the kernel which thickens and forms an excellent article of food, very different, however, from the hard meat of the ripe cocoanut which alone is known to strangers to the home of this delicious fruit. Every animal seems fond of the unripe nuts. Fowls eat them with avidity, and I have seen dogs, cats and even horses, eat the tempting, snowy substance with an air of keen relish.

Cocoanuts at Pomlo

Every night we would have a number of green cocoanuts gathered for use the next day, and it was wonderful to observe the celerity with which one of the young natives would climb the tallest trees; sometimes with a strip of bark tied around his ankles, upon which he would rest alternately with his knees, and oftener without any aid just clinging with his big toe spread out on the roughnesses made by the rings of growth on the tree. Tapping a nut, he could tell its stage of growth by the sound it gave, and with a dexterous whirl would throw it to the ground without breaking it.

I began to notice after a while that the nut gathering for me was all done by Otoo, a fine-looking young native who always seemed to be near at hand when the help of a man was needed in house or garden. The attraction I soon found to be Ina, the young daughter of old Mahiti, who was always with me. Even aside from propinquity, which is responsible for the successful termination of so many love affairs, I did not blame Otoo for preferring to help us women instead of doing my husband's work, when it gave him the opportunity of gazing into Ina's laughing eyes, and admiring the coquettish arrangement of the tappa mantle, which, fastened on one shoulder, dropped gracefully down to her knees, and the bright garland of flowers that always adorned her proud little head.

But she appeared to give him but little encouragement, and although woman-like I should like to have seen the romance brought to a happy conclusion, it seemed to me that Otoo's devotion and good looks were entirely thrown away on his brunette lady love. In vain did he present her with lovely shells, climb the scarlet *hibiscus* tree for its gorgeous flowers, and spend his evenings making snares to catch the wild tropic bird for its two long tail feathers of blood red; which considered sacred in the olden times as offerings to the gods, and worn as ornaments by chiefs only, are still highly prized for their rarity and loveliness, although their sanctity is gone.

Vainly also did he attire himself in a most gorgeous, large-figured *pareu* (a piece of foreign calico two yards long and about a yard wide which was wound around the waist and hung a little below the knees,) thinking that were he apparelled in European goods he would appear more attractive in her sight. Ina accepted his presents, ridiculed his dress, and treated his most serious advances with laughing banter, until a most ludicrous adventure, as it turned out, brought the little coquette to terms.

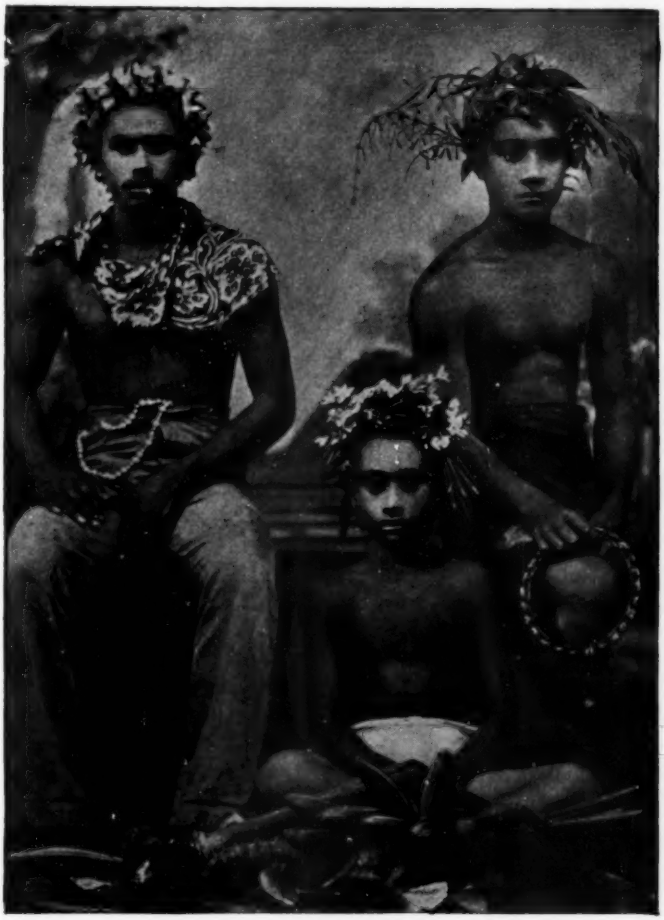
Otoo had been using a heavy hammer one day at some distance from the house, and while returning with it was carelessly swinging it around in the air when it flew from his hand and dropped down into the hollow stump of an old tree. It happened that an immense robber crab was sleeping in the stump, and at this rude awakening all its ferocity was aroused. Otoo thinking only of the hammer, put his hand down into the hole to get it, when the crab seized him with one of its claws, and then, struggling half out of the hollow, reached around the stump and seized Otoo with the other claw, thus holding him fast. The more Otoo struggled the closer the crab held him, and fearing that it would bite his hand severely, as they often do when excited, he screamed with all his force for assistance.

As Ina heard his piercing cries, she turned a ghastly yellow, and giving a most heart-rending shriek, flew to the relief of her imprisoned hero. My husband and two of the men also rushed to the spot, and as the crab's abdomen was exposed, half out of the hollow, he pierced it with his knife, when the crab quickly relaxed its hold and Otoo fortunately escaped without being bitten.

Poor Otoo! When the danger was over, I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of the comical

tableau presented to our view when we first reached the scene. The picturesque old stump over-run with trailing vines, Otoo's nearly naked brown body pressed closely against it, his eyes starting out of their sockets when he felt the center of his being attacked that I could never look back upon the event without the old disposition to laugh.

Ina, however, had unmistakably revealed the true state of her heart



Native Tahiti Boys

with fright as he struggled in the awkward embrace of the cold-blooded robber crab, formed such an incongruous spectacle, added to the ridiculous means taken to end his peril, and the sudden collapse of the crab towards Otoo, and like a wise man he followed up his advantage so promptly that the captain promised them a wedding as soon as the copra they were then collecting should be packed ready for shipping.

The blossom of the young palm is most striking. In a strong, pointed sheath three feet long, is enclosed a tall spike, covered with small white blossoms, male and female flowers. When the sheath bursts open, its contents present the appearance of an immense sheaf of large ripe grain, and, seen for the first time, strikes one with wonder and admiration.

After the Captain's promise in regard to the wedding, Otoo developed into a most diligent worker, and Ina herself was not idle. Thinking to please her, I gave her a pretty wedding gown of white muslin. We had reckoned, however, without Mahiti, who would not consent to Ina's being married in anything but a garment of native cloth. So resolute was the old woman, that, taking Ina with her, much to Otoo's discomfort, she embarked in a canoe, went to the island from whence they came, and returned in triumph with a boatload of slender branches of the paper-mulberry tree.

Soaking them in water for a couple of days, the bark and inner fiber were easily peeled from the branches, and after another day's soaking, the outside bark was carefully scraped off with a shell, leaving the inner fiber. This was rolled up lengthwise and soaked for another day, causing the fiber to swell and toughen. It was then put on a thick board, and beaten out with small wooden mallets. Fibers were constantly added, and if the cloth became thin in places, it was doubled over and spread equally until it was not liable to break. When finished, it was pliable, and looked like heavy tissue paper. Mahiti went over it very carefully at the last, with a coating of Bread Fruit tree gum, and bleached it until it was of a snowy whiteness.

Mahiti had also brought back with her from her old home some fine mats, new pillows stuffed with tree cotton, and covered with soft-finished, large-figured calico, and two quilts made of the same gorgeous calico used for *pareus*, lined and bound with white calico; these, with calabashes and cooking utensils, completed the house-furnishing of the young couple. Otoo, with the assistance of his friends, had built a new *fare* (native house) at odd moments, and everything was ready for our first wedding on the island. Preparations had been made for a grand feast, and then we were all to go in boats to another island in our group, twenty miles distant, for a picnic.

But another difficulty arose. Although the feast was the chief part of the wedding ceremony to all the natives, Ina refused to have our native preacher perform the ritual part of the service, and desired my husband to act in that capacity. This was repugnant to my ideas of the sanctity of the marriage rite, and I would not consent to it. Happily, a compromise was effected, by the Captain suggesting that we start early in the morning on our picnic, and then while we were at sea, he could legally perform the ceremony, and upon our return from the island in the afternoon, we could enjoy the wedding banquet.

Everything happened as it was planned, and Ina's father and another man returned to Moemotu to prepare the dinner. Meanwhile, the rest of us, in high spirits, continued our trip to the stranger island. I was the first to land, and had proceeded but a few steps before I stopped to pluck a spray of flowers from a shrub which was unlike any species I had seen before. Instantly, Mahiti, who was following me, exclaimed in a serious tone:

"Now the big wave will come, and the sea will roar over the reef!" I remembered then to have heard of a belief of the old natives, that when visiting an island which is not their home, if a branch is broken off or anything eaten before the whole party lands, the ocean will rise suddenly and sweep over the reef. Both my husband and I laughed at Mahiti for

her superstition, but, strange to say, soon after we got ashore an immense wave rushed over the reef and washed far up on the land, dashing our boats against the sharp coral and in its ebb nearly carried them out to sea. The Captain said it was some natural disturbance of the water, but I could see that Mahiti's lingering belief in her old gods was strengthened by the coincidence, and it made her garrulous to the extent of her relating several legends of the old times to me, as we two sat under the shade of a *banyan* tree, resting after a long stroll about the island and waiting for the others to join us in a luncheon before starting for home

Queen Pomare, Tahiti

When a young girl, she had lived in the family of a chieftainess of one of the districts of the Island of Tahiti. There were two daughters in the family the younger of whom enjoyed the protection of a dead godfather. The mother purchased material for new gowns for the girls, and by mistake in cutting them out, the sleeves of the older girl's gown were cut with the figure running upside down. Thinking it would not be found out, the mother took the sleeves for the younger daughter's gown, and put the sleeves cut for her gown into the older daughter's. The deception was discovered, however, and great was the wrath of the younger sister at the partiality shown by her mother.

It chanced that a meeting of the heads of the different districts of Tahiti had been called at Papeete for the following day, at which it was necessary for the mother to be present. As the journey was shorter, and more easily made by water than by land, she ordered her canoe to be got ready, and among the attendants who were to accompany her was Mahiti. The canoe started late in the afternoon, and the girls sitting on the shore watched its progress around the point that would shortly conceal it from their view. As it passed from their sight, the younger sister said:

"You may think that mother's boat will skim lightly over the calm waters of the bay, until she ties it to the shore again at Papeete. But not in vain have my tears fallen to-day, and Teabua (the great white shark worshipped by her dead godfather) will avenge me and see that she has her journey for naught."

"You forget," replied the elder sister, carelessly, "that the old gods have been struck with eternal deafness

and that a weeping maiden can no longer awaken their power."

"You will see," confidently answered the younger.

A few hours went by and darkness had covered the face of the island, when the party returned, having found it impossible to complete their journey. For two or three miles their course had been smooth, then as the darkness began to settle around them, a commotion arose in the water, and at a short distance from the boat, lights appeared in a half-moon circuit, barring their onward progress. The chieftainess exclaimed:

"Why, has the reef moved, and are those lights the torches of the fishers?"

But no forms appeared with long spears poised ready to strike at the gliding fish, and no surf breaking over the reef betokened their approach to coral barriers. There were only the lights and a slight movement in the waters.

As they came nearer the boatmen perceived that it was an immense shark stretched across their path, with bright gleams of light along the head, tail, and middle of its body. They dared not row farther forward and turned back. The lights disappeared and the chieftainess ordered the boatmen to turn around and go forward again. Immediately the same appearance was again visible, with an increased commotion in the water and a greater brilliancy of the lights. Thoroughly frightened, the boatmen refused to make another attempt to reach Papeete, but returned home, and the chieftainess was obliged to make her trip by land, starting before daylight the next morning.

"But, Mahiti," I said, "you don't really believe in these Christian days, that such a thing could actually occur?" Nothing could exceed the dignity with which she replied:

"Vahine Papau, as I told you, I was there and saw it myself."

Very pretty, I thought, too, was the legend of *Taravarao*. The Island of Tahiti is shaped not unlike a turtle, the small peninsula representing the head, being connected with the larger part of the nearly circular island by the Isthmus of *Taravarao*. Formerly, however, Mahiti said, there was but the larger island. The smaller one was the home of a genius, who was half god and half man, and who roamed around the ocean at will, taking his island with him. It chanced that one beautiful moonlight night, as he skirted along the shores of the district of *Papeari*, he surprised the lovely Eieia bathing in the shallow water near her home. To see her was to love her, and what Earth born maid could say nay to the wooing of a god?

There were drawbacks to his happiness, however, for he could visit her only at night, and was obliged to leave her before dawn. Nightly he came, fastened his island to the steep rocks that overhung the shore, and then at the first gleam of light in the east, untied his little kingdom and sailed away. Although the natives, as a rule, shun darkness and retire early into their homes, it happened that an old couple, neighbors of the beautiful Eieia, were out one night, just as the genius was mooring his island to the larger one, and concealing themselves, saw him enter Eieia's house. The next night they watched again and saw him repeat his visit. Coveting the island for their chief, they went to the girl the next day and told her that it was her duty to keep her lover until broad daylight, when the charm being broken, he would be obliged to depart without his island. But in vain were Eieia's efforts to induce him to remain. In spite of coaxing words and sunny smiles, no sooner did the first clear notes of the cocks rise on the morning air, than he left her and genius and island vanished from her sight.

The old couple then went to their chief and presented to him in glowing colors, the beauty of the small island that nightly rested near his domain. Secretly the chief sent

around his district, had all the cocks caught, brought to his own house, and killed. The following night the lover appeared as usual and found Eieia more charming than ever. With gay songs and lively gossip she kept him awake until the night was far spent. Morning came, but no warning note from the chanticleer of the dawn came to arouse him from his slumbers, and he slept on through the hours of early day until the broad beams of the sun, penetrating the interior of the dwelling, lay in golden bands on a pile of mats upon which he was sleeping, and one ray creeping upward to his face awakened him with a flash of brightness. Eieia had prudently withdrawn from the house, and the genius rushing out found himself unable to loose his island. In angry haste he mysteriously disappeared never to return and the island containing four districts has remained there, the property of the shrewd chief and his descendants to this day.

The island which we were visiting possessed the same general characteristics as Moemotu, but was much smaller. The land, however, was higher and there were some different species of trees; the *banyan*, one or two candle-nut, and *mape* or chestnut trees, evidently planted by some former visitant to the island. The captain thought there might be some pearl oysters in the lagoon, and sent one of the men to dive for them. These natives have a curious manner of diving. Instead of entering the water head foremost as do the people of other countries, they generally jump into the water striking it with their feet first and then turning over in the water, strike downward or swim. He was not very successful in finding oysters but did not make many attempts as we wished to return home in good season.

We arrived home some time before dark and found the men just ready to open the oven in which the dinner had been cooked. In a large shallow hole, dug in the ground, a hot wood fire had been built and covered with loose stones. When the stones were at a red heat, the partly-burned sticks had been drawn out with a green stick that would not catch fire easily and most of the stones beaten down among the hot coals. Over these a quantity of leaves had been thrown and then a layer of sticks upon which to rest the food. A young pig, fattened for the occasion on green cocoanuts, washed beautifully white and clean and stuffed with some of the hot stones, was placed in a kneeling position on the bottom of the oven. Around it were fowls, bread-fruit, peeled and quartered, *fayees* (mountain bananas), *taro* greens wrapped up in a large leaf, and fish also in leaves. When they were nicely packed in the pile was covered thickly with leaves, and lastly earth was shovelled upon the leaves, until no steam could be seen to issue forth. It takes about two hours for the dinner to cook, and as we were to dine in true native style the men had spread the table on the ground under the trees. Upon some long-leaved ferns were placed several layers of *burau* leaves overlapping each other. Other *burau* leaves were arranged for platters and plates for the guests. Before each person was a bowl of water, a bowl for sauce and a green cocoanut ready for drinking. Avatea and Hautia knelt at one side of the table, each with a pile of leaves before her, and served the dishes, the rest of us being on the opposite side of the table. Everything was passed in a leaf and it took hundreds of leaves for our meal and setting the table. It is not etiquette to touch any food intended for others with the bare hand. The pig, deliciously brown, sweet and tender, occupied the center of the table, while the fowls, fish and vegetables occupied leafy plates around. The sauce was made of the juice of grated cocoanut, sea water and lime juice and was a most piquant relish to the meat. The pig and fowls were cut into pieces with a

knife, passed to the guests in leaves and eaten without knife or fork, as was the entire meal. Both before and after meals the fingers were bathed in the bowl of water provided for that purpose. Taking a bit of meat, it is dipped in the sauce and conveyed to the mouth. The other food is eaten with the fingers or from the leaves.

The succeeding week was spent in turtle hunting, fishing and other recreations, and then the sprouted cocoanuts for our young plantation were set out. Other occupations and improvements followed, and day by day passed in an uneventful tenor, until a year had elapsed from the day of our landing on the fertile Island of Moemotu. The poultry and pigs had so increased in number, and the amount of gathered *copra* was so large, that my husband began to talk of a trip to Tahiti to dispose of our accumulations.

He had commenced preparations by having the schooner cleaned and some of the casks taken aboard, when he was taken suddenly ill, and for several days I watched by him and nursed him, uncertain as to whether life or death was before him. The natives did all they could for us in attending to outside duties, and Mahiti wished to share with me the duties of nurse. But I must confess I had a superstitious fear about her remaining or even coming into my husband's sick room.

I feared she would break out into one of those indescribable wails that might affect him most fatally, the weakened action of his heart being a pronounced form of his illness.

Gradually, however, he began to recover, and after a few weeks, the subject of his trip to Tahiti was again considered, and renewed preparations for his departure went on. But events were shaping themselves for an entire change in our lives, and the days of our sojourn beneath tropical skies were already numbered.

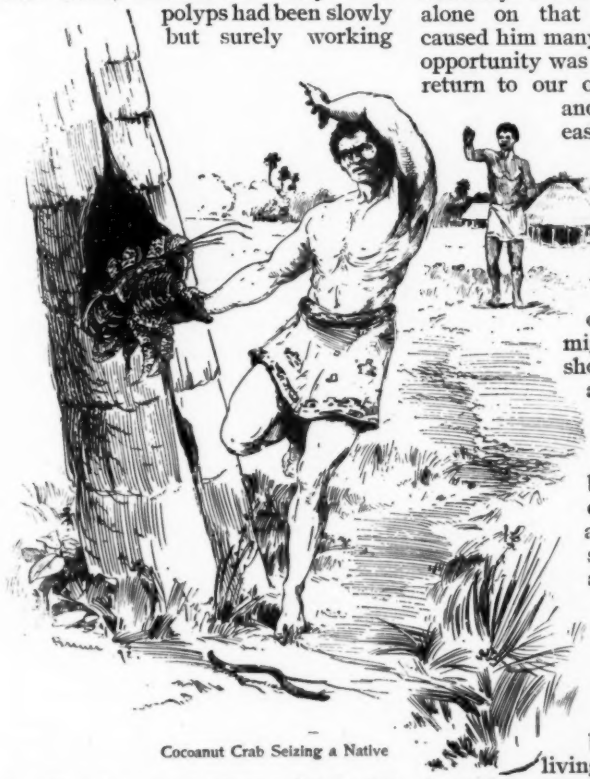
"*Pahi! Pahi! Ahio na ite pahi!*" (A ship! A ship! See the ship!) cried the natives one morning, scanning the horizon with the deepest interest. At first I could see merely a faint speck, but the speck changed to an oblong, and after awhile we could plainly see the masts of a small schooner that was evidently bearing straight for Moemotu. During the fifteen months that we had lived on the island, we had seen no vessel but our own. Occasionally a black dot had shown itself against the horizon, but it had soon disappeared, and why we should now receive a visit from the outside world was a matter of conjecture. There was a fresh wind blowing towards the shore, and the little vessel came briskly on, dipping her prow every now and then, as if bowing "Good morning;" and as she came nearer, we saw that she was manned by three native boatmen and two Europeans. The gentlemen landed, and my husband went forward to meet them. They proved to be agents of a large English guano firm, and were visiting different islands in the South Pacific, in search of guano deposits.

As soon as I learned their mission, I returned to the house to prepare a nice dinner for our visitors, with a feeling of superior wisdom at the idea of these men visiting lovely Moemotu in search of such an ill-smelling thing as guano. The gentlemen assembled in our sitting-room, and one of them, opening a box which he was carrying, took out an alcohol lamp, a crucible and some small bottles of chemicals. Lighting the lamp and placing it under the crucible, some of the earth was put in and different liquids. It was but a few moments before turning to the others who were watching him with great interest, he said:

"Yes, as I suspected, this island contains a good quality of guano."

Here, then, was the secret of the verdant vegetation and the marvellous rapidity of growth of flowers and vegetables! While my husband and

our guests were walking around the island, I could but think how mysterious it seemed, that while civilized countries had been sowing and reaping their harvests year after year, and exhausting the fertility of their soil, here amid these lonely isles of the South Pacific, unknown to the world but little more than a century ago, wild birds, fish and the tiny coral polyps had been slowly but surely working together for ages to form a life-giving compound which should stimulate and revivify their worn-out lands. Thus the isles of the sea are invaded by civilized man, not only for their fruits but even for the very soil that nourishes their life-sustaining trees.



Cocoanut Crab Seizing a Native

When the gentlemen returned, my husband told me that so well satisfied were our visitors with the result of their investigations, that they wished to purchase our lease, giving us a good royalty for the possession of the island. At first it was hard for me to think of giving up our peaceful home to which I had become so fondly attached. But my husband's recent illness had caused him to look upon our future in a different light; and the apprehension that he might at any time be suddenly taken away, leaving me alone on that remote island, had caused him many anxious hours. An opportunity was now presented us to return to our old home in England and live in comparative ease, and he urged me to agree with him in accepting it. Reason conquered sentiment, and I consented to the proposition of the agents, requesting only that our removal might be postponed for a short time, to which they agreed.

The company wished to commence operations at once, but there was room enough for all of us, and the following week saw them return with a larger vessel containing all needful apparatus, more native laborers and two horses. They erected a house for themselves, containing besides the necessary living rooms, a laboratory in which was an array of crucibles, retorts, bottles of acids and chemicals, a brick furnace, and bags of earth from other islands, which they had collected to test for guano.

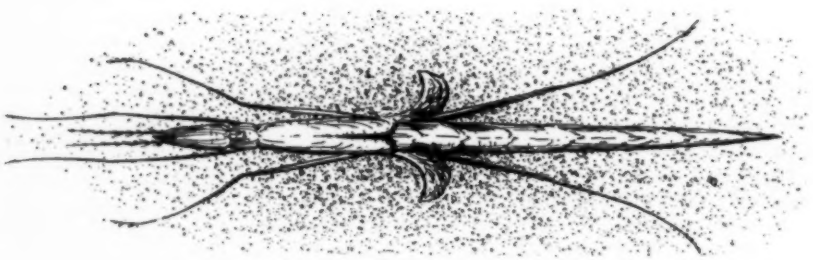
Together with our own native men there were twenty-five laborers engaged in collecting and separating the guano. Raking up the earth in large heaps, they screened it in the same manner as fine coal is separated

from the coarse. The screens were about eight feet by three feet and covered with a fine iron netting. This allowed the fine portion of the earth, which was the guano, to pass through, while the coral was left in the screens. The guano was then sacked, ready for shipping to Hamburg whence it would be reshipped to different parts of Europe.

When the time of our departure drew near, Ina and Otoo seemed almost heartbroken, and the expressions of grief from all our native friends proved how strongly attached they had become to us. We had treated them justly, sympathized with them in their different plans and enjoyments, and the Captain had always been to them a friend as well as an employer. We had won in return an unselfish, disinterested affection, which prompted them to even offer to go with us to our new home.

Years have passed since the cocoanut palms and feathery spray that fringed our island home faded from our view on the morning that we heard the last *Icorana* (the universal salutation for every good wish) from our native friends.

Once since then, when visiting a picture gallery in London, I saw a group of people surrounding a celebrated picture of tropical island scenery. Critics commented in glowing terms upon its charms, and as I oined the throng that viewed it with admiring eyes, time and distance fled. The lovely tints, the sleeping waters, the motionless birds, the feathery foliage, the art that attracts and delights were thine, oh, hanging picture; but for me, the flowers exhaled their fragrance, the birds became tuneful, the leaves trembled in the light breeze which softly agitated the transparent water; and from beneath the shadows of the trees, Ina's laughing face peeped into mine, for the sense of life and movement belonged to my regretful memories of thee, oh, lovely Isle of Moemotu.



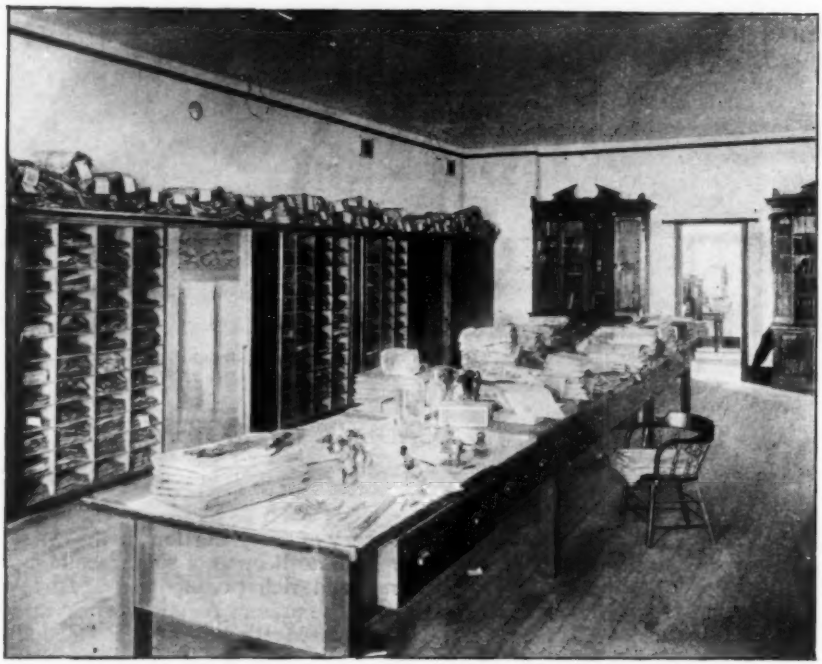
Dr. Harkness, Director of the California Academy of Sciences.

THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

ON the fourth of April, 1853, seven gentlemen met in the office of Lewis W. Sloat of the city of San Francisco to form an association "for the development of the natural sciences." Their names were Dr. Andrew Randall, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. Albert Kellogg, T. J. Nevins, Prof. J. B. Trask, Charles Farris and Lewis W. Sloat. After some discussion the name "California Academy of Science" was proposed for the society, and one of the founders made a vigorous appeal for higher education and the development of science, not only in America and the world at large, but in California—his remarks concluding as follows: "It is due to science, it is due to California, to her sister States and to the scientific world that early measures be adopted for a thoroughly systematic survey of every portion of the State, and the collection of specimens of her rare and rich productions." In this way the present Academy of Sciences began. Meetings were at first held in various places and the young society grew slowly. A glance over the first proceedings, now among the treasures of the modern society, show many interesting features, calling to mind the scientific leaders of other days. We find that the first election of the society resulted as follows: President, Dr. Randall; Vice-President, Dr. Henry Gibbons; Second Vice-President, T. J. Nevins; Treasurer, Dr. A. B. Sloat; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Gibbons; Recording Secretary, Lewis W. Sloat; Librarian, T. J. Nevins; Curators, Dr. Albert Kellogg, E. R. Campbell and Dr. Henry Gibbons. In the first year we find an

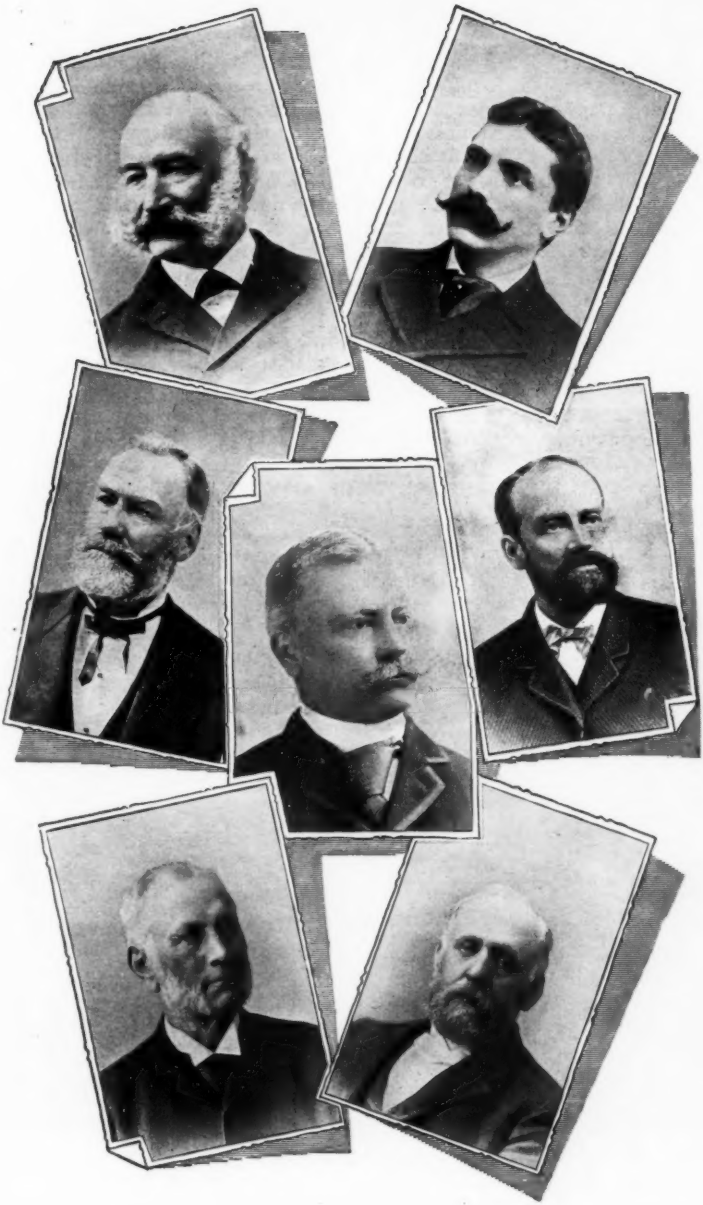
entry showing that Dr. Gibbons proposed the name of Alexander Dallas Bache as an honorary member, and at the meeting of February 6, 1854, Dr. W. P. Gibbons, a founder, now living in Alameda, proposed for honorary membership the name of Louis Agassiz. In this way the membership



The Herbarium.

resident, honorary and corresponding, gradually increased from year to year until the society began to be well known, not only throughout the length and breadth of the land, but the world. It became the central point of interest to the many scientific men who found their way west, and we find on its list of membership the names of Ayres, Whitney, Le Conte, Kellogg, Torrey, Dall, Bloomer, Brewer, Hanks, Edwards, Davidson and others, whose names have become well known wherever true science is known. The

Academy collections, which were simply individual donations in the beginning, rapidly increased, and the necessity of a building soon became apparent. For many years the society met in an old building on Clay street, then the church on California street was used, and became a landmark. Like all similar movements the Academy had important epochs in its career. A most important one in its effect upon the future of the institution was the gift of James Lick. This was in land, and in the wording of the giver: "Mr. Lick makes this gift to the Academy of Sciences in commendation of the desire he has to promote the diffusion of science and the prosperity and perpetuity of the Academy." In brief, the grand idea of James Smithson had also taken possession of the Californian, and



Adolph Sutro. E. J. Molera.
W. C. Burnett. Col. C. F. Crocker. Ex-Gov. Geo. C. Perkins.
John Taylor. Daniel E. Hayes.

Trustees California Academy of Sciences.

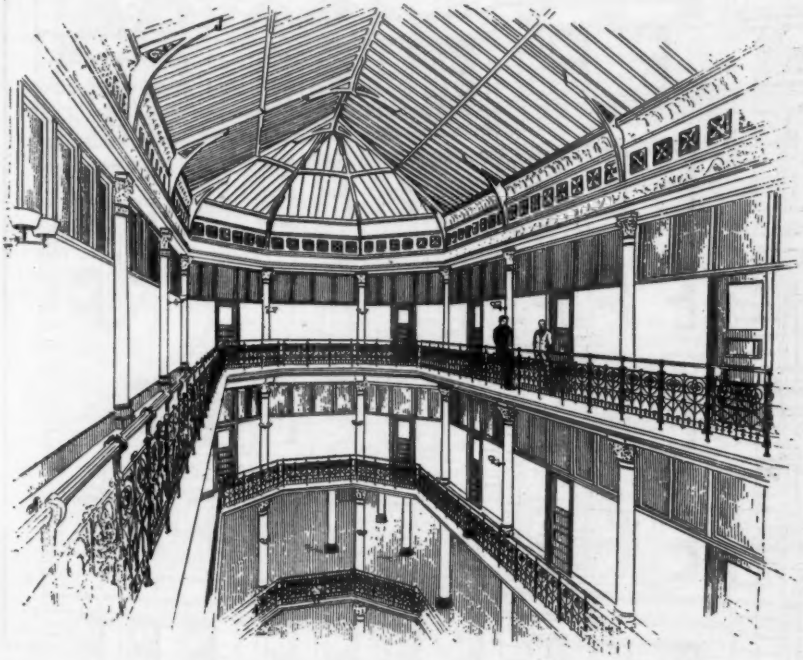
what Smithson did for America, Lick hoped to accomplish for California. The present paper is not intended as a historical sketch, but to present the Academy of to-day, the result of years of struggle, and to suggest to Californians that they stand by this great monument to science, and give it the substantial aid it deserves in bequests and donations.

The ultimate result of the gift of Mr. Lick was to give the Academy of Sciences the magnificent building on Market street—a home that gives ample accommodation to the various specimens, and at the same time produces a large and ever increasing revenue for the maintenance of the collections. The building is a massive six-story structure of rich stone, presenting an imposing front. The portion visible from the street is devoted to offices, while the museum is in the rear, reached by a fine entrance and hall in the center of the building, and by a richly designed staircase of California marble, a work of art in itself.

Botanical Class in the Academy of Sciences.

The rooms upon the ground floor are devoted to a well-equipped lecture-room, where the meetings of the Academy are held, and where science is popularized for the benefit of the people by means of lectures illustrated by the stereopticon and delivered by distinguished scientists. On this floor is a room devoted to the woods of California and the Pacific Coast, which will be a revelation to the visitor, showing the economic value of our forests. On reaching the second floor the wise plan of construction is apparent, the building having an open court which allows light from above as well as from the sides. The eye of the

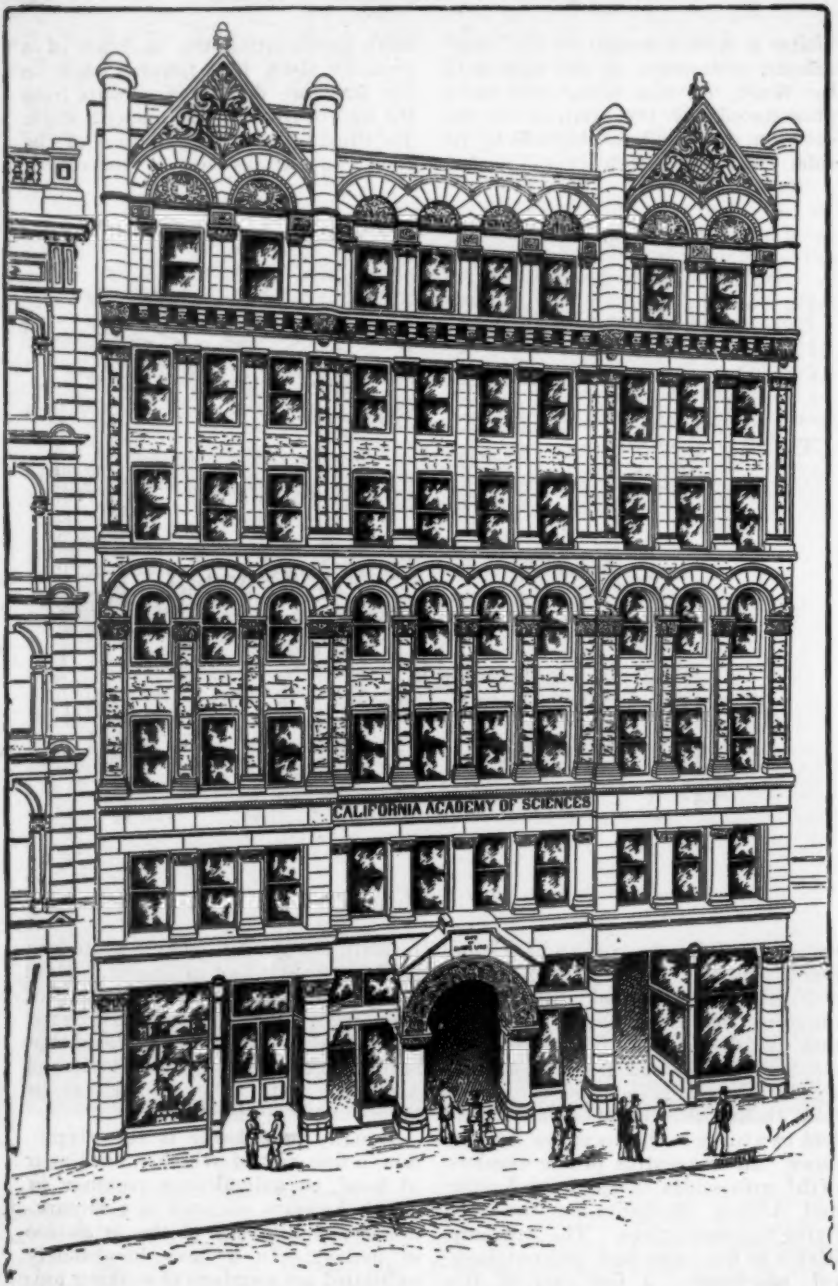
visitor is at once caught by the magnificent restoration of the mammoth by Ward, its size being still more pronounced by the contrast of the skeleton of a modern elephant by its side. The mammoth is a perfect



Upper Floor, devoted to Library, Curator's Rooms, etc., showing Court.

restoration from the hair and skeleton found some years ago in the ice beds of Northern Russia, and makes a most imposing show. About it are the tusks, skull and bones of other extinct elephants, as the mastodon of several species, some of which had three and four tusks; the dinotherium, which had two tusks in the lower jaw, turned down, all suggestive of the wonders of the proboscidea, of which the Asiatic and African elephants are the only living representatives. The Academy is rich in fine casts and paleontological specimens; a fine cast of the megatherium stands behind the mammoth representing the skeleton of a gigantic sloth that towered high in air and tore down the verdure from the tops of trees in the ancient days. To illustrate the degradation of the type, so far as size is concerned, beneath the giant is placed a modern sloth not over a foot in length. Here is the shell of the greatest turtle that ever lived. When it was discovered in India some years ago, it is said that several men could crawl into it and use it as a hut. The animal was in all about twenty feet long.

Equally remarkable is the glyptodon, a fine cast of which stands near at hand, an animal once common in South America, encased in a remarkable armor like that of the armadillo of to-day. In a case handsomely exhibited are numbers of striking animals of a past age. Representing the



The California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.

cephalopods or cuttle-fishes is a long, columnar object, the orthoceros Titan, which once formed a part of a gigantic squid-like creature that might have been thirty or fifty feet long, and whose weight must have been many tons. Gigantic shells as large as cartwheels, monster sea lizards, whale-like creatures with long necks and tails, others that were veritable sea-serpents, are represented here. Among the fossil birds is the cast of a huge creature, the moa, some of which were twelve or more feet in height, and lived within a few hundred years in New Zealand, and were hunted by the natives of the islands. The academy also has casts of the bones of the "Dodo," the giant pigeon that became extinct within the memory of man, and of the egg of a giant bird from Madagascar, and many more too numerous to mention.

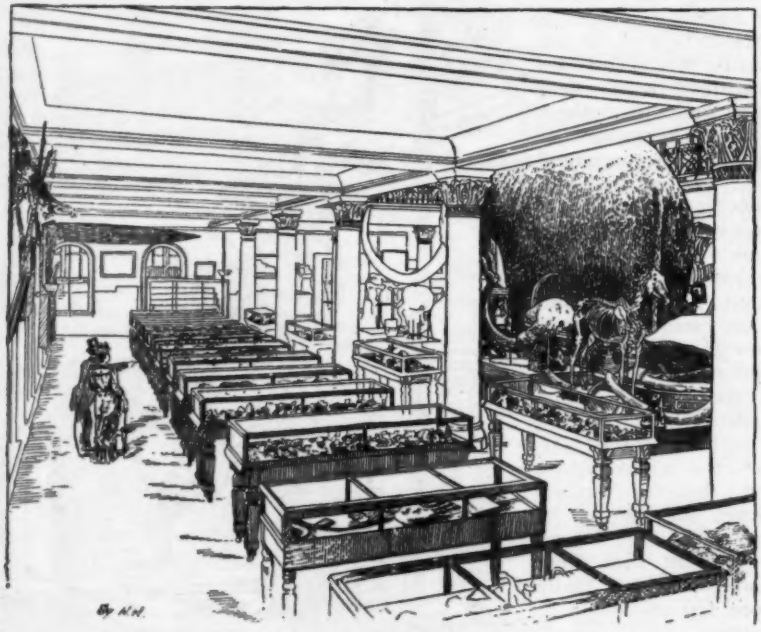
The Megatherium.

The academy has a comprehensive paleontological collection, embracing charts, casts, fossils, pictures and relief maps, the specimens numbering over fifteen thousand, and containing a number of rare and valuable type specimens all included in the Crocker-Stanford collection, a gift to the society. On this floor is the collection of mammals, a gift of Mrs. E. B. Crocker of Sacramento, which attracts attention and contains prepared specimens of a number of rare animals, including Ward's famous orang-outang. The various parts of the whale are all here, from the whale bone to the fœtus. The mammalial fauna of the world is well represented, from the curious duck-bill that lays eggs like a reptile, yet suckles its young, to the elephant and other forms.

The mammals are in charge of Mr. Walter E. Bryant, who has held the curatorship since 1887, when the department was founded. Some idea of the growth of the various departments may be obtained from the fact that in 1887 this one embraced one hundred mammals mounted for exhibition purposes and six for study, while to-day specimens run up into the thousands, the study series being particularly valuable, and arranged so that they can be used by the student for comparison. The aim of the curator has been to establish an extensive working series of Pacific Coast mammals, particularly those of California, and as rapidly as possible add those of North America at large and foreign lands. The study collections are kept

in trays, in dust, and insect proof zinc-lined cabinets, and are carefully labeled and catalogued. The collection of skeletons is of rare interest, represented by about sixty-five specimens, from the gray whale of California to the humming bird. The skeleton that attracts most attention is that of the great sea-cow, or Rhytina, that was discovered by Steller on our northwest coast. There are but two or three good skeletons known, this being one of the best. A fine skeleton of the California gray whale fills one end of the first corridor, while the jaws of another form a lofty arch, through which the visitor may pass.

An interesting study of the heads of all races is found on this floor, where the finely developed head of the American is contrasted with that of the Australian bushman, and more interesting yet, the peculiar methods of compressing the skull are shown.



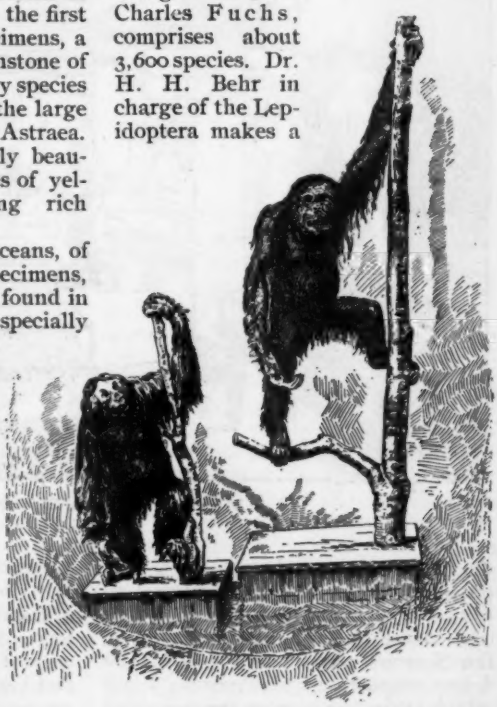
Lower Floor, South Side, Showing Collection of Fossils.

The collection of fishes, numbering about 1,200, alcoholic and otherwise, is of extreme interest, having a wide geographical range. Here are the wonderful forms of the equatorial Pacific, the strange blind-fish from caves, the pipe fish, sea-horse and rare forms from every sea, forming a striking and instructive lesson in this branch of science. This department is under the curatorship of David Starr Jordan and Dr. Gilbert of Stanford University, both distinguished scientists. In vertebrates the academy is especially rich. Here is a case of the fine models in glass, representing richly tinted sea anemones and delicate medusæ with long tentacles; the fairy ship, Physalia, that sails in the Southern Ocean, the worm-like synapta, so noted for its method of throwing off portions of itself when deprived of food, and nnmbers of delicate star-fishes from the deep sea, famous for

their light-giving properties. The visitor can follow up the life histories of these forms by examining the echinoderms in the neighboring case, and the strange star-fishes; while upon the wall hangs a slab showing a mass of crinoids-stalked star-fish on a delicate stem nearly eight feet in length, representatives of a former age, though there are living forms of other species now in the deep sea. In its collection of shells, of which there are about 3,500 specimens, the academy is especially rich, the forms ranging from the Tridacna gigas, specimens of which have been known to weigh 500 pounds, to minute shells almost invisible. Here is the beautiful Janthina or purple sea-snail that floats on the surface, the strange pholas that emits a faint light and bores its way into the hardest rock, and many more. The collection of corals, which finds place on the first floor, includes about 500 specimens, a gift of Thomas Crawford Johnstone of San Francisco, represents many species from the delicate forms to the large heads of Meandrina and Astraea. The Gorgonias are particularly beautiful, their reticulated surfaces of yellow and lavender presenting rich contrasts to the white coral.

A case is devoted to Crustaceans, of which there are about 400 specimens, while some fine examples are found in various parts of the hall; especially noticeable is the palm-crab, or Burgus latro, a gigantic ally of the hermit-crab, but without the shell. This singular creature lives on the cocoanut, climbing the tree, picking the nut and stripping down the husk, then breaking the shell by beating it upon a rock. An interesting crab is the grapus that one of the *Challenger* officers saw catching young birds on the St. Paul Rocks. A fine series of edible crabs is exhibited as well as the lobsters and different varieties of cray-fish, forming a valuable economic series.

The second floor of the academy contains a magnificent loan collection of humming birds, so arranged as to show the male, female and young of each species, and in many instances, the nest. The collection of birds, the gift of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, stands on the north side of the hall, and embraces many rare specimens, while a good collection of eggs is exhibited that is being added to from time to time by friends of the institution. The curators of ornithology are Walter E. Bryant and Lyman Belding, who have collected and arranged a fine students' collection of skins of great value to scientists, while the exhibit collection is extremely attractive in the strange and beautiful forms which comprise it. The department of Coleoptera, in charg of Mr. Charles Fuchs, comprises about 3,600 species. Dr. H. H. Behr in charge of the Lepidoptera makes a



Orang-outangs.

fine showing with a collection of 22,000 specimens, representing 5,560 species, comprising some of the rarest forms of this group of insects. A study of the California insects is most interesting; their habits are totally different from those of the East. At Christmas time the warm sun of California brings out swarms of insects, and many pass every night into a state of coma, or partial hibernation to come to life again the following day.

On the upper or second floor a case of living snakes and lizards suggest that Mr. J. J. Rivers, the curator of the department of Herpetology, proposes to lend an additional interest to his especial branch of science. The case contains several fine examples of the famous poisonous lizard, Heloderma suspectum from Arizona, about which there has been so much controversy. The reptiles are slow of movement, sluggish and of hideous appearance; an examination of the teeth has shown the presence of a poison-sac similar to that of the snakes. It has often been stated that the bite of the Heloderma is fatal. This is not so in every instance; a scientist bitten at the Smithsonian was affected so suddenly that he barely reached assistance in time. Cases in Arizona have been fatal where individual aid was not obtainable. The specimens in this department, alcoholic and otherwise, number 1,100, and cover a wide geographical range, the department being especially interesting from the fact that many fossil forms of great interest are at hand, so that the visitor can, as it were, walk down the ages from the ancient age of reptiles to the reptiles and batrachians of to-day. On slabs one may see the footprints of gigantic

Lower Floor, South Side, Showing Minerals.

reptiles that wandered over the muddy flats of ancient days. From here the curator will turn to an adjacent case and point out the skeleton or skin of the modern representative, and in this object-lesson show how the mighty have fallen—how the age of giants has been succeeded by that of pigmies. The lizards, while not especially fascinating, and often uncanny, are often of the greatest interest. One feature, that of their protective resemblance, may be referred to. The horned toad, properly a lizard and so common in this State, is an interesting example. When in white or light sandy soil it resembles it almost exactly in tint; if placed on a darker base it soon assumes it, so rendering itself inconspicuous. This is more or less true of all lizards, especially so of the anolis and some African forms in which the changes from green to brown and other tints are instantaneous. A volume could be written on the features of this department of the academy alone, and it is sufficient to say that the specimens are of the greatest scientific value and would do credit to any institution in the country.

The Marble Staircase.

The academy is especially rich in minerals, having a large and comprehensive collection of about 2,000 specimens on exhibition in the hall, with almost as many in the curator's room. Some magnificent individual specimens have been donated from time to time, and make an especially fine display, both from the scientific and display standpoint. The department is under the charge of Mr. Melville Atwood, one of the most competent mineralogists on the coast, and whose fitness for the duties are well shown in the arrangement of the collection.

A department of comparative anatomy, under the curatorship of Charles H. Keeler, is of especial interest to medical men, and that of malacology, under Dr. James Cooper, is of especial interests to students in that science. To any one interested in the study of mankind, the academy collection presents many attractions. There are

skeletons, casts of heads, collections arranged to represent man's work in the various branches, implements of war, armor, ancient Japanese and 10,000 species which he has presented to the academy, cost over $10,000 and in all probability could not be reproduced for twice that sum. Mrs.

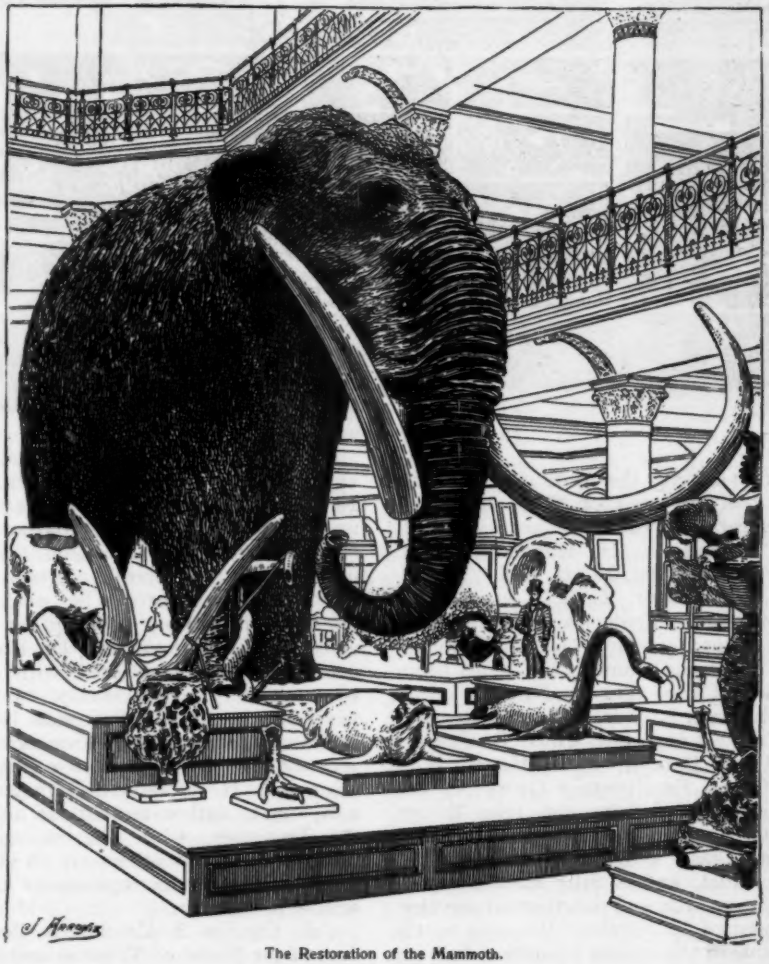
Library.

modern polynesian. The casts throw a flood of light upon the antiquity of man. One is the famous Neanderthal skull found by Dr. Fuhlrett in 1857, near Dósseldorf, Germany; the other a heavy-ridged cranium known as the Engis skull, which was found in a cave with the bones of various animals of the Pleistocene period, demonstrating the fact to the satisfaction of geologists that man's history can be traced back vast ages.

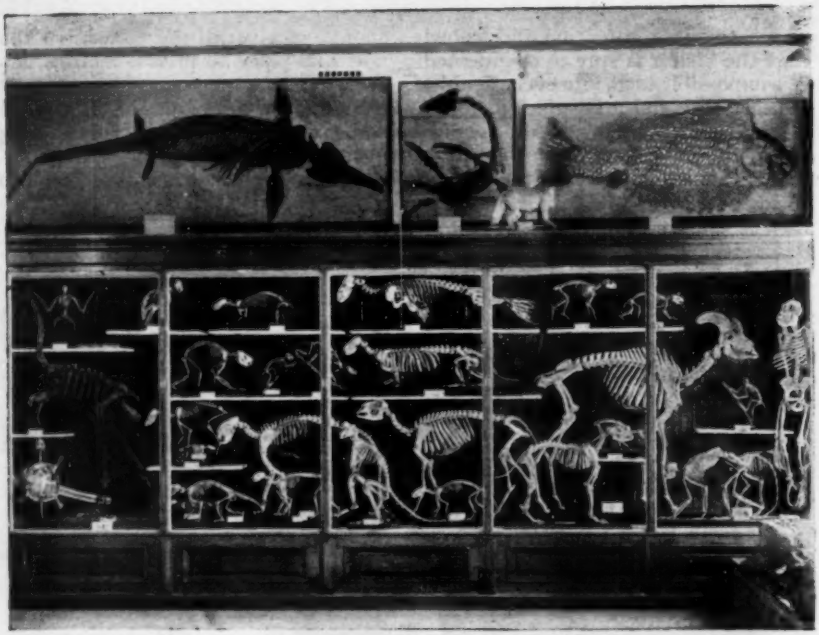
One of the most interesting collections in the academy is that of the Fungi or lower cryptograms of the Pacific Coast collected by Dr. H. W. Harkness, the distinguished head of the academy. Dr. Harkness has made this branch of science his specialty, and the collection numbering over Katharine Brandegee, the curator of botany has collected and arranged a most valuable collection. The Herbarium consists of 100,000 sheets carefully arranged, and is especially rich in Californian forms, though it contains species from all over the world. The best collection of Lower Californian flora extant is found here. The Herbarium is on the upper floor, and here are found the finely lighted curator's rooms where much scientific work is done, and where the Z ö ogical, Botanical and other clubs meet. Here is the finely equipped library unequaled in many directions in America. On the shelves are 8200 bound volumes and as many more pamphlets under the charge of Mr. Frank H. Vaslit, assistant Secretary, to

whose courtesy, attention and knowledge the visitor is sure to be indebted. It is impossible to go into every detail of the academy, and it is sufficient to say that the institution is a credit not only to San Francisco but to the world at large; it is a monument to the growth and development of scientific thought on this coast, and deserves the patronage and support of every thinking man and woman. The academy should receive all the collections that now find place in private houses, and every Californian should remember it in his or her will, the institution being a great educator, far reaching in its effects on the general public.

While the academy is carried on directly by its curators its work is rendered possible and telling by the work of an intelligent corps of scientists, and a board of trustees selected



The Restoration of the Mammoth.



Collection of Skeletons.

from among the most cultivated and intelligent men of this city. The officers for the year are as follows: President, W. H. Harkness, M. D.; Vice-President, H. H. Behr, M. D.; J. G. Cooper, M. D., Corresponding Secretary; Frederick Gutzkow, Recording Secretary; J. R. Scupham, Treasurer; General L. W. Foote, Librarian; Carlos Troyer, Director of the Museum; J. Z. Davis. The Board of Trustees are—Col. Chas. F. Crocker, W. C. Burnett, D. E. Hayes, E. J. Molera, Ex-Governor George C. Perkins, Adolph Sutro and John Taylor. Dr. Harkness, President of the academy, has a world-wide reputation as a scientist, and is fully identified with the growth and intellectual development of California. He came to the State in 1849, being a native of Pelham, Mass. Sacramento was his home for many years, and here he retired from the practice of medicine in 1869. Dr. Harkness has seen many interesting events in the development of the State. In 1869 he assisted in laying the connecting rail of the first continental railroad, presenting the gold spikes used on that occasion. In the same year while in Europe, he was the guest of the viceroy of Egypt at the opening of the Suez Canal. Dr. Harkness has been associated with the academy since 1875, nearly twenty years of earnest and continuous labor in the cause of science. His associates are all distinguished men or scientists. General L. H. Foote. so well known as a diplomat, author and literateur, is the Treasurer, while the names of Behr, Cooper and others are all identified with the development of true science in America.

Col. Charles F. Crocker is President of the Board of Trustees and has for years given the Institution the benefit of his good judgment and influence. In touch with the best development of coast interests, appre-

ciating the wide benefits to be derived from the academy in refining, cultivating and educating the masses, a firm believer in, and a patron of science, he has been possibly without knowing it, an important factor in the advancement of science on this coast.

Ex-Governor George C. Perkins has exercised a strong influence for the best development of science in California in his work as a member of the Board. Governor Perkins, after four years at sea life, came to California and went into mining, and it is suggestive of his ability that when twenty years of age he was in receipt of an income of half a million dollars. He has been interested in the development of the State, has filled various offices of public trust, and in 1879 was elected governor of the State. Another prominent and active worker of the Board is Adolph Sutro of Sutro tunnel fame, and whose public works have made his name well known over the entire country. Mr. Sutro came to California in the early days and almost immediately became interested in the development of the country. His experience in mechanics suggested many devices to aid the miner and mine owner, and after many struggles and nearly fourteen years, the Sutro tunnel, four miles long, was completed. Mr. Sutro early left the mining field and came to San Francisco, where he has been a prominent figure. Mainly through his efforts the western portion of the city has been made habitable. An attractive private park at the Cliff House has been thrown open to the public, and public improvements on a large scale have been begun on the shore. The Sutro Library is another of Mr. Sutro's public works which will serve as a monument to his services as a public man. W. C. Burnett is a member of the Board who has always taken a special interest in the advancement of the academy; he came to California in 1854, served as state senator and city attorney of San Francisco and in many important positions, being fully identified with the growth and development of the city and state. It is an interesting fact that business men take an interest in affairs of science, and that this Board is made up of business men. Col. Crocker is the Vice-president of the S. P. R. R.; Mr. Perkins is in the firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co., the well-known steamship line. Daniel E. Hayes, another director, is a member of the great house of Hinckley, Spiers and Hayes, shipbuilders and iron founders. Mr. Hayes is a public man in every sense, taking an active interest in the commonwealth, and filling various positions of public importance.

Among the trustees of the academy, Mr. E. J. Molera, vice-president, is particularly distinguished for his active interest. Mr. Molera was born in Spain, a graduate of the University of Barcelona. In 1863 he was admitted to the Academy of Royal Engineers of Madrid, obtaining the first place in competition over 300 candidates. In 1867 he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Engineers and in the following year knight of the military merit of the first class. In 1889 Mr. Molera visited America and finally settled in California, where he soon achieved prominence in his profession. He made the survey of Blossom rock, was assistant engineer, and did much to elevate the service. It is to Mr. Molera's influence that the academy has its present quarters on Market street, he making the suggestion and serving on the Building and Prudential committees. Mr. Molera is a life member of the academy, and, like the other members of the board, devotes much time to its advancement. Equally identified with the growth of the academy is John Taylor of the board. Mr. Taylor, like many others, came to California in 1849, when the attention of the entire world was centered on the Pacific Coast. As in the case of Mr. Sutro and others, he went to the mining fields, finally settling in Sacramento, where he soon became a prominent figure. Mr. Taylor has

been identified with many of the great events which have made California what it is, and has been a factor in its growth. His work in the Academy of Sciences has been invaluable, and his association dates from the very inception of the movement. It would be an interesting study, if space permitted, to go still further into the lives of these makers of science—these men who, by their liberality and high intelligence, have so added to the educational facilities of the State; but the object of this paper is simply to call the attention of the public to this grand institution and to point out what its officers and trustees have been doing, and to suggest a new interest. As fine as the academy is, it is but the nucleus of what it should be. San Francisco should have as fine and well equipped an institution of science as could be found in America.

REGULATION OF RAILWAY CHARGES.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THE clamor for lower charges for transportations by rail is quite universal west of the Mississippi River, and in fact they are demanded in the south and east, only with less vehemence and persistency. It is not a question of politics, but of business; and the charges should be regulated on business principles, and not by political demagogism. The Democrats of this State, at their convention in Fresno last May, sought to coddle the anti-railroad sentiment and gain support through a proposition which they thought would catch the clamorous for a change. The whole people want lower rates and expect to secure them, but all reasonable men desire to accomplish the end by the adoption of common sense and just methods. That convention adopted the following resolution as one of the planks of its platform:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this convention that the next Legislature of this State submit to the people for adoption, a constitutional amendment providing for a maximum tariff and classification, and abolishing the board of railroad commissioners, and the Democratic party demands that all candidates for the assembly and Senate at the coming election be pledged to such action."

As the Democratic party is the strenuous advocate of strict adherence to platform, which, to its members, is as sacred as the edict of an œcumenical council or an encyclical letter, it is to be presumed that the Democratic members of the Legislature will do what they can to carry out the views expressed in that resolution. The proposition, if carried into effect, will have an important bearing upon the interests of every class of our people. The question of freights and fares, as has been said, is exciting public attention, and the best thought of the country is being given to its solution. A change touching so grave a matter should not be made without the most careful and the fullest consideration. The proposition that the Government in some way should regulate transportation rates is not combatted in any quarter. The question is, what is the best way? California has a mode provided and defined in the Constitution, and that it may clearly appear what the Democratic resolution contemplates supplanting, it is necessary to

quote the provisions of the Constitution bearing on the subject. They are as follows:

"SEC. 21. No discrimination in charges for transportation shall be made by any railroad or other transportation company between places or persons or in the facilities for the transportation of the same classes of freight or passengers within this State, or coming from or going to any other State. Persons and property transported over any railroad or by any other transportation company or individual, shall be delivered at any station, landing or port, at charges not exceeding the charges for the transportation of persons and property of the same class, in the same direction, to any more distant station, port or landing. Excursion and commutation tickets may be issued at reduced rates.

"SEC. 22. The State shall be divided into three districts as nearly equal in population as practicable, in each of which one railroad commissioner shall be elected by the qualified electors thereof at the regular gubernatorial elections, whose salary shall be fixed by law, and whose term of office shall be four years, commencing on the first Monday after the first day of January next succeeding their election. Said commissioners shall be qualified electors of this State and of the district from which they are elected, and shall not be interested in any railroad corporation, or other transportation company, as stockholder, creditor, agent, attorney, or employee, and the act of a majority of said commissioners shall be deemed the act of said commission. Said commissioners shall have the power, and it shall be their duty to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers and freight by railroad or other transportation companies, and publish the same from time to time with such changes as they may make, to examine the books, records and papers of all railroad and other transportation companies, and for this purpose they shall have power to issue subpœnas and all other necessary process; to hear and determine complaints against railroad and other transportation companies, to send for persons and to administer oaths, take testimony, and punish for contempt of their orders and processes, in the same manner and to the same extent as courts of record, and enforce their decisions and correct abuses through the medium of the courts. Said commissioners shall prescribe a uniform system of accounts to be kept by all such corporations and companies. Any railroad corporation or transportation company which shall fail or refuse to conform to such rates as shall be established by said commissioners, or shall charge rates in excess thereof, or shall fail to keep their accounts in accordance with the system prescribed by the commission, shall be fined not exceeding twenty thousand dollars for each offense, and every officer, agent or employee of any such corporation or company who shall demand or receive rates in excess thereof, or who shall in any manner violate the provisions of this section, shall be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding one year. In all controversies, civil or criminal, the rates of fares and freights established by said commissioners shall be deemed conclusively just and reasonable, and in any action against such corporation or company for damages sustained by charging excessive rates, the plaintiff, in addition to the actual damage, may, in the discretion of the judge or jury, recover exemplary damages. Said commissioners shall report to the Governor annually their proceedings and such other facts as may be deemed important. Nothing in this section shall prevent individuals from maintaining actions against any of such companies. The Legislature may, in addition to any penalties herein prescribed, enforce this article by forfeiture of charter or otherwise, and may confer such further powers on the commissioners as shall be nec-

essary to enable them to perform the duties enjoined on them in this and the foregoing sections. The Legislature shall have power by a two-thirds vote of all the members elected to each house to remove any one or more of said commissioners from office for dereliction of duty, or corruption or incompetency, and whenever, from any cause, a vacancy in office shall occur in such commission the Governor shall fill the vacancy by appointment of a competent person thereto, who shall hold office for the residue of the unexpired term, and until his successor shall have been elected and qualified."

It is the theory in all civilized countries that the common carrier, to a certain extent, is a servant of the public, and that the manner of conducting his business and the compensation he shall receive shall be regulated by law. The common law declares that the compensation shall be reasonable and just, and that a controversy over the amount shall be decided by the court and jury. Railways are constructed as a rule by corporations, in whose behalf governments exercise the right of eminent domain. These corporations are granted exclusive franchise to control and run over their own tracks. It is necessary that it should be so, for regularity and exactness are essential to the safety of life and property, and to dispatch and economy in conducting the business. In some ways the Government assumes larger control over corporative transportation than over those of private parties. The right, if not expressed, is impliedly reserved to change and modify charters, and to forfeit franchises, and especially to regulate freights and fares. At the beginning it was supposed that the compensation for transportation by rail, could be regulated by the courts the same as if it were performed by wagon, boat, or other simple modes in vogue before railways were invented.

Experience, however, soon demonstrated the impracticability of attempting to settle the question by suits in the courts. The reasonableness of the compensation to the railway carrier should be determined upon three considerations—the necessary cost of constructing and equipping the roads, the necessary expense of operating, and the volume and character of the traffic. From the latter its earnings are derived. It should not be overlooked that suits of this character would be with reference to the compensation for a single shipment, be it a large or a small one. To do exact justice, the jury should inquire into the cost of right of way, grading, bridging, track laying, station houses, offices, shops, section houses, telegraph lines and apparatus of cars, engines, and a thousand and one implements. The items to be considered in determining the necessary operating expenses, are still more voluminous, and include salaries of officers, principal and subordinate, attorneys, conductors, engineers, station agents, telegraph operators, brakemen, firemen, switchmen, trackmen and many others. Also, the damages, through inevitable wear and tear, and by accident, and the cost of material and labor in repairing. And further the freight and passengers carried, and the revenue received from all sources. All these matters must be gone into for the purpose of seeing whether the business is honestly and economically conducted, and whether the net earnings under existing rates afford more than a reasonable remuneration to the capital necessarily invested. If a jury were thoroughly competent to inquire into and properly adjudge all these facts, the investigation would be prolonged beyond the ordinary terms of courts. These suits, as has been said, necessarily involve the share that a particular shipment should contribute towards operating expenses and fair reward to capital. The ablest and most experienced traffic officer never attempts to determine that question; it is impossible to determine the amount even approximately. Rates

are based upon the general results of the business, and are designed to be made so, that after deducting operating expenses from earnings, there will be a balance sufficient to properly remunerate capital. The net balances fluctuate because business is not always the same, and the losses from accidents and providential causes vary from year to year. Efforts to settle the question of compensation by suit have wholly ceased, at least, such cases are among the rarest in the calendars of courts.

The proposition in the resolution which has been quoted, is for the Legislature to pass upon this complicated question, and to enact a general law prescribing a rate which the railways in no case shall exceed. It goes further and proposes that the Legislature shall classify freights by statute. Our legislators are not all men who are well informed upon these subjects; many of them are no more competent to pass upon them than the ordinary juror. The session lasts but sixty days and is crowded with a vast amount of other business, and then one branch and one-half of the other become practically defunct unless the Governor should call an extraordinary session. The Legislature would not have time to properly consider the grave question of rates. Classification is based upon bulk weight, value and quantity carried of each class. There would be a field for extended investigation which would exhaust no small part of the session. If the Legislature should do a wrong, it would be grievous, for it would continue for two years, or until the Governor should convene it in extra session. If the majority were controlled by an unjust public sentiment, the rates would be fixed so low as to destroy capital, and if under railroad influence, they would be made so high as to be oppressive to the people. A general law cannot be made so as to do justice to all roads or communities. California is a State of various physical characteristics; there are mountains and plains, ugly cañons to cross, or to follow, in constructing and operating railroads. No two roads cost the same to build or operate. In some localities, population is dense, in others, sparse, and all are interested in having the means of transportation. Some sections are highly productive and supply a large volume of traffic, and others less productive furnish but little business, while it costs as much or more to build and operate roads through them as in the best sections. It is important to the whole commonwealth that all parts of the State should be accommodated.

The plan of enacting maximum rates was among the first, if not the very first, adopted after the impracticability of determining the reasonableness of railway compensation by the court and jury, became apparent. In many of the States it has fallen into disuse because its universality renders it inelastic, and its operation in many cases results in injustice. If it is right that capital invested in such enterprises is entitled to the same reward in all cases, some roads in the same State should be permitted to charge higher rates than others, from the fact that they cost more to construct and are more expensive to operate. The larger number of the States have created commissions to deal with the question of railroad transportation with different powers. In some States they are advisory and in others regulative. The powers of the commission in California are more extensive than in any of the States except Texas. The efforts of our commission need not be inadequate to guard the interests of the people for want of authority. The theory of a commission is that there may be officials whose term of office is sufficiently long to enable them to make a study and come to a complete understanding of the railroad question. They have time to investigate all the facts and features to the fullest extent, that they may regulate the business in such manner and prescribe rates as

will do substantial justice to all concerned. They act in the capacity of traffic officers for the public, and from their position should be governed by a purpose to protect the people without doing injustice to the railroads. Having plenary power and considerable official permanency, they can make changes, from time to time, intelligently and as exigencies demand. In theory, at least, a commission is the best agency of government thus far devised for managing railway transportation. It has not been abolished in any State where it has been adopted, except in Massachusetts, where the powers were merely advisory. Reports of the executives of all the States show that it has worked well everywhere, causing great savings to the people without embarrassing the legitimate operation of the railroads. The tendency is to enlarge rather than to further restrict the powers of commissions. Congress has adopted the idea as to inter-state traffic. It may be apprehended that the time will come when there will be uniformity among the States as to the powers conferred upon railway commissions. To change the commission for a general statute prescribing rates and classification would be damaging if not calamitous to the interests of California. It is not and should not be made a party question. To interfere with business for party purposes is always hurtful.

So far as philosophy and experience show, there can be no objection to the plan of a commission. It is urged that it may be corrupted, and is, therefore, objectionable. It has been alleged that the California Commission, since its creation, has been under the influence and control of the railroads. Such charges are easily made, and will be made whenever the complaint of any one is not granted. It has got to be a habit of mind of some people to think they see corruption whenever a ruling is in favor of a railroad. It requires more courage to decide for a railroad in a case where it is plainly right, than adversely. There is official corruption, but not to the extent as seen by the pessimist. If a commissioner is incompetent, derelict or dishonest, he can be removed by a two-third vote of the members elected to each branch of the Legislature. If one is chosen who is incompetent or corrupt, it is the fault of the people.

If a commission cannot be trusted, how can a Legislature? The California commission is no worse in reputation than the ordinary run of California Legislatures. Nor are the people able to select better men for the one position than for the other. It may cost more to bribe a Legislature than a commission, because membership is more numerous, but the work of the Legislature is more valuable for it will endure longer. The greatest woes of this country do not proceed from the doings of courts, commissions, and executives, but from legislation.

If the people cannot correct abuses in one case they cannot in the other. Though courts are sometimes incompetent and dishonest, their abolition is not advocated by anybody. The wisdom of the plans proposed are to be passed upon as the main issue, and defects in their execution must be corrected by the people as experience discloses the necessity. All are interested in reducing the cost of transportation to the lowest possible figure, consistent with efficient service and the just rights of capital. To render it unremunerative is to destroy capital, and its destruction brings calamity to all. A better way to regulate rates may be discovered than by a commission, but it is the best that has yet been devised. If new commissioners from any cause fail in the discharge of their duties, the time is not distant when those can be chosen who will not fail. The railroad problem is difficult to solve, but evolution is taking place, and the wisest plan will, ere long, be discovered if that now in force in California is not that plan.

Susanville.

IN THE HONEY LAKE VALLEY.

BY CON H. PETERSON.

THE gold seeker, plodding westward with the Argonauts across the wide sage-brush wastes of Utah and Nevada, hailed the Honey Lake Valley as his first glimpse of the El Dorado, and the beginning of the end of his journey; and as he wound over the summit of the range on the north, whence the old Idaho trail led to the mines of California, the prospect opened to him was in gladdening contrast to the hardship of the previous part of his pilgrimage. Behind he had left, scorched and athirst and unutterably dreary, the plains of the great desert, while before him was a panorama of nature in her brightest colors. The broad, shimmering lake, shaded on the west by the overhanging Sierras clothed in their olive-green forests, and bordered by extensive grass lands, gave him a cool and comfortable welcome to the Golden State, and a memory picture among the brightest his fancy had held as a synonym of plenty.

It is now the home seeker who takes hope and inspiration from this outlook, but instead of a way-place it is the end of his journey. He comes in from the south, in modern fashion on the railroad, and finds kindly neighbors where the pioneers encountered hostile savages, and conquers with peaceful but no less sturdy courage a home from Uncle Sam's domain.

While the larger immigration which is now rapidly settling the valley is of recent commencement, there have been many substantial settlements since earliest days, and there are numerous fine farms along the border of Honey Lake on the west side that have descended to the sons of the venturesome few who first came with Lassen, or the Pathfinder. The small streams which come out of the hills here, furnished water for irrigation and made these places possible. Honey Lake Valley early invited the stockman, and is yet the feeding grounds of vast herds. Surrounded as it is by mountain areas that in winter are covered deep with snow, but having itself, because of its shelter a mild winter climate, it attracts stock from long distances which here winter on the bunch grass, wild rye and white sage everywhere abounding. Even in

the earliest spring a lean animal on the range cannot be found.

Susanville, the largest town of Lassen County, lies in the extreme northwest corner of the valley, and is the location of the earliest settlement. Its situation is picturesque—lying on Susan River, well up under the sheltering mountains. It is a thriving place of a thousand inhabitants, sustained by neighboring mines, and by some thousands of acres of irrigated farms, which furnish an instructive and indisputable object-lesson of the future possibilities of the whole valley when under irrigation. The seat of the county Government is here, as also are the principal business houses, and a considerable trade is carried on with the more northern districts. Settlements, with every few miles a small town, line the entire western edge of the valley.

The geographical position of Honey Lake Valley is one that must give it great advantage in the future railroad development of California and the western country. It lies on the extreme western edge of the great inter-mountain plateau, at the door of California proper, and the two principal gates through the Sierra Nevada range, the Beckwith and Deer Creek passes, are approached through it. Through the Beckwith pass, railroad surveys are already being made for the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railway, recently incorporated by some of California's millionaires and leading business men, and which gives more substantial promise of a competing transcontinental road than any previous project of its kind. Several surveying parties are in the field now doing permanent work—the preliminary data from which the route was decided upon having been obtained some time ago.

The Beckwith route leads naturally through the center of the valley, finding its eastern outlet through Astor pass into the Pyramid Lake country, and striking the present line of the Central Pacific Railroad in the vicinity of Wadsworth. By this route, the line from the headwaters of the Feather, through Sierra, Long, Honey Lake and Pyramid valleys will be easy of construction, and practically throughout a level country, the greater portion of which is now rapidly developing into farming lands, with some thousands of acres already under cultivation.

The Deer Creek Pass lies just beyond Susanville, and any railroad seeking it as an inlet into California must cross this corner of Honey Lake Valley, if it should not traverse its entire breadth.

The climate is superb, and as it is aptly termed in the advertisements of

A Glimpse of the Lake.

the irrigation company, a "happy medium." The altitude at the lake level is a few feet less than four thousand, and the air is dry and tonic. The healthfulness of the people is noticeably good, and a number who were attracted here in hope of relief from asthmatic and consumptive troubles gave glad testimony of recovered health. The mortality percentage is claimed to be the lowest in the State, and exceptionally low as to children.

While colder weather is experienced in winter than in western California, a careful record covering several years shows the lowest point marked by the thermometer to have been four degrees above zero—and this was colder by about ten degrees than at any other time during the same winter. There was no day recorded when the mercury was not at some time above the freezing point. The ground seldom freezes enough to prevent plowing, and work progressed at the construction camp of the irrigation company practically without interruption during the last winter, there having been some six or seven days only of lost time. Snow falls deep on the surrounding mountains, and on some of the high peaks lies almost perpetually, but on the level it never more than whitens the ground for a day or two at a time. The weather record referred to shows the maximum snowfall in the valley during the winter of '89-'90 to have been six inches, and during the last winter seven inches.

The record of the summer weather presents fewer extremes than that of winter. One hundred degrees marked the hottest day, which in the dry air of this altitude is not uncomfortable working weather. Eighty-five to ninety-five Fahrenheit is the usual summer weather, and the variations between day and night temperatures

"Uncle George."

during the warm months are noticeably less than in the interior valleys of the State.

Some of the sunsets seen are inspirational. The coloring is not rich and full, but rather a soft and delicate tinting, exquisitely and indescribably beautiful. There are many bits of landscape, too, to attract the artist to the valley; the lake, the pine-clad hills, the fields of green and gold, with here and there an orchard-embowered home or a bunch of cattle, forming combinations well worthy a water color.

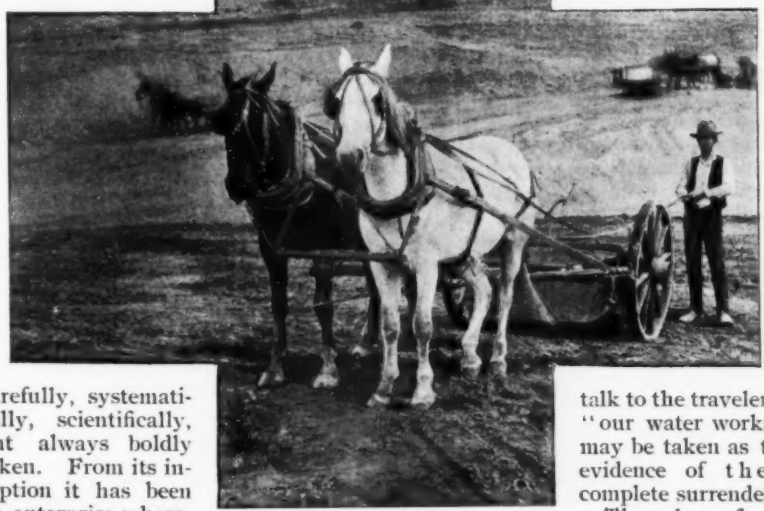
The widespread interest in the Honey Lake Valley which is now fast peopling it with hardy home makers follows from the coming here of the two factors which will always be chief and first in the development of our western country. The railroad is already built, and the water ditch is rapidly building.

The Nevada-California-Oregon Railway runs north from Reno, Nevada, almost through the valley, finding its terminus at the northern edge. Its connection with the Southern Pacific system at Reno affords an outlet for the farmers' products, which can go thence to either Eastern or Western markets. Rates for out freights are as favorable as from other parts of California similarly distant from the seaboard—grain and staple products being hauled to tide-water for five dollars a ton. As the railroad has been built into the valley for a short time only, and has yet developed but a limited tonnage, this rate is considered favorable by the residents. The largely increased traffic that will result next year from the general irrigation of the valley is expected to bring about lower rates, and the completion of the Great Salt Lake road within a few years will place the valley people in possession of much better railroad facilities than will be enjoyed by most of California.

The great irrigation project which has directly attracted the settlements now making in the Honey Lake Valley is a striking example of American

A Corner of the Valley.

and of young American enterprise. A short time ago the broad valley was regarded, except for the few farms along the base of the Sierras and bordering Susanville, as a sage-brush waste, yet in less than three years from the first observation and preliminary work, one hundred thousand acres will have been transformed into irrigated farms, and from a desert will have sprung a peopled principality. Every step has been carefully, systematically, scientifically, but always boldly taken. From its inception it has been an enterprise wherein there has been no time for hesitation or doubt; and with the volatile progressiveness of business-bred young men, its projectors have pushed it ceaselessly and determinedly, ignoring the cautions of friends, despising the doubts and calumnies of meddlesome neighbors, and confident always in themselves and the intrinsic merit and feasibility of their project. Their victory has been a brave and complete one, for not only have they had to overcome physical and engineering obstacles, but to instil with their own faith all of the thousand new settlers who have come to make homes on Government lands under the irrigation ditches. The older settlers, who first regarded the newcomers with passing commiseration, then with awakening interest which deepened to open hostility in many cases, have been won over by the unobtrusive persistence with which predicted obstacles have been overcome, and predicted failures successfully transposed. The possessive way in which they now talk to the traveler of "our water works" may be taken as the evidence of their complete surrender.



The Wheel-Scraper.

The plan of development followed by the promoters of this enterprise is entirely original, and combines the principles of co-operation with personal and sound business management. They found here a valley of a quarter million acres of land naturally dry, but of great fertility under irrigation. They found a stream which drains four hundred square miles of mountain area, but whose torrent of water is intermittent and available for use by storage only. They determined by careful investigations and surveys, the site for the great dam and its feasibility the probable cost of the

proposed irrigation system, and the extent and location of the lands susceptible of irrigation. Then they invited the home seeker everywhere to come to the valley and take land from the Government by virtue of his citizen's rights, and to contribute with money or labor to the building of the water system.

Their success demonstrates the value of the opportunity afforded the newcomer, and the efficacy of clever but truthful advertising. One year ago the first land entry was made. To-day, fifty thousand acres have been claimed from the Government and water rights for their irrigation contracted with the company, while every day brings more new seekers to increase the colony. Nearly all the entries are for small tracts, generally eighty acres, by farming people, insuring the earliest possible development of the country.

The land seeker, stopping at Taylor's Camp Station on the railroad, is met by the company's conveyance and taken to the construction headquarters a half mile distant. Here he is first housed and fed, and then provided with a team and guide to view the valley and land available for entry. Maps and explanatory printed matter are furnished, and an engineer is always at hand to explain the plans and work progressing. Then, if he be minded to join the community of land takers, his papers are made out and sworn before a United States Court Commissioner, to be forwarded through the local land office to Washington. For a perpetual water right to his farm he pays six and a quarter dollars an acre—one-fifth down and the remainder upon completion of the water system, and delivery of water therefrom to his land. He pays in labor, or cash, or both, as he wishes. He is allowed a dollar and a half a day, with board, for his labor, and a dollar a day, with feed, for the labor of his team. He is housed by the company, or, if he has a family, he builds a cabin among many others in the camp, and lives at home, receiving an allowance of provisions in lieu of his board.

All of the hundred and fifty men and hundred teams who were engaged on the construction work during my visit are land locators, who are working out their water contracts. All of them, therefore, have a direct community interest in the scheme, to this extent securing to it the benefits of the best principles of coöperation, while its business management, always fairly but firmly maintained remains in the projectors of the enterprise. All of these people appeared contented and confident, and many were enthusiastic.

The land law under which the locator takes from the Government is

known as the Desert Act. Its provisions in effect are that the government will sell the land to its citizens, or intended citizens, for a dollar and a quarter an acre in consideration of their redeeming it by irrigation from its native sterility. Not less than forty nor more than three hundred and twenty acres may be located by one person—although women, married or single, enjoy the same rights as men. No residence on the land is required as under the homestead law. Twenty-five cents of the government price is paid with the application to enter, and the remaining one dollar when irrigation shall have been accomplished and proven. Three years are allowed in which to get the water on the land, and four years in which to make proofs. The water contracts of the company assure the irrigation of the lands in complete compliance with the law, and provide also for the necessary evidence thereof.

The land and water right costs the locator, therefore, a total of seven and a half dollars an acre. It does not need a land expert to see that their value will greatly exceed this, when titled and irrigated, although a number of experts in reports to the company have graded the irrigated lands at from forty to one hundred dollars an acre. Among the lands already watered in the valley I could find none, having an adequate water right, that were for sale for less than one hundred dollars.

The company keeps open house at its camp, and every newcomer, whether he be a land seeker or a mere pleasure seeker, is cordially welcomed. Entertainment for man and beast is free to everyone, and care is taken to make everyone feel comfortable and at home. It is quite frankly admitted that this is done as a method of advertising which has already brought successful results, as disinterested people who have come, and seen, and been conquered, are a most effective medium of spreading the terms and attractions of the proposition. It was quite to be expected that I should find among the small army of workmen at the camp, the blacksmith and the accountant, the engineer and the foreman, and all the others who are necessary factors in a busy community of its kind; but to find an "entertainer"—one whose only duty is to see that the visitor is hospitably entertained and put at his ease, and all without a penny of pay, was certainly a novel experience. And I doubt if in the whole world another could be found more at home in the position than "Cap." Tactful, tireless, versatile and of most genial presence, it needs but an introduction to "Cap." to feel at home and unrestrained, and I shall never forget how much of the freedom and pleasure of my week's visit at the

Building the Big Dam.

busy scene of operations of this great enterprise, was due to his thoughtful and cheerful attentions. To "Cap." I refer with confidence any of my readers who may pay the great new Honey Lake Valley a visit.

Lake Greeno is the post-office name of the construction headquarters, although the earlier one of Taylor's Camp still clings to it. Lake Greeno is named after one of the sturdy old pioneers of the neighborhood, Uncle George Greeno, and is in part recognition of his steadfast endorsement of the enterprise through all the time when his neighbors were doubting. Uncle George is a character in his way, and takes a lively and fatherly interest in the "young folks." He is never quite so happy as when he can bring some of the quondam doubters over to the camp and say to them, "I told you so."

The *morale* of the camp is surprisingly high. No strictly Presbyterian New England village could be more quiet or orderly, although here is a gathering of people from all places and climes, settled in a new country under border conditions which usually lead to license in behavior by even people of the best training. But those who are here came with a sober purpose, and having no time for idleness have no time for mischief. There is nothing in the proposition to attract the rowdy or the drone. No intoxicants are permitted in the camp, and, while they might be covertly obtained from some of the neighboring towns, I satisfied myself by close inquiry that liquor was very rarely to be found there, and then only when brought in by some visitor. Only once in the history of the camp has one of its members been intoxicated, and the next day he deserted in shame—remaining away for a week or more. And after his return he was so unmercifully guyed by his fellow-workers that the manager had to interfere in his behalf. There never

Coming in to Dinner.

A Pioneer's Home.

has been a fight or a scandal since the establishment of the camp a year and a half ago. Over three hundred people constituted the camp at the time of my visit, including thirty or more families and a school with forty children. Many others were living in primitive cabins on their land claims throughout the valley. A dancing and social club of the younger members had built an amusement hall, serving for dances and other entertainments, and for a church, whenever a minister or elder to preach, can be found among the visitors.

The figures explanatory of the great scheme are instructive, but can hardly bring a full conception of its importance to the lay mind. One hundred and fifty thousand acres of level valley, in a compact body, will be watered and become productive of crops—an area greater than many of the important farming districts of the country. If the dam and reservoir were in San Francisco, the former would be higher than the Palace Hotel, and nearly as high as the Chronicle or Crocker building, while the waters of the reservoir would cover all the business part of the city from Washington street on the north to Channel street on the south, and from the City Hall to the ferry—leaving only the church steeples and tallest buildings to be seen above the flood. The irrigating canals will exceed in length the streets of the city.

It is the later advancements in

"Cap."

engineering and construction science that make this immense work possible. Were such work done with shovels and wheelbarrows it would cost a king's ransom, but with the wheeled scraper and improved ditching machines, using horses, and the greatest economy in the expenditure of force, it is much less of an undertaking. It is yet a great enterprise.

The precision and rapidity with which the work on the great dam proceeds testifies to the superior workmanship of interested workers, and to thorough organization and management. Every man has his work to do and knows it, and each one seems to feel that the building of his own home is the object of his employment. Undeniably this feeling of proprietorship by these workers is an incentive which gets from them a greater day's labor than they would give for any wages. I stood, one day during my visit, with a wealthy contractor who had amassed a fortune in similar work, watching the endless circle of scrapers which were wheeling in the material for the dam. This contractor had come to propose a contract for the work, thinking he could do it for less than the present management, but after a close study of the work in progress he declined to bid, and said that he would willingly pay a half more than ruling prices for such workers if he could get them. The construction work is largely done, and the end is in sight.

I think California will have occasion to recognize with gratitude the example of this irrigation development of the Honey Lake Valley. Millions have been spent elsewhere in the State in irrigation projects, which have had the backing of unlimited capital and the management of experienced promoters, and in nearly all cases with inadequate results. The new citizens and tax-payers who have become Californians, and the lands which have been made either newly or more largely productive, have not been numerous or extensive in proportion to the expenditures involved. But here have two young men, boasting neither the experience nor backing of these exemplars and taking for the scene of their operations a little known and desert corner of the State, found home seekers and established homemakers on thousands of acres transformed by their work from sterility to high fertility. The dual accomplishment of both the irrigation and the settlement of the lands of the Honey Lake Valley is its striking aspect, and to have accomplished this by the very force of business genius, with the nucleus of a clever idea only, certainly deserves for them both great admiration and commendation. The sincerest praise will doubtless be the following of their plans in other places.

U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear" Communicating with Siberian Deermen.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

ALASKA AND THE REINDEER.

BY LIEUT. J. C. CANTWELL.

THE landing from the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, at Port Clarence, Alaska, during the month of July, 1892, of a herd of 180 domesticated reindeer purchased in Siberia, together with four native Siberian herders, marks the establishment of the first herd of the kind on the Western continent. This is an event of more than ordinary importance. If it is successful it will create throughout Northern and Central Alaska a new food supply in place of the walrus, whale, fish and fur-bearing land animals that are yearly becoming scarcer and more difficult to obtain.

Furnished a better and surer food supply, the native Eskimo population now decreasing in numbers may reasonably be expected to increase; and changing them from mere hunters to herdsmen will be the first upward step toward their civilization. With the increase and civilization of the natives and the general introduction of domesticated reindeer herds throughout Alaska, the vast unknown interior of our northern province can be thoroughly explored. Lines of communication between distant settlements can be kept open during the long winter months and the frigid, bleak and now comparatively useless plains of that little known region will become a source of wealth and prosperity to the land.

The ultimate necessity of the U. S. Government, either to feed the Eskimos or provide some means by which they can feed themselves, has yearly been growing more apparent. In the past there was a large population of coast Eskimos, whose food supply was derived from the pursuit of the whale, walrus and hair seal. At Point Barrow, in 1828, Captain Beechey found Nuwuk a village of 1,000 people; in 1863, there were 309, while now there are not

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, U. S. General Agent of Education for Alaska.

more than 100. In 1826, Captain Beechey found a large population at Cape Franklyn; to-day it is without an inhabitant. The same authority states that at Schismareff Inlet there was a village having a population, in 1826, of from 1,500 to 2,000. It has now but three houses, and the total population does not exceed twenty-five. At the beginning of the century, the population of Point Hope was nearly 2,000; now it is less than 350. Mr. John W. Kelly, who has written a monograph on Alaska, says:

"The Kavea country is almost depopulated, owing to the scarcity of game, which has been killed or driven away. * * * The coast tribes between Point Hope and Point Barrow have been cut down in population so as to be almost obliterated. The Kook-pov-a-ros of Point Lay have only three huts left, the Oo-too-kas of Icy Cape one hut, the Koogamutes have only three settlements of from one to four families, and Sezera, whose people were 'once as countless as the grains of sand,' cannot muster a hundred inhabitants." Finally, in all Alaska, there are probably to-day not more than 25,000 Eskimos.

The extermination of these people has been largely effected by the advent of whalers into the Arctic Ocean. Fifty years ago, the great whaling fleets, then numbering more than five hundred sail, having nearly exhausted the supply in the Atlantic and South Pacific Oceans, found their way further and further north, destroying the whales by hundreds and thousands annually, until they were driven for refuge out of the Pacific into the Arctic Ocean, and thither the whalers followed. In this relentless hunt the remnants of the once innumerable schools of whales have been driven still further into the inaccessible region around the North Pole, and are no longer within the reach of the natives.

As it was with the whale, so it has become with the walrus, which furnished not only food, but material for the construction of boats and houses for the natives. The work of killing

Native Pipe.

the animals for their tusks alone has been prosecuted with such vigor, during the last quarter century by the whaling fleet, that the walrus, as a food supply, is already practically extinct.

In the past the natives of the interior living along the banks of the many

rivers flowing into Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, caught and cured for use during the long winter months, quantities of fish. But American canneries have already been located on many of the streams, and both carry food out of the country, and by their wasteful methods destroy the future supply. Five million cans of salmon annually are packed and exported from Alaska, and the business still in its infancy, means starvation for the natives who depend on this source of food.

The condition of the natives on the Siberian side of Bering Straits, subject to the same climatic conditions and with almost identical environment, is so much better than that of the Alaskan Eskimos that it is apparent to the most casual observer. When the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, visited the country in 1890 for the purpose of locating suitable sites for native schools, he did not fail to observe and comment on this difference. "What was the reason?" he asked; and having ascertained the cause of distress among the Eskimos he set about with characteristic energy to devise a remedy.

In the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Lapland and Siberia the domesticated reindeer is food, clothing, house, furniture and transportation to the people. Its milk and flesh furnish food, its marrow and tongue are considered choice delicacies, and its blood mixed with the contents of the stomach is made into a favorite dish called in Siberia, *manyalla*. Its intestines are cleaned, filled with tallow and eaten as a sausage. Its skin is made into clothes, bedding, tent covers, harness, ropes, cords and fish lines, and the hard skin of the fore-legs makes an excellent covering for snowshoes. Its sinews are dried and pounded into strong and lasting thread. Its bones are soaked in seal oil and used as fuel, and its horns are made into various kinds of household implement. and weapons, and used in the manufacture of sleds. In Central and Northern Alaska are vast rolling

Herd of Domesticated Reindeer, and Temporary Village of Siberian Deermen.

Temporary Village of Siberian Deermen, Northwest Coast of Siberia.

plains of moss- and grass-covered land that are especially adapted by nature for the grazing of reindeer, and are practically useless for any other purpose. In the corresponding regions of Lapland, Arctic Norway, Sweden and Russia are 27,000 people (about the same in number as the Alaskan Eskimos) supporting themselves and procuring their food and clothing

Prof. Charles H. Townsend, Naturalist, U. S. Fish Commission.

largely from their 400,000 domesticated reindeer, besides paying to their respective Governments the annual sum of $400,000, or $1 per head, as a tax on their herds.* Also in the corresponding region of Siberia, with similar climate and soil and only forty miles distant at the straits, there are thousands of Tchukchees, Koraks and other tribes of deermen fed and clothed and housed by their herds of tens of thousands of domesticated reindeer.

With a knowledge of these facts, Dr. Jackson asked Captain Healy, the commander of the *Bear*, who has been for a number of years on the Arctic Station of the Revenue Cutter Service, if it would not be a practical solution of the Eskimo food problem to purchase herds of reindeer from the Siberians, transport them across the straits, and, under certain restrictions, introduce the system of herding them in Alaska for the benefit of the natives. Captain Healy's answer to this query was that he not only considered the project perfectly feasible, but that he knew of no better one for the amelioration of the condition of the Eskimos and the ultimate development of the country. He had recommended the measure in several of his reports to the Treasury Department at Washington, and in fact, Prof. Charles H. Townsend, the well-known naturalist of the United States Fish Commission, had accompanied an expedition sent out from the revenue cutter *Corwin* in the year 1885 for the exploration of a part of

*Paul Du Chaillu. Land of the Midnight Sun. Vol. 2, pp. 167-168.

Northern Alaska, under the command of Lieutenant J. C. Cantwell. He had examined the subject very carefully, and was the first person ever to suggest the scheme. Prof. Townsend's plan* met with the full approval and endorsement of Captain Healy, at that time in command of the *Corwin*, and was submitted to the authorities in Washington. But Alaska is a long distance from headquarters and governments move slowly. The duties of the revenue cutters in the Arctic were already so multifarious and exacting that the Chief of that service could not see his way clear to a successful handling of so comprehensive a scheme, and the matter was left to grow musty with age in the safe seclusion of a governmental pigeon-hole.

When Dr. Jackson finished his duties in the Arctic and returned to Washington, one of his first acts was to place the matter of introducing reindeer into Alaska before Congress, in the form of a bill for aid from the National Government. In the course of the investigation of the subject which followed, the project seemed almost doomed to defeat and failure on account of the objections and adverse criticisms with which it was greeted from a score of sources. Some of the people who did all they could to influence public opinion against the measure, had only to express their views in print in order to show their entire ignorance of the subject. But when George Kennan, the famous Siberian traveler, asserted that the natives on one side of the straits would never be induced to sell live reindeer to foreigners on account of their deep-rooted superstitions, and when Ivan Petroff, the Alaskan census-taker, declared with equal force that the Eskimo would never give up his roving hunter's life to become a mere herdsman, and further that the reindeer if introduced would be speedily worried to death and the herds destroyed by native dogs, the Committee of Congressmen having the bill in charge were disheartened, and, although it passed the Senate without opposition, it died without action in the Lower House. Meanwhile the friends and believers in the scheme did not despair. Finding that Congress was not disposed to act promptly in the matter, an appeal for aid was made to the philanthropic public through the medium of the press of the Eastern and Middle States. Among the papers which took the matter up, the New York Mail and Express, Boston Transcript, Philadelphia Ledger, Chicago Inter-Ocean and Washington Star

Ran-en-ka.
[From a photo. by Dr. S. J. Call.]

*Report of the Cruise of the Revenue Cutter *Corwin* in the Arctic Ocean, p. 83 United States Government Printing Office, Washington, 1885.

were prominent, and by their efforts the sum of two thousand dollars was raised in the course of a few weeks from private subscriptions for the purpose of starting the work. From the heads of departments in Washington came substantial aid and encouragement. The Secretary of State obtained official leave from the Russian Minister for Dr. Jackson to visit any part of N. W. Siberia for the purpose of purchasing reindeer from the natives, and the Secretary of the Treasury furnished transportation to the far-away land on the revenue cutter *Bear*, and issued instructions to Captain Healy to render all possible aid to Dr. Jackson which would not interfere with the regular duties of the vessel. Early in the spring of 1891 the *Bear* left San Francisco, having on board a supply of trade goods, consisting of axes, hatchets, knives, steel traps, cotton cloth, beads, tobacco, flour, molasses, powder, lead and caps, and a few breech-loading fire-arms for the purpose of barter with the Tchuckchee deermen. It is not difficult to imagine the mingled feelings of hope and fear with which the friends of this new form of charity waved a last good-bye to the *Bear* as she passed out through the Golden Gate and once more turned her prow northward toward the Frozen Ocean. It was not until nearly three months later that the *Bear*, after weeks of battling with the ice, succeeded in approaching close enough to the Siberian shore to communicate with the natives. A party of deermen were found encamped during the month of August on the shores of Chaun Bay with a herd of a thousand reindeer quietly grazing near a temporary village.

Capt. M. A. Healy, U. S. R. M., Commanding U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear."

The time for negotiations had arrived.

With the perfect knowledge of the peculiar dispositions of these people, which Captain Healy has acquired by long years of study and close observation, it is not strange that he should now take the utmost precautions to prevent the natives from breaking their promise made to him a year before, to sell Dr. Jackson a few live reindeer to be taken to Alaska should he again visit the country. The natives were invited on board the ship, and allowed to trade their furs as is customary with visiting ships, and then a party of the officers visited the shore to partake of the native hospitality. It having been decided to kill a reindeer to furnish a feast for the visitors, one was selected from the herd and caught by throwing a lasso over its horns. It was then

quietly led off to some distance from the rest of the animals and preparations for slaughtering it were made as follows: The family of the owner of the animal seated themselves in a circle around the deer, and while one young man held it securely by the horns another stood near by armed with a large knife ready to give the fatal blow when the proper time had arrived. The head of the family, a patriarchal-looking old man, now advanced, and bowing profoundly toward the East, began a sort of incantation or prayer. This was repeated three times, and at the final ending the native executioner plunged his knife into the heart of the reindeer, and it sank down on the ground almost without a struggle. The old man now advanced and plucking out some of the hair of the dying deer, he moistened it with its blood and blew it toward the four points of the compass. The ceremony was brought to an end by a repetition of the prayer uttered, with the face turned toward the East. All the first day of the *Bear's* visit was spent in feasting. Captain Healy provided unlimited quantities of the ship's "hard bread" of which the natives are very fond, and by a judicious distribution of small presents put everybody in good humor. Of course the natives knew perfectly well that the special object of the *Bear's* visit to this particular point was to obtain reindeer alive for transportation to Alaska, and sooner or later the subject would be discussed. But as undue haste would undoubtedly have rendered the natives suspicious and intractable, Captain Healy made no mention of his desires until the next day. The principal men of the village were then called together by Captain Healy, who told them that the *Bear* would sail away the next day, but before going Dr. Jackson wished to buy a few live reindeer to take with him to Alaska. He argued to the natives that they had more deer than they could possibly use, while each year the herds grew larger and had to be driven further for pasture; that there was plenty of good pasture in Alaska, and the deer would be well cared for, and furthermore, that as much would be given for one live reindeer as could be obtained for twenty of their skins. Why not sell Dr. Jackson a few while he was here, and ready to give such good prices for them? To these words of Captain Healy, which were translated to the Siberians, Ran-en-ka, a gray-haired and shrewd old deerman, after a long debate with his comrades, replied that he had listened to Captain Healy and his words were true. What he said was good, and the natives all believed him and trusted him because he had always done as he had promised to do with them. Had he not brought presents of guns and flour to the Siberians who found the lost sailor from the whale ship and kept him for two years? And did he not also bring plenty of presents of guns, knives, hatchets, flour and tobacco to the Tchukchees at St. Lawrence Bay who fed the sailors when their ship was burned?* Furthermore, had not Captain Healy's doctor caused the pain in Ran-en-ka's shoulder to go when the Shaman (native doctor) had tried and failed? Last year, he, Ran-en-ka had promised Captain Healy to let him take away some reindeer alive, and now he would not run away. There among the herd on shore he owned a hundred. Let Captain Healy and Dr. Jackson choose which ones they wanted, and Ran-en-ka's young men would bring them down and put them into the boat.

Native Boots.

Ran-en-ka had hardly ceased speaking when Katie-cha, another influential native, arose and said he had fifty reindeer. Let Captain Healy take his choice. Others would have followed the

* U. S. Steamer *Rodgers* burned at St. Lawrence Bay in 1882. Officers and crew cared for by natives until rescued.

example of these two had it been desirable to purchase any more reindeer at this place, but both Dr. Jackson and Captain Healy thought it more advisable to visit other parts of the coast and purchase a small number of the animals at different settlements with a view of creating among the deermen a general desire to engage in the traffic. After the first lot of deer had been safely taken on board the *Bear*, not the slightest difficulty was experienced in purchasing the animals at any of the settlements visited. It was not the intention of Dr. Jackson, however, to transport a large number of reindeer to Alaska the first year, as there were still many points to be considered, and the manner of handling the matter was still in its experimental stage. Among the reasons advanced by some of the would-be experts in reindeer propagation as to why the animals could never be successfully transplanted into Alaska, were the statements often repeated that the reindeer would not eat food that was not fresh, or had been handled, and that they could not, for this reason and for others too numerous to mention, endure a sea voyage, and finally that the character of the mossy plains of Siberia was entirely different from that in Alaska, in consequence of which the transported animals would starve. In order to test the correctness of these surmises and opinions it was decided to bring only a very few reindeer over the first year, and to subject these to the hardest conditions for existence that they would probably ever have to endure in Alaska. In accordance with this idea a band of sixteen reindeer were purchased and transported in the revenue cutter *Bear*, from Siberia to the Aleutian Islands, necessitating a journey by sea of fully a thousand miles. They were safely landed on Unalaska Island, and turned loose to shift for themselves near a native village where there were a half hundred idle dogs, left entirely to their own devices and presumably with no scruples about worrying or killing deer. When the deer were landed from the ship they were in excellent condition, and although left absolutely unattended and unprovided for over a year, everyone of the little band wintered successfully, and when seen by the writer in the month of August, 1892, they were in superb condition. While hunting on a small island in Captain's Bay, a harbor of Unalaska Island, the writer, accompanied by Captain A. M. Brown, U. S. A., saw nine of the reindeer quietly feeding in a little glade not a quarter of a mile from the native village of Illiliuk. They were very tame, and allowed us to approach them, and even stroke their sleek sides without the slightest evidence of uneasiness.

When the *Bear* reached Unalaska early in June last, on her way North, Dr. Jackson, who was again a passenger on board, was rejoiced to find the reindeer at this place in such good condition, and it was with greatly increased feel ngs of confidence and encouragement that the second season's work among the Tchukchees and Eskimos of the far North was taken up. The space allotted for this article will not permit of a detailed description of this year's work in purchasing the reindeer required to start an experimental station on American soil. Let it suffice to say that the northwest coast of Siberia was again visited by the *Bear*, and everywhere the vessel touched she was warmly welcomed. Reindeer were offered for sale without reserve by the Tchukchees, now eager to engage in the trade. The news of the sale of the small band of deer the previous season had spread with astonishing quickness over the country, and seeing that no harm befell their fellow-herdsmen who first sold deer, the natives were all anxious to sell. The price of reindeer fell under the influence of competition from $10.00 to as low as $4.25, each in a single season, and had it been desirable to purchase all that were offered thousands could have been obtained at an average cost of

$4. As it was, the time which the *Bear* might devote to this special work was limited, and Dr. Jackson was compelled to be satisfied with the purchase of 185 choice animals. Of this number, 180 were safely landed at Port Clarence, just south of Bering Strait, and three were placed on St. Paul Island, one of the Pribylof group, to ascertain the possibility of the animals living and breeding there. The two remaining animals were killed to furnish a supply of fresh meat, which at the present time cannot be obtained by ships anywhere in this part of Alaska.

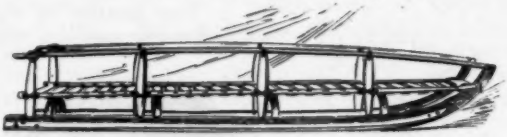
A Siberian Deerman.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call]

The history of this great philanthropic and economic measure would not be complete without some allusion to the manner in which it is proposed to put the reindeer into the possession of the Eskimos.

To one who is acquainted with the roving, improvident nature of these people, it would seem at first glance impossible that they could be brought to a realizing sense of the important bearing the introduction of reindeer in their midst would have upon their lives, and the necessity of guarding the valuable herds from destruction. It is more than likely that unless some system of protection was introduced along with the deer, they would soon fall victims either to the rapacity of roving hunting parties, or become scattered and destroyed by dogs or wild animals. Dr. Jackson's long experience as a missionary among the Indians stood him in good stead at this juncture. He saw the necessity of making individual natives more or less responsible for the deer left in their vicinity, and with that end in view a scheme was evolved which, so far as human judgment can foresee, promises to be successful in all its features.

On the north shore of Port Clarence, a spacious harbor about seventy-five miles south of Bering Straits, a comfortable house was erected last summer and furnished with all necessary supplies to maintain its occupants for one year. At this station Mr. Minor W. Bruce, a gentleman who has had considerable experience among our western Indians, accompanied by another white man, has been left in charge. With Mr. Bruce are four Siberian deermen, who, at the solicitation of Captain Healy, were induced to leave their homes on the western side of the straits and give their services to the station for one year. The herd of reindeer will be under the care of the Siberians and native Eskimos who will be selected from among the brightest and most reliable natives living near the station. The herders are divided into first and second classes. The herders of the first-class are the four Siberians whose business it will be to teach the Eskimos the proper manner of herding and caring for the animals, and they will receive in payment for their services fifty dollars per annum each, with board, shelter and a sufficient quantity of native clothing free. The second-class herders, twelve in number, will be under the instruction of the Siberians while on duty with the herd, and will receive in payment their board, food and clothing as long as they remain in the employ of the Service. Each of the first-class Siberian herders will have under his immediate charge and instruction, at all times, three of the native Eskimos, the second-class herders. The watches are so arranged that the herd will never be left unattended by less than four men. In case of sickness of either of the Siberians, his place will be temporarily filled by a rearrangement of the hours of watch, each of the other Siberians taking his proportionate share of the work until their comrade returns to duty. Mr. Bruce is empowered to employ additional native help if it is necessary, and to discharge any one found lacking in interest, insubordinate or otherwise unfitted for the work, but he is especially charged to act in all cases of needed discipline with the utmost leniency consistent with a firm administration of justice. Dr. Jackson concludes his instructions to the superintendent of the station in these words:



Alaskan Sled.

Native Deer-skin Clothing.

"The Siberians being away from their homes and friends among a strange, and at times, jealous and suspicious people, need your especial care and protection. Take pains to make them feel that you have a fatherly interest in their welfare. I hope their treatment will be such that they will choose to remain permanently in our service."

The course of instruction of native Eskimos is at present designed to continue two years. If at the end of that time they have proved diligent and capable, each of them will be given a herd of ten reindeer as a start in life. The natives in the vicinity of the station have been warned, and have promised to keep their dogs away from the deer herds; and while no difficulty is expected in this quarter, it is perfectly understood, on both sides, that any strange dogs found molesting the deer will be shot down, and the owner will be suitably remunerated for his loss. Contrary to the generally expressed opinion, the Eskimos hail with delight the introduction of the reindeer, and

without exception are only awaiting the time when reindeer will be plentiful enough in Alaska, to kill their dogs and substitute the deer as a means of transportation. Many of the natives have begged to be supplied with small bands of imported reindeer which they will herd themselves. But as one or two failures of such private enterprises would doubtless cause the Eskimos to lose faith in the work of the station, it has been decided to delay any more general introduction of the animals until the knowledge of the proper manner of caring for them has become widely disseminated in the regular manner.

If the work of the Port Clarence station prospers, other stations will be built next year at points along the coast to be hereafter determined Government schools are already established and in operation at Cape Prince of Wales, Point Hope and Point Barrow in Arctic Alaska; and it is more than likely that in order to avoid unnecessary expense for new buildings the next herds will be located at these points. A small herd will also be brought over and sent up the Yukon River next season for use of the employees of the Northwest Trading and Transportation Company, whose headquarters are located in the center of the mining district of central Alaska.

We have now seen how and why the domesticated reindeer were purchased, where they have been landed in Alaska and where the next station will most likely be established. Now let us briefly glance at the country into which it is proposed to introduce this new factor of existence, which is destined to have an influence in its development, utterly beyond the comprehension of the public of the United States, whose knowledge of Alaska is confined to that comparatively small area covered by tourist routes, and chiefly remarkable for its scenic wonders.

Siberian Deermen Brought to Alaska with the First Herd.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

Alaska, as generally known to the reading public, is comprised in a narrow strip of territory lying north of Vancouver Island and west of British Columbia; a region of glacier-girt shores and timbered forests, of inaccessible snow-clad peaks and rich stores of mineral wealth—a land of perpetual interest—but by comparison with that Greater Alaska of which we write it bears about the same relation in point of size and importance as Florida does to the whole United States. The natives of southeast Alaska are not Eskimos, but belong

Ko-har-ra, the Richest Native in N. E. Siberia.
[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

to a distinct race descended in all probability from the Southern aborigines. Their condition in life is not especially hard, nor will they ever suffer for the simple necessities of life. The sea adjacent to their homes, tempered by the warm Japan current, is free from ice all the year and furnishes them an abundance of fish. The forests supply them with material for the construction of houses and boats and for fuel, and it abounds with game. Surrounded by a rapidly increasing white population, many of the natives find ready employment at remunerative wages, and the summer tourists, gazing for the first time on these "untutored children of nature," peddling their stock of San Francisco-made curios, fall ready victims to their wiles. Back of this narrow strip of country, separating it from Greater Alaska on the north, rugged ranges of ice-covered mountains set their cold shoulders against the sky, and oppose an almost impassable barrier to the explorer. What is beyond?

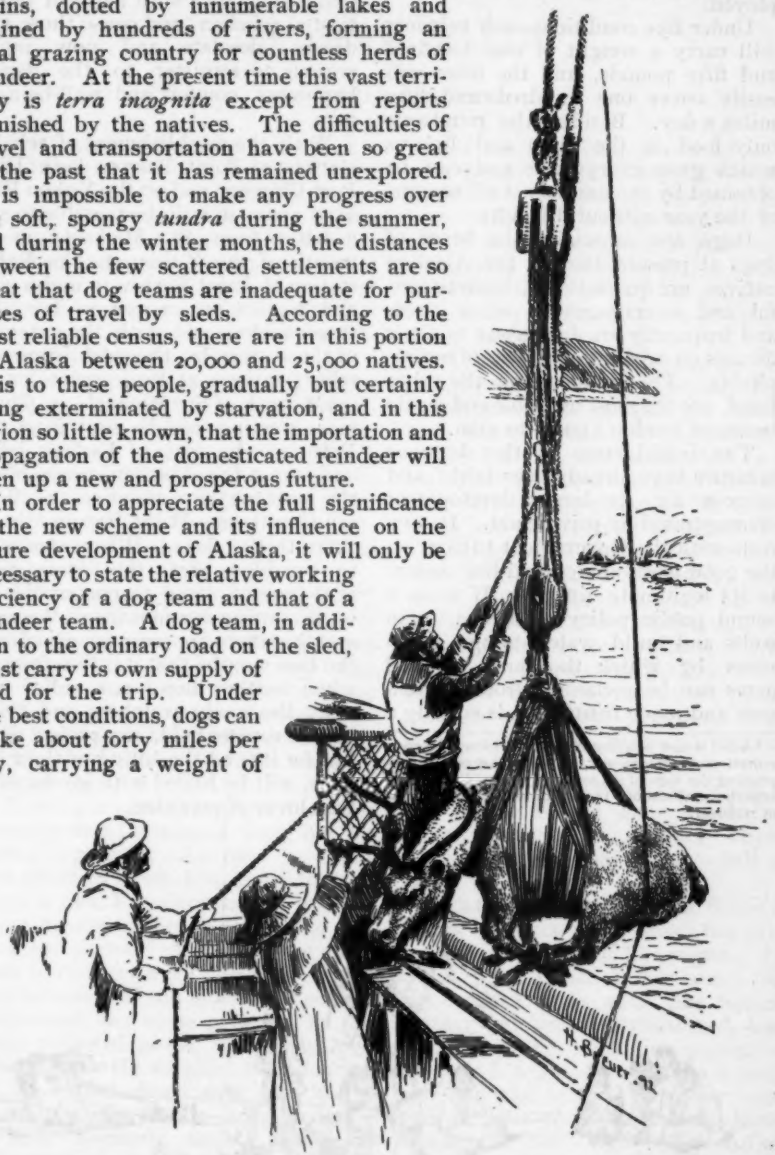
Following the lead of salt water through narrow channels and into deep fiords as far north as a ship may go, a few hardy explorers and prospecting miners have reached the head of Lynn Channel, and from thence found their way over the mountains through the Chilcat, or Chilcoot passes and so reached the headwaters of the mighty Yukon. But the effort to reach this point has been so great that further endeavors to explore the unknown interior with no other means of transportation than those available in the past, have invariably met with defeat and sometimes resulted in death.

If we draw a line from east to west through the mountain range which separates the headwaters of the Yukon from salt water on the south, that portion of the great territory of Alaska lying north of this line, with its western shores washed by the waters of Bering Sea and stretching away northward to the Arctic Ocean, occupies an area equal to the combined areas of all the New England and Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Here is a country of undulating, moss-covered plains, diversified here and there by forests of spruce and pine, white birch and cedar trees, with warm valleys clothed in verdure and sheltered from the cold winds by low ranges of mountains, none more than 3,000 feet high. Westward from the junction of the Tan-nen-nah and the Yukon rivers to Bering Sea, and northward to the Arctic Ocean, the country is, so far

Earrings.

as known, of the same general character. There are in this region between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of comparatively level moss- and grass-covered plains, dotted by innumerable lakes and drained by hundreds of rivers, forming an ideal grazing country for countless herds of reindeer. At the present time this vast territory is *terra incognita* except from reports furnished by the natives. The difficulties of travel and transportation have been so great in the past that it has remained unexplored. It is impossible to make any progress over the soft, spongy *tundra* during the summer, and during the winter months, the distances between the few scattered settlements are so great that dog teams are inadequate for purposes of travel by sleds. According to the most reliable census, there are in this portion of Alaska between 20,000 and 25,000 natives. It is to these people, gradually but certainly being exterminated by starvation, and in this region so little known, that the importation and propagation of the domesticated reindeer will open up a new and prosperous future.

In order to appreciate the full significance of the new scheme and its influence on the future development of Alaska, it will only be necessary to state the relative working efficiency of a dog team and that of a reindeer team. A dog team, in addition to the ordinary load on the sled, must carry its own supply of food for the trip. Under the best conditions, dogs can make about forty miles per day, carrying a weight of



Hoisting in a Reindeer on Board the "Bear."

[From a photograph by Assistant Engineer, A. L. Broadbent, U. S. R. M.]

about fifty pounds for each dog employed.

Under like conditions each reindeer will carry a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds, and the team will easily cover one hundred and fifty miles a day. Besides, the reindeer's only food is the moss and lichens which grow everywhere and can be obtained by the animals at all seasons of the year without difficulty.

Dogs, and especially the breed of dogs at present used by the Alaskan natives, are quarrelsome, become fretful and unmanageable when tired, and frequently are dangerous to their owners on account of attacks of hydrophobia. The reindeer, on the other hand, are the most tractable and docile beasts of burden known to man.

The initial steps in this humane measure have already been taken, and success for its larger development demonstrated by private aid. It now rests with the Government to carry on the good work and extend the system to its legitimate limits.* If it is a sound public policy to bore artesian wells and build water-storage reservoirs by which thousands of arid acres can be reclaimed from barrenness and made fruitful, it is equally a sound public policy to stock the plains of Alaska with herds of domesticated reindeer, and cause those vast, dreary, desolate and now useless regions to minister to the wealth, happiness, comfort and well-being of man.

W th the establishment of reindeer stations at Point Barrow, Point Hope, Port Clarence and on the Yukon River next year, it will be possible to send a letter from St. Michaels, at the mouth of the Yukon, to the Refuge station at Point Barrow in mid-winter, and receive an answer in less than three weeks; and with the extension of the system by the establishment of relay stations at three points on the coast south of St. Michaels, a Christmas greeting can be sent from San Francisco by way of Kodiak Island and across the Alaskan peninsula to the most northern point on the Western Continent—Point Barrow—in less than thirty days. When one stops to consider that the same point is at present closed to communication by ice during ten months of the year, and that there are seasons, even during the two months that it is free from ice, when neither news nor relief may reach the weary watchers and toilers in this remote field, any project which has for its end the lifting of their burdens, will be hailed with joy by every true lover of mankind.

* A bill is now pending before the House of Representatives, having passed the Senate last year, appropriating the sum of $15,000 for the establishment of experimental stations in Alaska for the propagation of reindeer.

THE WINDS OF FATE.

BY BEEBE CROCKER.

THE musicians were playing Jack's favorite waltz. A fine violinist rendered the air grandly on an equally fine violin, the other instruments bringing in the accompaniment in a sad undertone. Round and round the dancers whirled upon the waxed floor, the gay gowns of the ladies flitting in and out the scene like the ribbons of a Maypole dance.

"I must have one more," thought Jack, as, glancing among the dowagers in their costumes of emerald, lavender and maroon, he caught a glimpse of a slim, brown-eyed girl in white. In another moment one of her hands was within his, the other resting lightly upon his shoulder, and his arm around the slight waist.

"Your step is so like mine, Grace," he said, with a smile of content. This is the highest praise one waltzer bestows upon another, for whose step can be better than one's own? Grace smiled in answer; she danced well and had often been told this; still, Jack's praise was not like that of other men.

It was his last New York ball, for not only was the season over, but he was going away. An offer he could not afford to reject had come to him from a San Francisco house, and he must hasten thither. Should he ask Grace to go too? He was more than half in love with her; to-night under the influence of the music, her perfect movement, her close presence in the daisy-trimmed gown, he was in love altogether. He weighed his chances, as he looked down over her fluffy, dark hair, the white brow and the refined, womanly face. His heart was ready to speak, but his lips less apt at framing words than usual.

If she cared for him she made no sign. Her manner was gentle, but tinged with delicacy and reserve; it won his admiration but did not lure him on. One corner of the room had been turned into a quiet nook by the aid of heavy curtains, a seat wide enough for two, a lantern that gave a soft, dim light, and a tall palm; to this Jack conducted Grace when the dance was done.

"I wonder if you will miss me," he said, by way of prelude, but alas! he was defrauded of her answer. One of her elderly admirers sighted this scene from afar, and made what haste he could to break in upon it. He came forward, speaking as he neared them, and although he advanced with a halting step, there was nothing lame in the words he uttered. Jack, vexed at first, began, against his will to laugh at the older man's wit, and soon forgot the interruption. Then everybody found out how late it was and how tired they were; the excitement dropped from fever heat to far below zero; the worn-out dancers and on-lookers went home, some carrying remembrances of fancied or real conquests, and some wondering, since it had been so very stupid, why they had gone to the ball at all.

Jack thought of the little figure in white set in its niche under the palm with something very like regret. He called upon Grace at her home, but she chanced to be out. She had no mother but was trebly fathered, having, besides her remaining parent, an uncle and a grand-uncle, one a bachelor and the other a widower; one, two, or three of them were constantly taking her out. Again Jack called, upon the eve of his going, but found her pouring tea and the drawing-room filled with many ladies and a few gentlemen, for it was her afternoon

at home. She said good-by before them all, and spoke it sorrowfully.

The winds of fate were blowing westward, and Jack did not regret the winds. He determined to write to Grace; it would be better than speaking with so many uncles and fathers around; but one cannot write one's best upon the cars. Arriving in San Francisco, he was speedily introduced to his very senior partner's home, also to his daughter, who was a "Native Daughter," too. Her hair had the glint of true gold, and her complexion was marvelously fair. Jack lost his heart to her unaccountably and altogether. He did not write to Grace. Instead, he imitated Poe and wrote verse to Lenore, though in a different vein. And Lenore entertained him with amiable willingness. Though blinded by love, even Jack discovered it was the willingness of indifference. Her accomplishments were many, but she took pride in none of them. She was not sad, silent or gloomy; on the contrary, she was witty and bright, ever doing some entertaining thing in an utterly distracting way, yet with a careless grace as if nothing came from her heart. One day he had been called upon to admire a room that had been decorated and furnished after Lenore's design, in blue and silver and white; it was beautiful and he said so, though he felt a chill creep through his very bones as he regarded it; it seemed colder even than the fog without.

"A fire or the sunshine would make it perfect," he said; "but you care nothing for it, you would be quite as happy in a cottage with a sanded floor."

"Probably," she laughed, "for then I should go about tacking up a cornstalk dado and a frieze of fir branches or ferns."

"You care for nothing," he continued. "Though accustomed to purple and fine linen, you would wear an unbleached cotton gown with as much satisfaction as if it were the softest silk or lace."

"You are right, Jack; you are very right. I wish, oh how I wish I were as young as you!"

"As young as I?" he queried in astonishment.

"It would be delightful to set my heart upon things as do most girls of my age; to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them, and to cry about them when I do not."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said. "Because—because I love you!"

"I do not believe you care for me at all," she answered, in her indifferent voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully, "it may be you do, for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart."

"I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"Jack," she announced, "I like you. I find you most companionable. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is there any other man whom you could marry?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed; and I do not think I could accept even you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But, though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather, I would give the world to be sure you love me as fervently as I love you." His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fool to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love. Lenore, if I take the risk, will you marry me?"

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you."

His face was radiant. He had the

supreme confidence of youth. Their engagement was announced; Jack trod on air. Two weeks before the wedding he unexpectedly heard from Grace. Her father touched him upon the shoulder as he was crossing Market street, greeting him with expressions of joy.

"Grace is with me," he said, "and Jim and Uncle Tom. Grace drooped during the summer, and as soon as we suggested spending the winter in California she brightened wonderfully. Come and see her this evening."

Jack promised, feeling guilty. What if he had almost asked her to be his wife, had he not stopped honorably short of it? What could her father mean about her drooping and all that? It was so like a woman to find out she cared for a man after he had forgotten her. He must face the thing at once, and make known his engagement before he received further hints. But why had she drooped? Was it really for love of him? If so, and it were Lenore instead of this slim, dark girl —and yet—pshaw! Was he a fool who did not know his own mind?

He went early in the evening. The uncles were absent, and the father excused himself for a smoke in an adjoining room, with the most conscious manner possible. Grace seemed more slender than ever, but her sweet face was touched with feeling as she said: "It is good to see you once more, Jack."

He replied, affecting great cheerfulness, "It is more than good to see you again. We must nurse you up and make you strong once more. I am about to be married to a dear girl; you will be like sisters. I'll bring her to call upon—Grace, don't faint, child!"

Grace did not faint, though her lips grew white and the expression went out of her face.

"If you had only made some sign that night at the ball!" he exclaimed, trying, manlike, to free himself from blame. "I never guessed—"

"I wish I had died before I made this sign to-night," she said, denying nothing.

"Don't say that!" He made a movement to put his arms around her, but she drew away.

"Did she show her love for you—this girl of your heart?" she asked.

"Ah, no!" he began, sadly.

"She had no need," interrupted Grace. "Wait! from first to last you have been right; you never loved me. This is the truth, and it is not your fault that like most other truths it is brutal. You cannot forget to-night, but I know I shall have your silence. For me, do not fear. I ask no sympathy, and I make no moan."

Jack stood gulping down a lump in his throat. He was most strangely stirred. To be cared for was a luxury for which he hungered.

"Only a little less than love you gave me, Jack. Come again to see me and bring her—but say—good-night—now."

And Jack said good-night, bidding God to bless her, asking forgiveness, and saying other drearily trite things, instead of being either eloquent or silent. Why was his soul disquieted? Here were two women of whom any man might be proud; he loved one and one loved him; he was going to marry his choice. Could any man in reason ask for more?

He did not meet Grace again, then. She sent him a note saying they were leaving for the South; she wished him all good, and she was his friend faithfully. He kept the note but did not speak of her to his betrothed.

Lenore prepared for the wedding in her same old indifferent way, and the affair was the success of the season. Jack took his vows with much nervousness, yet in spite of intangible regrets and might-have-beens, he was her devoted slave. But as months passed and he failed to win any enthusiastic expression of affection from his wife, he was most unhappy. At last, he heard again from Grace, through one of her uncles, who looked haggard and wild.

"You are just in time," he said. "We are taking her home again; come."

Accepting the incoherent invitation, Jack followed him and saw Grace once more in white, with daisies scattered over her gown; but the daisies were not whiter than her face, and beneath her dress the form that had swayed so gracefully in the dance that night, was motionless and cold

He saw them off for the East; he bought the tickets for the three desolate men and the peaceful woman who was taking her last journey home. He knew the very spot in Greenwood where she would lie when it was done. He had said over her a fragmentary prayer, asking that she would transmit her love for him to Lenore, and he went to his own home hugging the hope that this prayer might he answered, but Lenore was at the piano in a musical mood.

"I dined," she said, "because you were so late. Are you hungry?"

"For food?" he asked. "No!"

"Jack," she exclaimed, with more temper than she had before displayed, "you look like a spectre. I cannot bear your morbid moods or tragic airs."

"It is not inspiriting," he said, "to find my wife incapable of affection."

"You wrong me!" she retorted, still in anger. "I did love once, but I shall never be so insane again."

"You deceived me, then?"

"By silence only. I did not wish to marry any other man. All I said was true."

"Tell me the whole truth now," he commanded, and she obeyed.

"I was little more than a child when a man, by constant attention, expressions of endearment and affectionate ways, won a feeling of worship from me. Whether he gave utterance to his honest feelings or flirted with me I do not know; but he 'passed away in silence,' and married an Eastern woman who was very rich in her own right. When he vanished from my life he killed all the love in my nature. I thought it might be sleeping, but if so, it would surely have waked at your call. I said I would marry you if you would take the risk of winning my love. You took the risk and—lost!"

Jack made no answer; he seemed turned to stone, with an expression upon his face which brought to hers a look of fear. She drew nearer, laying her hand upon his arm. He did not resent the touch or even seem to feel it.

"I wish it might be otherwise," in a tone that was almost tinged with emotion, "and that my heart did not seem dead in me. But remember—things will not always look so black to you as they do to-night. We grow accustomed to our fate. For it is fate, Jack; sit down and let me sing you the song I was beginning when you came."

He did not stir, but she sang the song.

"Two boats rocked on the river
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor,
And one was in love with the sea.

"Now the one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
And left the other longing
Forever against the shore."

Jack moved away, and was about to leave the house, but he returned, the last words of the song beating through his brain:

"The winds of fate blow ever
But ever blow amiss."

"Lenore," he said, "I too, have a story to tell. Until yesterday there was a woman who loved me. I knew her long ago, and only that I could never find her alone I should have asked her to be my wife, before I left New York. She came here with her uncles and her father a few months ago, because she drooped, they thought. She was not very ill; she needed only change and something to interest her in life. I called upon them and told her of my approaching marriage with you. The news not only opened death's door to her, but thrust her through it. Until

then I did not know she loved me. I could say nothing, but I felt as if some mob ought to take me out and hang me. She went South, and yesterday she died. An hour ago I saw her for the last time, a sleeping angel wrapped in a bit of cloud, and daisies —marguerites you call them—scattered in its folds. Colder than ice to the touch, but with a heart far warmer than yours, even now."

The look of fear deepened in Lenore's face.

"Jack!" she called, softly, "Jack!"

"I was a coward a year ago, fearing she might humble me by a refusal; and a fool, because I did not know the meaning of that tender look upon her face—a look no other woman has worn for me. Now she haunts me! In the grief of my remorse and the sorrow of my regret I see her always, a slim, brown-eyed girl sitting under a palm in that niche of long ago, and my spirit bows before the vision as before a shrine! Thank God, I have her ghost! Intangible as happiness though it may be, it is far more comforting than the presence of my wife."

He rushed away, leaving Lenore breathless with surprise.

"No harm will come to him," she said, "he has gone to his room. Poor Jack! I need not have been so brutally frank, but I'm glad I know. With a ghost for a rival I shall fear nothing in the flesh; most women are less fortunate. Only that I might drive him from the house, I'd play the dead march in Saul."

EUREKA.

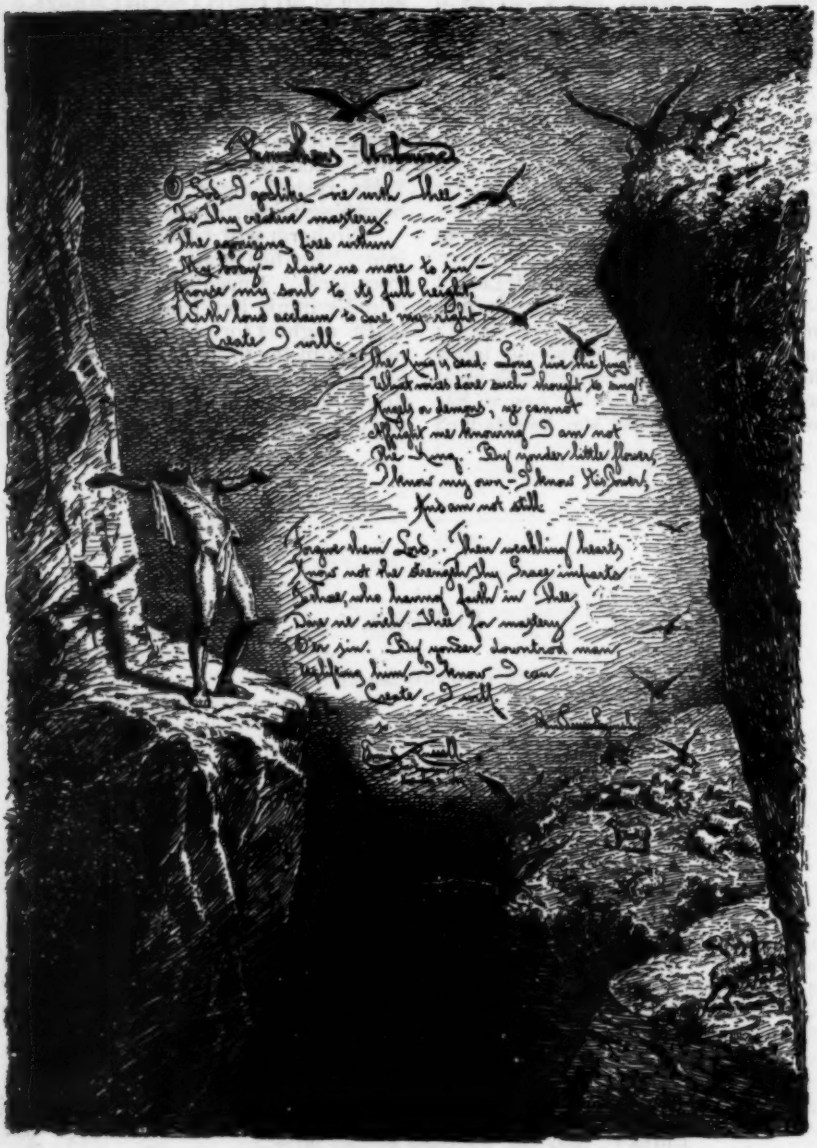
BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Land of the setting sun, thy vernal fields,
  Forever smiling 'neath an azure sky,
Are blessed with all that bounteous nature yields
  To joyous calls of busy husbandry.

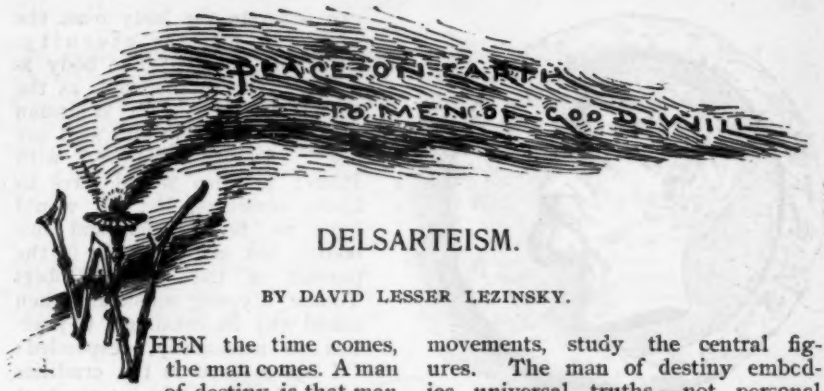
Land of the setting sun, where winter seems
  To smile in emerald ripples o'er thy vales,
Where spring brings bounding life, and flora yields
  Sweet loads of incense to thine evening gales.

Where summer suns mature the growing grains,
  Where giant pines the mountain-top uplifts
To ærial heights, where fertilizing rains
  Dispense with lavish hands their bounteous gifts.

Eureka! May thy youthful glories bless,
  In age, perennial—mantle time's decay
With fields of yellow grain, with verdant dress,
  Till time shall fail or man shall pass away.


Prometheus Unbound
O Lord I yield to Thee with Thee
Thy will
Thy creative mastery
The energizing fires within
Thy being - alone no more to sin -
Forever my soul to its full height
Thy hand reclaims to bear my weight
Creator I will.
Thy Kingdom come. Long live the King
Whose voice alone could thought to bring
Naught is damned, my cannot
Affright me knowing I am not
But a King. Tiny wonder little flower,
I know my own - I know His power,
And am not still.
Forgive them Lord. Their warring hearts
Know not the strength Thy Grace imparts
Father who knowest all in Thee
Draw me nigh Thee for mastery
Over sin. Tiny wonder downtrod mans
Walking him I know I am
Creator I will.

PROMETHEUS.



DELSARTEISM.

BY DAVID LESSER LEZINSKY.

WHEN the time comes, the man comes. A man of destiny is that man who so fuses himself with his times and his times into himself, that his epoch and himself become almost identical. And it matters not—this quibbling as to "which came first, the egg or the chicken?" Who cares whether Lincoln made the war, or the war made Lincoln; whether France unmade Napoleon, or Napoleon unmade France? Lincoln is not Lincoln, except as his name symbolizes his times. Washington is not realized, because his times are not sufficiently understood, so that he suggests but cherry trees and ice-clogged rivers instead of being, in himself, the epic of American self-development, struggle, success. Glory to that self-made man, who, notwithstanding pedagogues and books, is made into an immortal identity through his sympathy, his ambition, his unselfishness, —his sympathy blending together the individual and the universal,—his ambition buckling on the armor of that necessary selfishness which Emerson would have great natures realize: "Those who live for the future must often appear selfish to those who live for the present,"—his unselfishness, which yearningly enjoys its success, because of the power for further good. To such a nature, there is only George Eliot's crown: "The reward of labor is the power to labor more."

To understand man, one must study the various great movements of his civilization, and to understand those movements, study the central figures. The man of destiny embodies universal truths,—not personal truths, but race truths. When a Cromwell, upon the crest of an age, becomes the standard bearer of its people, his qualities are the heart's core of his people. In the æsthetic art, study Phidias, Angelo, Raphael, Shakespeare, Blake; in the art of life, study Plato, Christ, Delsarte. Plato represents so much of all that is true and eternal of that highest civilization of the body, which realized its culmination in the Greeks; Christ contains so much of all that is true and eternal of that highest civilization of the soul, which realized its culmination in the Hebrews, that a culminating civilization, the blending of those two, must come, and if it is to be called Delsarteism, Delsarteism will be the name of the culminating civilization of man.

Man must first know the truth, if he would be good; and only when good, can he enjoy the beautiful. But Truth, Goodness, and Beauty are three inseparable sisters, so hand in hand, that he who draws to himself but one is already surrounded by the three. The Hebrew wedded Truth, and in his home were also enshrined Goodness and Beauty. The Greek wedded Beauty, and in his home were also enshrined Goodness and Truth. Those two nations, like parallel lines meeting in infinity, meet in Christ, and lo! Truth and Goodness and Beauty, all as one, become the Bride. Our civilization is the offspring of that union. We cannot properly call

the Christianity of the last 1,800 years that offspring. The Greek Parthenon was nearer Christ than the inquisitory dungeon. We must rather think of those years as the period of gestation. The child has been born. Our civilization, beginning with the close of this nineteenth century, is the unnamed offspring. It cannot be called Christianity. The early Christians chose as the symbol of that name what was least in harmony with its character. Christ taught love and forgiveness. Christianity took as the symbol of that love and forgiveness, "The Christ crucified," the token of man's lowest ignorance and brutality.

Delsarte's definition of art is not made only for music, or painting, or poetry, but is made for that highest of all the arts, the art of life. "Know thyself." Plato said, and man studied himself to know the ideal. "Behold thyself." Christ said, and man studies him to know the ideal. "Be thyself." says Delsarte, and his studies over, man begins to live by his own spontaneity. Every age has its prophets. Delsarteism has Emerson, Browning, Whitman. Emerson says: "He who could place himself indomitably upon his own intuitions would bring the whole world to his feet." Surely so, but only a god can absolutely differentiate between instinct and intuition, can separate the body from the soul, can unclothe eternity. Browning says: "The body is as necessary to the soul, as the soul is to the body." Whitman says: "The body and soul are one." Delsarte believed with Plato: he also would have us know ourselves, but he would have us first understand our bodies, not neglect them in the pursuit of the soul. Robert Tolmie, a young musician, when asked why he continued to practice so incessantly, responded: "I am a slave to the crudities of the body. Only by constant practice can one be master of the technique, and only when one is master of the technique, can the spirit be free." There is a technique of the eyes, the hands, the hips, the feet, the torso, the neck, the head, which man must understand. The Froebel system and Delsarteism are interblended. The Froebel system is not only in the foundation, but, even to its zenith summit, Delsarte imbeds stone upon stone within the mortar of Froebel. That structure is our world, our complex world. This Delsarte would have us make a work of art; for "art" says this modern teacher, "is complexity. But complexity, so related in all its parts, as to become a harmonious simplicity."

Size is only relative. Angelo made his pictures within the dome of the Vatican; we must make ours upon the curve of the earth, no longer satisfied with those, which "painted out of naught, we feel, even while we admire, to be mere cloth and surface paint." And further, with Browning's Norbert:

"All is best, believe,
And we best as no other than we are.
We live, and they experiment on life—
Those poets, painters, all who stand aloof
To overlook the farther. Let us be
The thing they look at!

* * * *

I come to you; I leave you not to write
Or paint. You are, I am: Let Rubens there
Paint us!"

To make this world into one harmonious simplicity, Delsarte so radiated his life and his teachings into his times that we must hear him saying with Gautama: "Believe not that when I shall have disappeared from existence and be no longer with you, Buddha has left you and ceased to dwell among you. The law contained in these sacred instructions, which I have given, shall be your teacher. By means of the doctrines which I have delivered to you, I will continue to remain amongst you." To understand Delsarte, we can turn to no books; we must turn to his disciples, and from them hear expounded he truth of Delsarte:

"Art should interest by the true.
Art should move by the beautiful.
Art should persuade by the good.
Art should
Interest by the true to illumine the intelligence;
Move by the beautiful to regenerate the life;
Persuade by the good to perfect the heart."

A Pastel.

"You're an egg with two yolks."
Joaquin Miller.

I AM sure I don't know exactly what a pastel is; but I have an impression that the soul of literature—poetry—blending with the body of literature — prose — become so identical that the one cannot be separated from the other.

Edmund Russell is to be my pastel. The canvas is to be the past which projects him—the frame, the environments which enclose him,—and putting my brush into the rainbow tints of his intensity, I am striving to bring before you the promise of the future.

Kindly take the right point of view from which to look at this picture. It is the work of an impressionist. Do not stand beneath your zenith, nor above your own nadir; but projecting yourself out of yourself, let us pray a good fortune will place you where you may get the impression.

Sir Henry Drummond, in his testamental pastel, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been able to select from among the virtues and to say: "The greatest of them all is love." He might be right, and I might not have been able to stand in his point of view. So, also, you may not be able to find my position when I say: "Of all the arts, the greatest of them all is life." The art of poetry, the art of charity, the art of music, the art of painting, the art of love are but parts of the all-encloser—the art of life.

No longer, thou glorious painter, Browning, is the heaven to hold its perfect round above an earth strewn with "broken arcs!" They never were broken,—bent and twisted, yes, but broken, never. And are they to be bent and twisted ever? Not if human courage, and divine purpose can straighten them. Out of the very heavens, Walt Whitman sang: "The body and the soul are one."

But creature of instinct and intuition, beware. Thou art "a clothed

eternity." Thy finite body envelopes the eternal soul. Make not the body the soul. Make not thyself God. A lamp has been placed amid the darkness. Take care. Let thy reason guide you. Intuition is from within. Grow, thou, from the intuition, and thus will thy instinct be blended, and thy body and soul becoming one, thou willst know thyself.

O Plato, to "Know thyself." is "an art in some degree peculiar and special to each individual, with the modifications due to his peculiar constitution and the circumstances of his growth." Then only, willst thou realize that the instinct is but "*to make something else beautiful. It must not assert, but sacrifice itself.*" Then truly, will the body be a decoration to the soul. Then only, will man in all his complexity reach that soul simplicity, which, harmonious with God, will be harmonious with man.

Delsarteism would Christianize society into one beautiful harmony. Paracelsusism knows no society. Thou who wert called "an egg with two yolks", thou art the disciple of Delsarte; thou art the Paracelsus of the Beautiful. As the one, thou art the beloved John, as the other, be not thine own crucifier.

Edmund Russell.

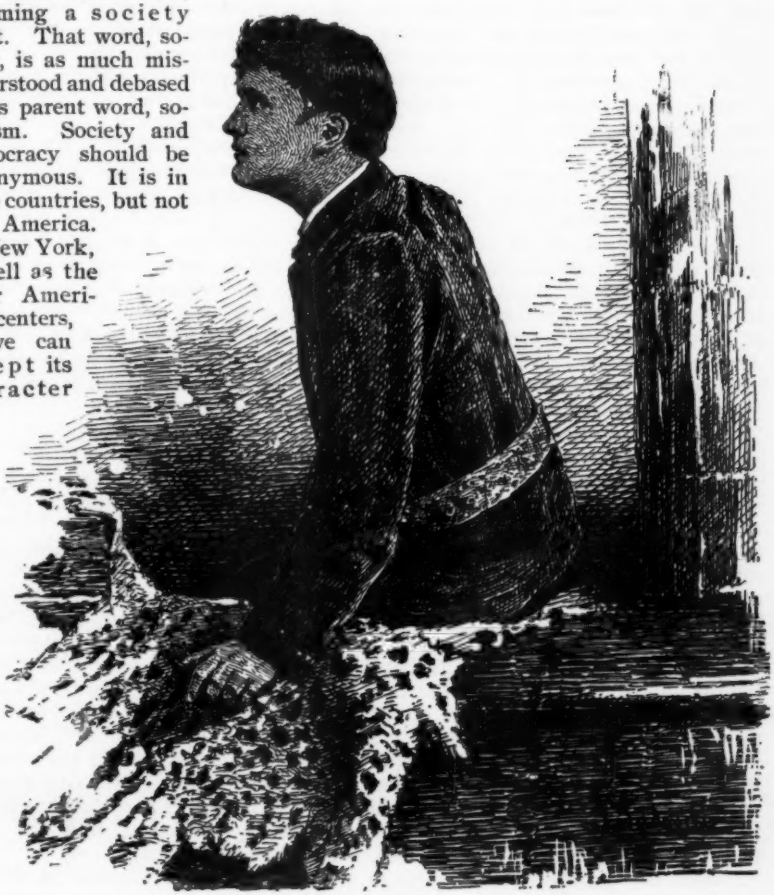
THE balance is very delicately equipoised in which Time weighs his identities —on one side, the past, on the other, the present. The past belongs to the infinite, and only the Infinite can tell us of it; but the present, inasmuch as it lies within our own experiences, that belongs to us,—it is finite. An identity is such a big thing, it must be spoken of not through days and months, but as Joaquin Miller said for his poet-brethren: "Let us speak in epochs!"

Edmund Russell is an artist. Our faith must feel the art-tracery woven within his past; our knowledge can see it in his experiences. He is an artist, but what are his materials?

In his childhood, he groped about for them, mingling with the artists about his home near Boston, so that his mother would say: "I do wish he would not see such people, they make him so dissatisfied." Yes, and until he found the materials for his art, he was dissatisfied, but with that dissatisfaction which travails that something better may be begotten. His nature needed art, and he sought it from the artists round about. One worked with sounds, and so he tried music; another worked with words, and he wrote poetry; but none of these sufficed his nature. But an artist he must be; he felt it working within him, and he let nature have her way. But oh, the ignorance of it all! What slaves we are to words! Because artist meant to him either a musician, or a poet, or a painter, after discarding two of the arts, there seemed to remain but one other—the third—and he yielded himself completely to its power, choosing as the materials of his art, palette, paints, and brushes.

As one of the members of the "Stu-

dents' Art League of New York," he was very unhappy. He felt himself being developed only through the spectacles of his teachers—the outer eye being made a little better as an optical instrument through plaster casts and posed models, but to the inner eye no light was made to penetrate, and he felt that having eyes, yet he saw not. Finding a young artist friend about to go to Europe, he bent every circumstance to the same end, and never did any effort receive more immediate reward. Clotho spun a happy year—that first year in the Old World. Paris and London had no fascination for him then, only Italy—Italy with art in every twist and turn, all being to him one delicious maze of beauty. In this atmosphere he needed no master peering over his shoulder to correct this line or suggest that color. The beggar in the street taught him the lines of beauty; the peasant girl singing along the green slopes of Italy's sun-basked hills taught him color. Glowing with his art enthusiasm, Russell opened a studio in New York, becoming a society artist. That word, society, is as much misunderstood and debased as its parent word, socialism. Society and aristocracy should be synonymous. It is in some countries, but not so in America. In New York, as well as the other American centers, if we can accept its character



Edmund Russell.

from self-dubbed society papers, society is but a coöperative mass of self-lovers, willing to delude and be deluded, as long as the bonds of mutual admiration are not severed.

Yes, Edmund Russell became a society artist, but he molded his art not for those who bend the knee and cringe, but for those true personalities to whom all society must give homage. Some men grow from books, the mere echoes of greatness, and the universities of the world make the chasms of ignorance reverberate with such echoes. Others, like Walt Whitman, walk up and down Broadway, and out of the very rumbling of the hurrying wheels and the incessant murmur of the busy masses hear their universal lessons. Each has his own school; but one remains a university man; while the other becomes a universal man. What the crowded street was to Whitman the crowded drawing-room was to Russell. It was his university. And the great masters are not wanting to those who look for them. America is America, and in New York society are many of God's highest creations—American men and American women. What university can show such a faculty as that which society first gave him—Karl Formes, Madame Janauschek, Joaquin Miller, and Society herself? Karl Formes taught him greatness—the mere looking at him made him understand that word as no course of lectures could have done; Janauschek showed him that loyalty of nature which makes of a woman a queen; in Joaquin Miller he met his first poet, and poetry became to him more than an art—it became prophecy; while Society taught him to read law—not the law by which the counting-room might tighten its fist the firmer about what it had already grasped, but the law of human nature as written by the alphabet of men and women. But such teachers only made the man dissatisfied with his paints and brushes. Though, through them he might make portraits speak, of what avail, when so few would hear! Though he might make flowers be identities, of what avail, when so few would see! Though he might make houses decorative, of what avail, when so few would be able to make of them homes! In his inmost soul was ever the prayer of Emerson:

> "Give me truths;
> For I am weary of the surfaces,
> And die of inanition."

God answers the prayers of those who are prepared for the answer. Edmund Russell was prepared for Delsarteism; and, like a spark kindling a prairie fire, when he heard of Delsarte, music, poetry and painting were all consumed by its onward might; only the wide plains were left reaching almost from ocean to ocean, upon which another rain was to bring forth a new growth. His sincere fidelity to nature, guided by education and talent, made him a ready disciple. At last! he had found his art. At last! he had found his materials. The studio, with its easel and canvas and paints, was left for the crowded drawing-room; but no longer that he might paint them, or for them, but out of them was he to find his materials. Delsarte works with men and women—

> "Let us be the thing they paint,"—

and Russell, as his disciple, works with human bodies, human souls,—making the rejuvenating blood to rejuvenate, the strengthening bones to strengthen, the expressive muscles to express. Grace is only one of the effects of such teaching, caused by the observance of Delsarte's primary law: —*the tuning of the body so that it will become a living instrument of natural expression*. In this work he found happiness. He had found his place. All unhappiness is but the thing in its wrong place. Our discontent is but the proof of a something higher which the soul sees and the body would attain.

When he felt himself justified to preach the word, he came forth as a

disciple of Delsarte. After lecturing in New York in schools and homes, the need of continuing his college course was realized, and he sought his teachers from those who had power to heal themselves. He spent a season in Washington, where he again met his old teacher, Joaquin Miller. From him he learnt his greatest lesson in interior decorations. Delsarte does not confound us with wisdom worse confounded—abstract philosophy--but adapted his laws to man as civilization ordained him to be, and, as such, he would not separate him from his surroundings; in his philosophy, man is the product of three environments—the body is the first envelopment, the dress the second, the home the third envelopment of the soul. But that all these might be in natural harmony, man must accord them to himself, not adapt them to the discords which a conventionalized society would continue in him.

Hoping, yet hardly daring to hope, Russell went to London. Sir Phillip Cunliffe Owen, the head of the South Kensington Museum, to whom he first presented his letters from the United States Bureau of Education, after looking Russell up and down, said to him very kindly, "Young man, do you not think it would be better for you to attend lectures in London than give them?" But the next week he was lecturing in the studio of Felix Moscheles to an audience composed of many of the artistic and social leaders of London, among others being Robert Browning, Henry M. Stanley and James A. Whistler. This began the three years of his "London success."

But he was not only giving lectures, he was also attending them in his old university — the crowded drawing-room. Enough to mention those whom he selected as his faculty—William Morris, Gladstone, Frederick Shields, the Shelleys, Lord Lytton, Holman Hunt, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Frederick Leighton, Walter Crane; and the university extension lectures which he attended in Italy were given by Salvini, Ristori, Lamperti, Rossi. When it came to his post-graduate course for a final degree, he applied himself more especially to three departments: the poetry of art, and chose as his teacher Frederick Shields; the coloring in art, and the Indian Princes in London taught him from their great beauty; the art behind the art, and Madame Blavatsky found in him a faithful pupil. But everywhere he felt the guidance of a great spirit, and he sought its influence everywhere. It was that of the founder and guide of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Through the noble friendship of Frederick Shields, he was able to permeate himself with that influence, and in yielding himself to it, he became by that initiation one with the Pre-Raphaelite spirit.

Edmund Russell is in America again. We, who have been so wrapped up in the art of money making that we have been unable to appreciate the more refining and more eternal art—the art of life, most of all, need such teachers, who with Russell have power "to turn our thoughts on ordinary things to not ordinary thoughts."

THE LOVER AND THE JASMINE.

BY S. C. EDGARTON.

The Jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep, dark-green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
The bright profusion of her natural stars.—COWPER.

"Thou Jasmine! O, thou favored vine,
That round yon casement lov'st to twine,
Oh, tell me what my lady bright
Is doing in the morning light?"

"Beside her snowy couch she stands
With lifted eye and folded hands;
Now blushing, sinks upon her knee,
Bends low her head and prays for thee."

"Once more, O, Jasmine, I pray,
Tell what my lady does to-day;
'Tis noon,—perhaps she faints with heat,
Oh, fan her with thine odors sweet!"

"Thy lady sits within my shade,
My flowers upon her cheek are laid;
Her lily fingers, light and free,
For others work,—her heart for thee."

"'Tis twilight; does she watch the stars?
Looks she on Venus, now, or Mars?
Oh, favored flower, once more reveal
The scene thy woven leaves conceal!"

"Thy lady in the moonlight stands;
A faded rose is in her hands;—
Tears in her hazel eyes I see,
She weeps,—aye, doubtless, weeps for thee!"

"Silent and solemn midnight reigns;
The moon o'er yonder turret wanes;
Oh, sleepy vine, awake and tell
If she thou guardest slumbers well!"

"I see her with her white robe pressed
Across her soft and guileless breast;
And list! she dreams, I hear her speak
A name that crimsons brow and cheek!

"It is thy name; then doubt no more
The tale I 've told so oft before.
Whate'er her seeming scorn may be,
In her deep heart she loves but thee."

Questions Of the Day

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE paper in the present issue by Mrs. Eyster, a kinswoman of the heroine of Whittier's poem, recalls the almost endless controversy that has been waged in the literary press of the country regarding Barbara Frietchie. The opinion has been held almost universally that this grand figure of patriotism that has stirred the hearts of every American was a simple figure of fiction created out of the poet's inner consciousness, but such was not the case. Many years ago the writer of these lines received a letter from Dorothea Dix in which the latter warmly defended the woman of Frederick, stating that she knew her and had received the story from her own lips, and that with few exceptions the story as told by Whittier was absolutely true. The article by Mrs. Eyster is especially timely coming when the events of the life of Whittier are being renewed in every household in the land, and is freighted with illustrations showing all the relics of this notable figure in our history. Barbara Frietchie was not only a living realistic figure, but one which will excite the patriotic sentiments of Americans for centuries to come.

THE REINDEER IN ALASKA.

The story told by Lieutenant Cantwell on the reindeer in Alaska has a deep humanitarian significance. The Alaskan natives are in danger of extermination, and the reindeer has been introduced to save them, and will undoubtedly accomplish the purpose for the present. The incident is suggestive of the great changes in life which have taken place in the far north and are still taking place. When Steller the Russian explorer visited Bering Sea he discovered the Rhytina, a gigantic manatee, which attained a length of over thirty feet. To-day this magnificent creature is but a memory represented in a few museums by imperfect skeletons alone. The war of extermination is being waged in every direction, and animals that fifty years ago were plentiful are now so rare that they might as well be extinct. The American whaler and sealer is the Nemesis of the Alaskan natives. The whale has been driven from sea to sea and is now only found profitably in the Arctic Ocean, and its extinction is apparently a simple matter of time. This is true of the walrus and various kinds of seals that for ages have swarmed these waters. The present century will see the last of many of these forms, and if civilized man does not continue to devise means for the perpetuation of the natives by following up the action taken by Mr. Jackson, the inhabitants of many portions of the far north are doomed.

SCIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

The California Academy of Sciences, with its excellent museum, is a most important adjunct to the public school system of the city of San Francisco, and should be better known by the public at large. No institution of science west of Chicago can compare with it in its fine collections and library, yet San Francisco and California has not done its duty to science. This building should be filled with fine collections donated by the wealthy men of the State. California and the Pacific Coast have been pillaged of their treasures of science for years, and Californians have stood by without uttering a

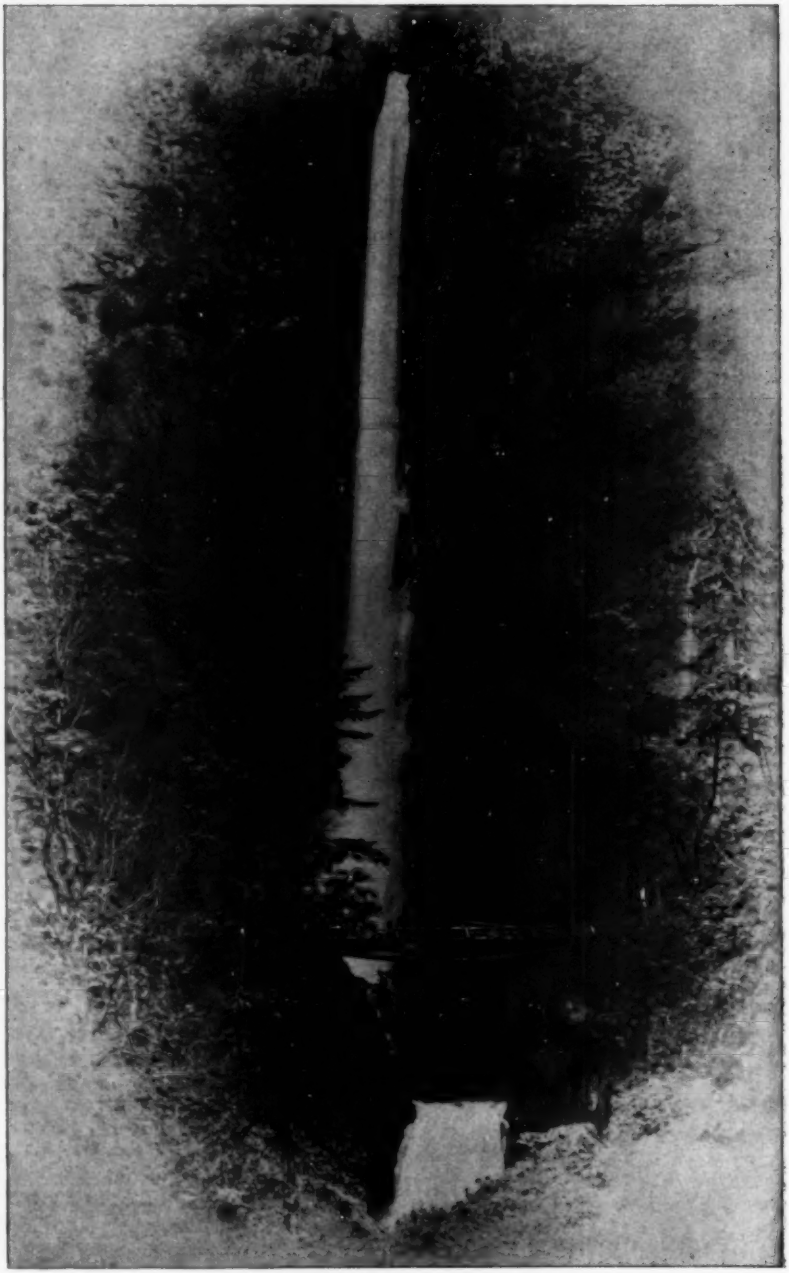
protest. We refer particularly to Archæological science. This coast is rich in lore of this kind. Hardly a mile of the coast from one end of the State to the other but has been the site of ancient villages and towns of a people long since passed away. They had a habit of burying their treasures of stone, bone and wood in their graves, and when these are excavated we have the almost complete story of their lives. These graves have been opened by the agents of almost every scientific institution in this country, not to speak of Europe, and one party from the Smithsonian estimated that it uncovered the remains of over 10,000 natives, while the specimens of stone vases and mortars obtained weighed in the aggregate many tons. All these were carried East, and the Californian of the future will be obliged to go to Washington or Boston to study the archæology of his own State. It is not too late yet. There are many undiscovered town sites along the shore, and it would be a most gracious act if some of the wealthy men of the State would equip and send out parties to collect and accumulate scientific material which will find a place in the great museum of the city of San Francisco. Such work would be directly in the line of education.

THE EMANCIPATION OF ART.

There is hardly any question so important in its bearing upon the refinement and culture of the people of to-day and the future as art, and upon the few masters devolves the great responsibility of establishing a standard. It is singular to note the different views of men upon the same subject—men, as the world goes well equipped to pose as art judges. The writer once stood before Turner's great work, the "Slave Ship," with two well-known lovers of art. One was strangely affected by the work, its suggestiveness appealed to his imagination, he fairly drank in the very spirit of the master hand; the other could see absolutely noth ng in it, in fact, the canvas that effected one almost beyond his control made the other laugh. This is the fate or rather the experience of every modern painter who has the temerity to depart from the conventional. An instance in hand may be seen in the studio of Keith, whose productions have given delight and pleasure to so many. Mr. Keith has made his reputation, like other artists, by his faithful reproductions of nature; the conventional scenes, and his high standing is suggestive of conscientious work and successes. So far, he has paid his debt of obligation to the public; he has given them what they want, but if Mr. Keith were asked if he considered these productions which have justly earned him fame and reputation his ideals he would say no. He would say that the conventional landscape (of which he has many beautiful examples in his studio) does not represent the highest ideal of art, and then Mr. Keith, if he were so disposed, could illustrate his point by some striking examples. It seems to the writer highly encouraging in this day, when the chase after the dollar is so hot and eager, and nearly all the arts are prostituted for what can be made out of them that some artists can emancipate themselves from conventionality. Mr. Keith has in his studio a number of studies remarkable not only in themselves, but for their inspirational characteristics and suggestions; things that a man could not produce except under the influence of a divine feeling for art and its possibilities. They have no title, are not "pictures" in the ordinary sense, but are studies of effects and conditions, crude in detail, but so suggestive of changing moods, so stimulating to the imagination that the canvas becomes not merely a momentary gratification to the senses but a study that grows, develops, presenting a wealth of pleasures to all the senses. The truest art, is that which is suggestive which not merely copies nature, but reproduces the impressions and feeling it has conveyed to the mind of the artist.

THE CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.

In an article on the Santa Barbara Carnival of Flowers by Belle M. Austin, in the December number of THE CALIFORNIAN, the author in ending the paper quoted four or five lines from a poem by Mrs. E. A. Otis, of Los Angeles, but the quotation marks were inadvertently omitted, Mrs Otis not receiving the credit due her.



MULTNOMAH FALLS, OREGON.